

COOKIE

№25
JUNE-
JULY

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

JEEPERS---WOT'S
WITH YOUR DAD?
I THOUGHT HE **LIKED**
TELEVISION!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FASCINATING NOVELTIES! SEND TODAY!

AMAZING! SENSATIONAL! FUN!

Hello!
I'm **SANDY!**
I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
**WAVE MY
HAIR!**

I have
**RUBBER
WONDERSKIN!**

**TERRIFIC
VALUE!**

only
3.98

complete

SEND NO MONEY

(C.O.D. you pay postage.
Remit with order, we pay postage.)

NEW!



AMAZING!

**FREE
HAIR
WAVE
KIT!**

**SENSATIONAL DRINK
AND WET DOLL** in
washable rubber **WON-
DERSKIN** with life-like
hair and realistic hair-wave
kit complete with... plastic
curlers, rubber waving
bands, waving end
papers, plastic comb and...
bottle of doll hair lotion.
ADORABLE SANDY, 11
inches tall, has sparkling
blue eyes that open
and close — she
drinks from her
bottle with rubber
nipple (included)
and then wets her
diaper. You can bathe her
— move her cuddly arms,
legs and head — make her
stand, walk and sleep.

**RUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!**

**YOU DON'T HAVE TO
READ MUSIC!
NO PRACTICING OR
EXERCISE NEEDED!**

**TUNE-
KING!**



**SWING
ACCORDIAN**

PLAY ALL THE POPULAR SONGS—



Only
2.98

Complete With
FREE
Instruction Book.

- Authentic Piano Keyboard
- Lifetime Vinylite Bellows

- Carefully-Tuned Brass Reeds
- All-Plastic Construction

Simple to play, great fun to use, the **TUNE-KING** Swing Accordion will make every boy & girl or adults the life of every party. This all-plastic accordion plays the full scale and chords with a beautifully sweet tone. The ivory-colored, authentic piano-accordion keyboard simplifies playing—and makes your friends think you're an accomplished artist. Streamlined plastic case has the rich appearance of a fine instrument. To "top it off", plastic handle-neck and thumb straps assure gentle touch, non-slip playing. **FREE:** An instruction book that simplifies accordion playing in a few short hours. A song sheet with popular favorites and old-time get-together songs. **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit with order and we pay postage or C. O. D. plus postage.

GLORIOUS **BLONDIE** WONDER DOLL WITH "RUBBER SKIN"



- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that **CUDDLY, HUG-
GABLE**, love-me baby **Gorgeous Blondie**.
She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body
is of **REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN**.
Every little mother will want Blondie for
her carriage. She's got Blondie curls aplenty,
and they're thick and long just like real
hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ribbons
at night and tucked her in bed and watch her
long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes.
She rests soundly till her next day of
fun. Every child will have the time of
her life giving her body a bath and
powdering her soft, baby **RUBBER
WONDERSKIN**. She comes dressed in bright
BIRTHDAY PARTY dress, cute panties,
shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful,
amazing dolly is yours for this unbelievably
low price. **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with
order and we pay postage or order C.O.D.
plus postage.

**EVERYBODY LOVES ME...
WON'T YOU?**

**IMAGINE \$2.98
ONLY 2 complete**



Hey kids! Here's real fun, lots of
action, real sport with **PUNCHO**—
colorful, lively, animated punch-
ing bag. Knock it down, it always
comes back at you for more! An
ideal tackling dummy—wrestling
partner—sparring partner. Punched
against a wall it becomes a rapid
punching bag. Perfect as an exer-
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Made of extra heavy long lasting
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tall, with metal valve for
easy inflation. **SEND NO
MONEY.** (C.O.D., you pay
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only
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**RUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!**

FAST PUSH-BUTTON POWER CAR! **ALL ELECTRIC REMOTE CONTROL 1951 AUTO SENSATION!**

- Driven By Powerful Remote Control
- Powered with Electric Mini-Motor
- Latest All Electric Marvel
- Balloon-type Rubber Tires



**IT
STARTS!
REVERSES!
STOPS!
STEERS!**

The greatest new electrical toy since the electric trains.
REMOTE CAR is a thrillingly realistic scale model, made of
colorful shining plastic. It runs and steers by remote control
— no wind-up or friction motor, but an **ALL-ELECTRIC PRECIS-
ION-MADE MOTOR**, powered by 2 long lasting flashlight
batteries. Push the magic reostat button, and you really make
things happen. Here's real action to fascinate every child, and
daddy too. **RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!** **SEND NO MONEY!**
Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage.

Imagine
only
**\$3.49
COMPLETE!**

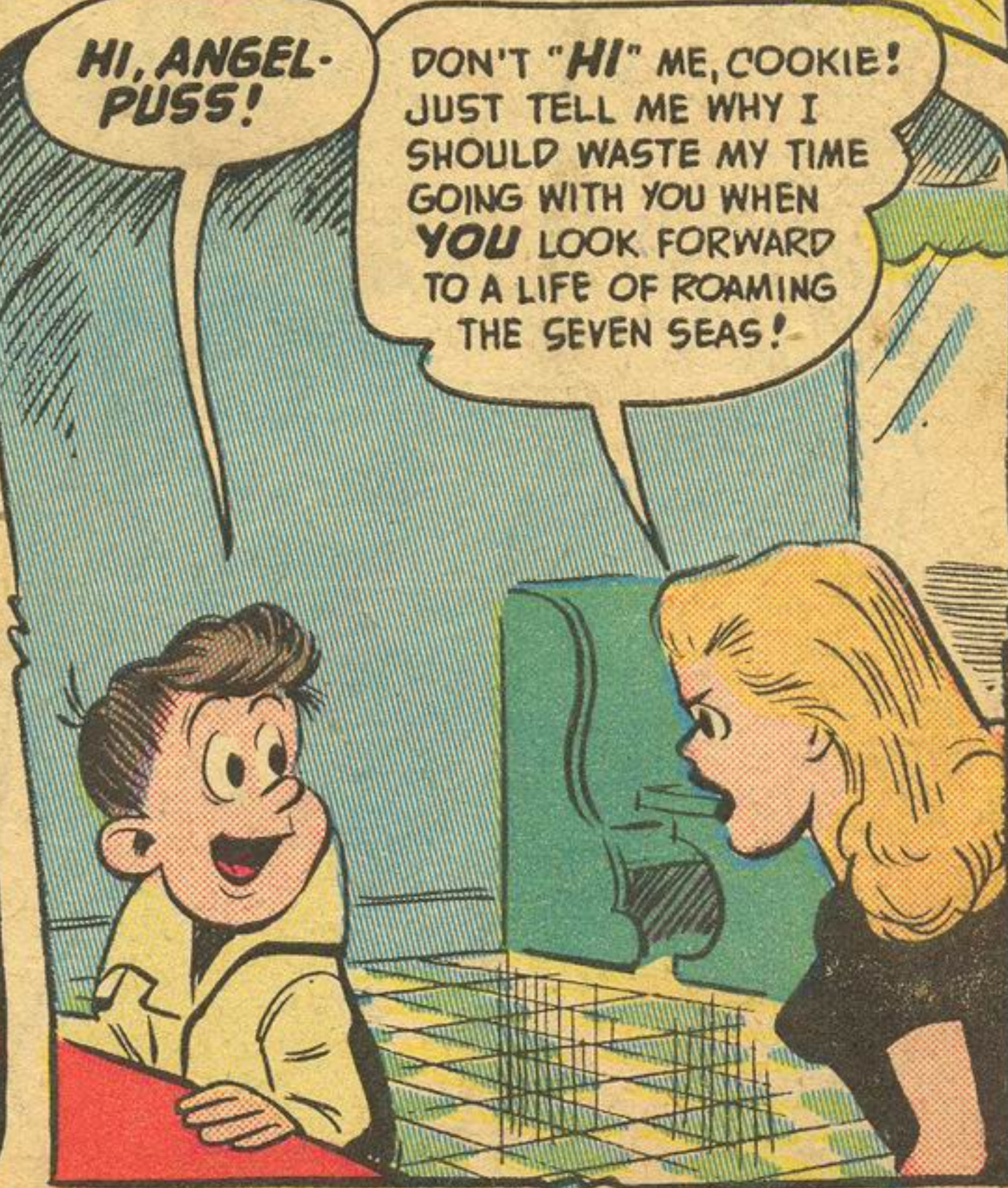
NOVELTY MART, Dept. 510A

59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M. O. ☐ C. O. D. plus postage.

- ☐ Sandy..... 3.98 ☐ Blondie..... \$2.98
- ☐ Puncho 2.98 ☐ Remote Car..... 3.49
- ☐ Accordion .. \$2.98

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____





WELL, YOU CAN GO RIGHT AHEAD AND **CHASE** YOUR SPIES! **I'M** GOING TO FIND ME SOMEONE WHO'LL GO INTO A BUSINESS WHERE HE'LL FIND TIME FOR HIS **HOME AND WIFE!**

POOH, WHAT'S **MONEY?**

BUT **ANGEL!** I WAS ONLY THINKIN' OF A WAY TA MAKE **BIG MONEY!**



OH, SURE---WOT'S **MONEY?** IF **I** HAD A RICH OLD MAN LIKE HERS, **I** COULD STICK ME SNOOT IN THE AIR TOO AN' SAY WOT'S---

CLAM UP, YOU! DON'T CALL **HER** NOSE A SNOOT!

TAKE IT **EASY, COOK!**



YEAH, LIKE HE SAID! BE QUIET OR GET OUT ---I CAN'T HEAR MY CUSTOMERS' REQUESTS!

TCH, TCH! SOOCH **VOOLGARITY!**



YESSIR, THAT'LL BE \$8.00!

HEY--- GET A LOAD OF THE GUY WITH ALL THE GOODIES!

HMMM... SOME DAME IS GONNA BE **HAPPY!**



Y'KNOW---MAYBE **ANGEL'S RIGHT!** WOMEN **GO** FOR THAT FLOWERS AN' CANDY STUFF---AN' IF YER HUNTIN' SPIES, YA CAN'T---

HI, **GUYS!**

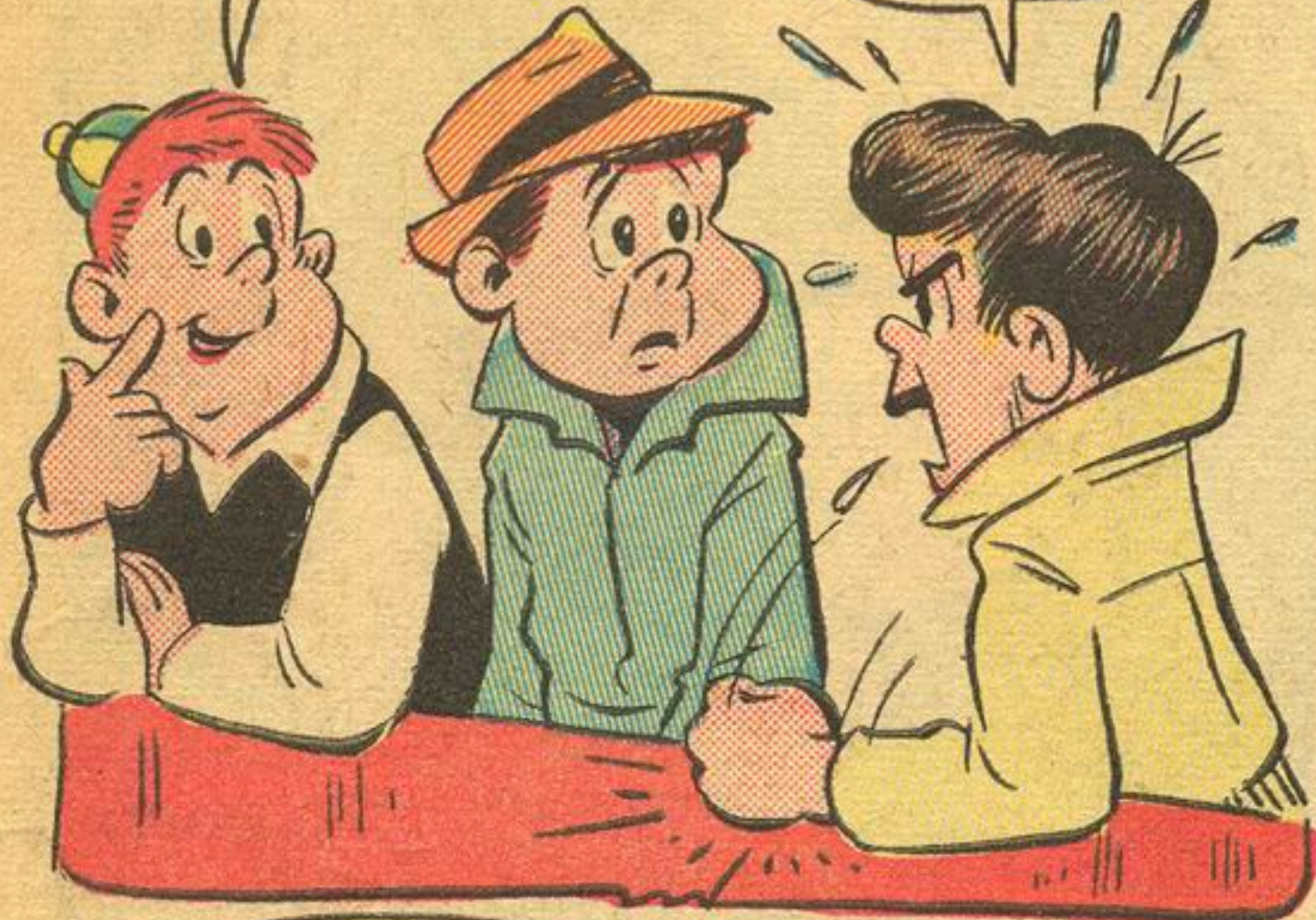


JEEPERS, COOKIE, YA SHOULDA SEEN THE SLICK CHARACTER THAT JUST GOT INTO THE CAR WITH ANGELPUSS AN' HER OL' MAN!

DID...DID HE HAVE **FLOWERS AN' CANDY?**

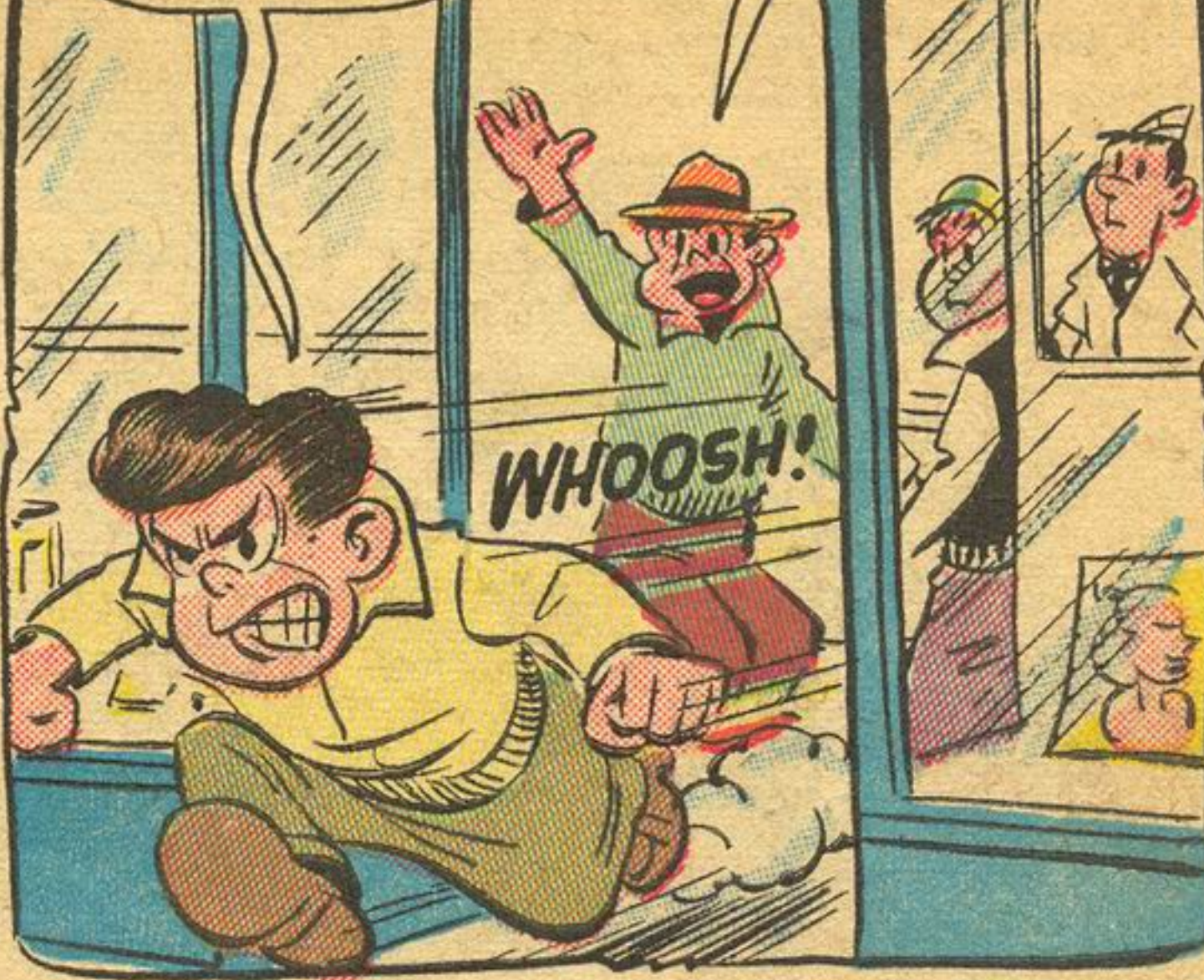
YEAH, THAT'S HIM... A
GREASY-LOOKIN' FOREIGN
GUY WITH SIDEBURNS
DOWN TA HERE!

WHY, THAT
TWO-BIT
COPY OF A
LATIN
LOVER!



I'LL TEAR HIM
LIMB FROM
CONGA!

HEY, COOKIE,
WAIT!



HEY, COOKIE,
LISTEN!

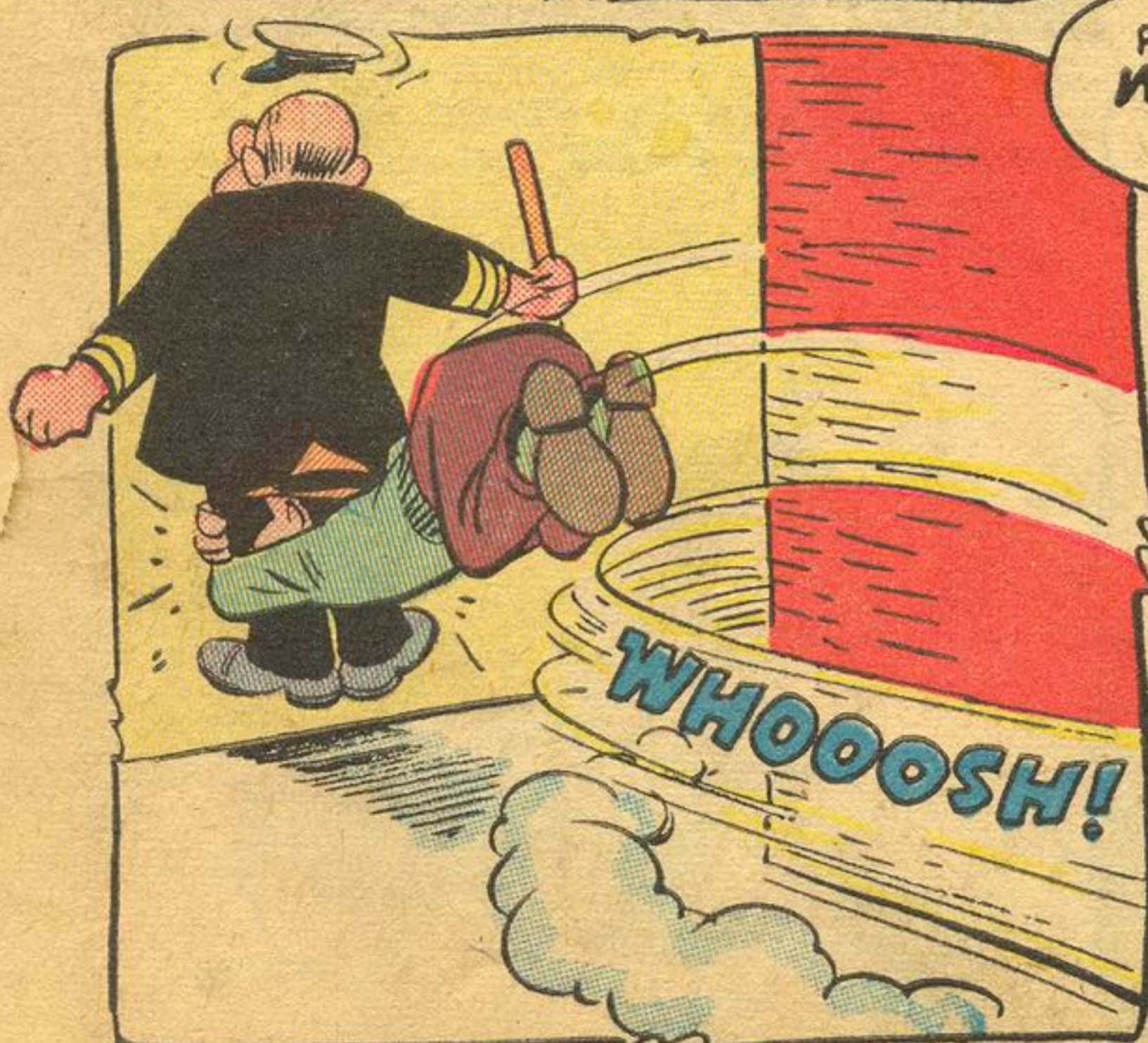
WOT
THE...?



GOTTA STOP
HIM!



PARDON ME...
WRONG
LEGS!



BUT COOKIE, **LISTEN!** YA'LL ONLY MAKE THINGS **WORSE** BY GOIN' UP TO HER HOUSE AN' MAKIN' A FUSS!

WELL, I CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AN' LET THAT PHONEY MAKE WOO TA MY GIRL! ...HOW DO I KNOW HE ISN'T **MARRIED** ALREADY OR SOMETHIN'!

HEY, YOU JUST SAID SOMETHIN' THAT MIGHT **SOLVE** THIS THING!

YEAH? WOT WAS **THAT?**

ABOUT HIM BEIN' **MARRIED!** IT'D BE PRETTY EMBARRASSIN' FOR **HIM** IF A WIFE AN' CHILD **DID** SHOW UP, HUH, KID? **GET IT?**

I GET IT... BUT I DON'T **LIKE** IT! BUT IF WE HAFTA, WE HAFTA ... I GUESS ...

IN THE MEANTIME, LEAVE US VISIT ANGEL'S HOUSE!

HURRY, MOTHER, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE CONCERT!

MY DAUGHTER AND I MUST RUSH OFF! BUT THANK YOU AGAIN FOR THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS AND CANDY!

ADIOS, SEÑORITA!

AH, SEÑOR ... YOUR WIFES AND DAUGHTAIR, SHE ARE VEREE GAWGEOUS, NO?

YES ... YES ... BUT NOW, SHALL WE GET DOWN TO THE BUSINESS OF THE **CONTRACT**, SEÑOR SCHMOOZI?

AH, YOU AMERICAN MEN ... ALWAYS IT IS **BEEZINESS FIRST!** BUT IN **MY** CONTREE, IT IS FIRST THE CHARMING WOMANS AND **THEN** THE BEEZINESS AFFAIRS, NO?

ER ... I SUPPOSE SO! BUT THE ... ER ... **CONTRACT** ...?



SI---SI--- WE WEEL DISCUSS THEES CONTRACT! BUT IN **MY** CONTREE, EET EES THE **MARRIAGE** CONTRACT WHEECH EES MOST EEMPORANT! **HA-HA!**

HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT **MARRIAGE**, COOKIE!

WELL, DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE! LET'S GET INTO THIS STUFF, BUT **QUICK!**



BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!



AND **WHOM** SHALL I SAY IS CALLING?

WHO'S CALLEENG?
--- I AM NOT EVEN OPENEENG MY MOUTH! I AM REENGEENG THE BELL ONLY!



WAN SIDE, ARTHUR TREACHER!
I HAFF BEEZINESS WEETH WAN SNAKE EEN THE BOOSHES, NO?



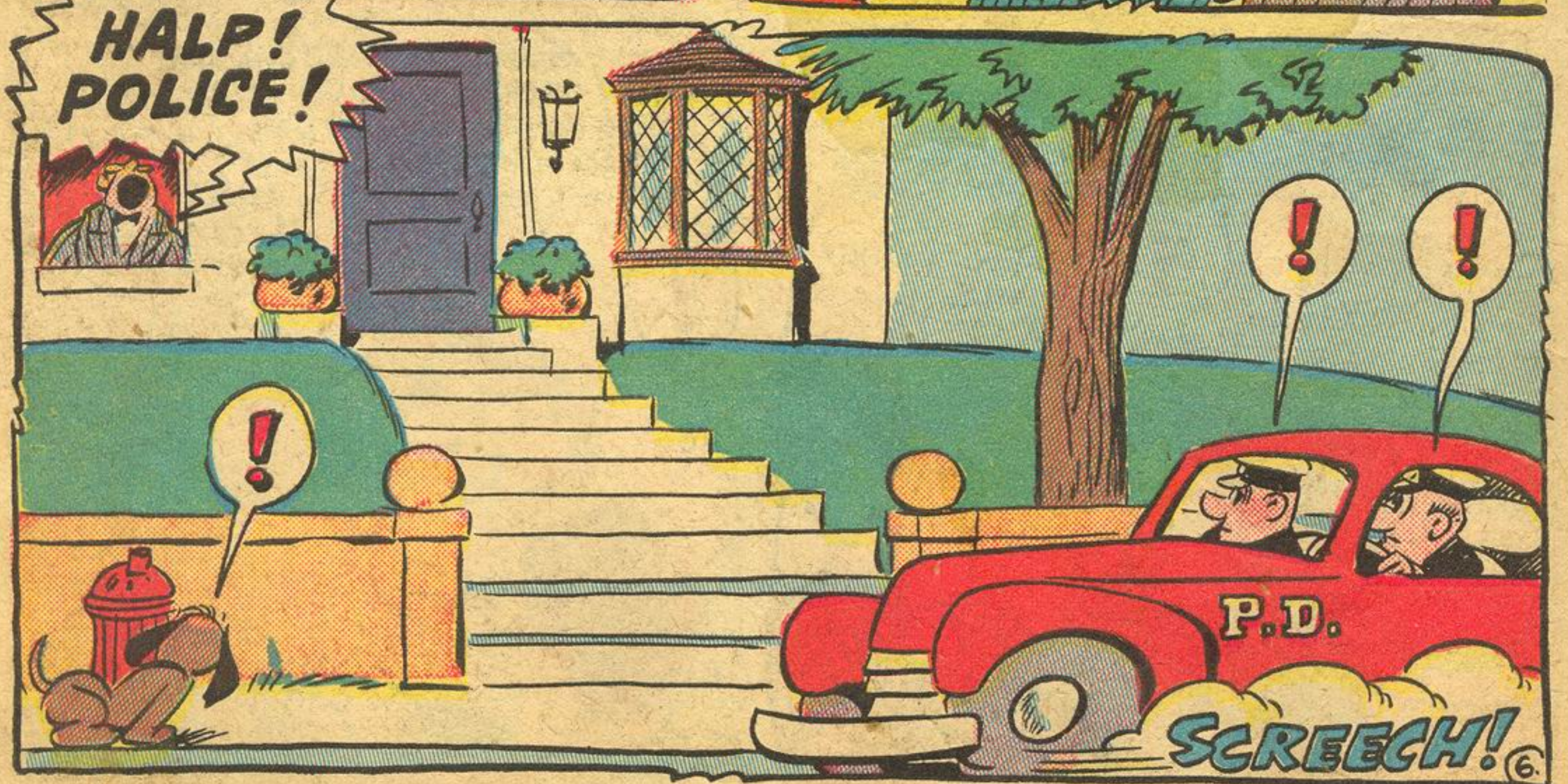
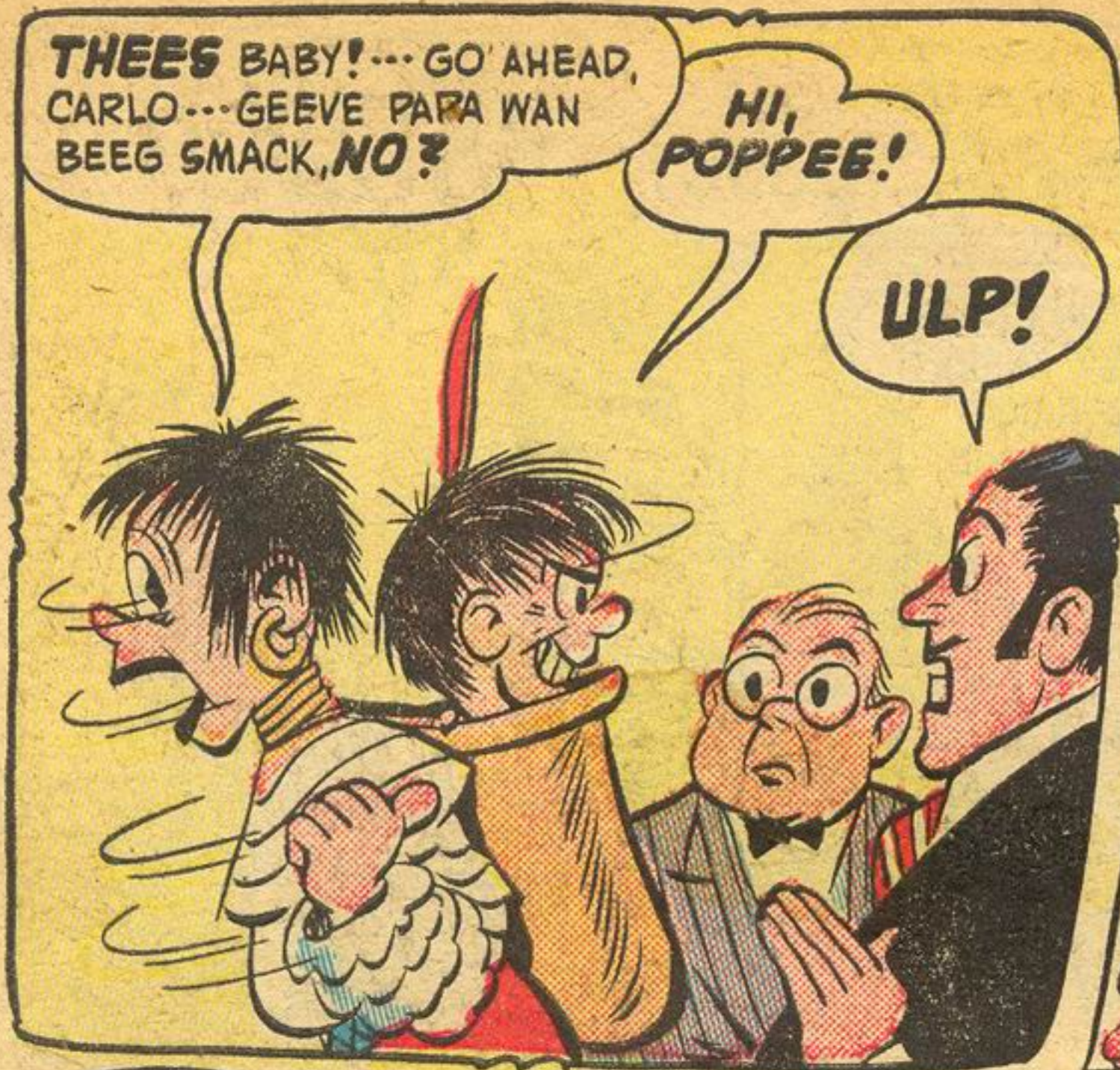
AHA! JOOST LIKE I AM THEENKEENG! WHEN MY NOSE ARE TURNED, YOU ARE WANTEENG TO CHASE THE **BLONDIES**, NO?

BUT MADAM --- THERE MUST BE SOME MISUNDERSTANDING! WE'RE DISCUSSING **BUSINESS!**



SURE --- **MONKEYS BEEZINESS!**
AND TO THEENK YOU CAN DO THEES THEENG IN FRONT OF YOUR OWN BABEE'S EYEBALLS, NO?

BABY!...
WHAT
BABY?



AN' WOT'S **THIS**
ALL ABOUT, MR.
WITHERSPOON?

WELL--- THIS GENTLEMAN REPRESENTS
A COCOS ISLAND FIRM THAT I WAS
ABOUT TO DO BUSINESS WITH---
WHEN THIS WOMAN AND ---

HEY, **THIS** AIN'T
NO **DAME!**---IT'S
A **KID WITH A**
WIG!



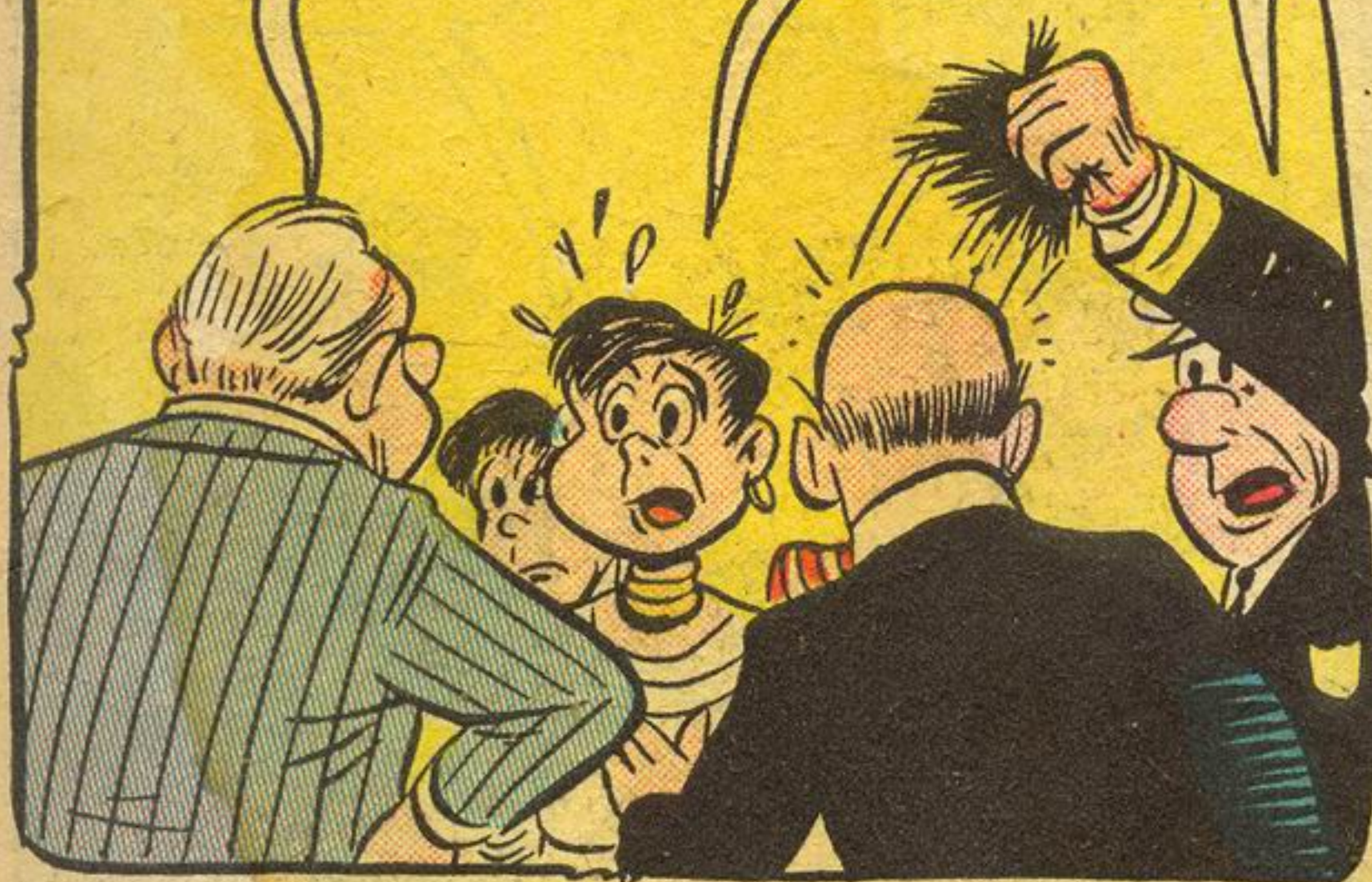
JITTERBUCK! AND
COOKIE! WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THIS?

AW, GEE, MR.
WITHERSPOON!
YA SEE--- WE
THOUGHT---

BEGORRA,
THIS GUY'S
WEARIN' A
WIG **TOO!**

IT'S BALDY
BERT, THE
BOND
BURGLAR!

WHY, THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
HE---HE JUST
SIGNED A
CONTRACT---



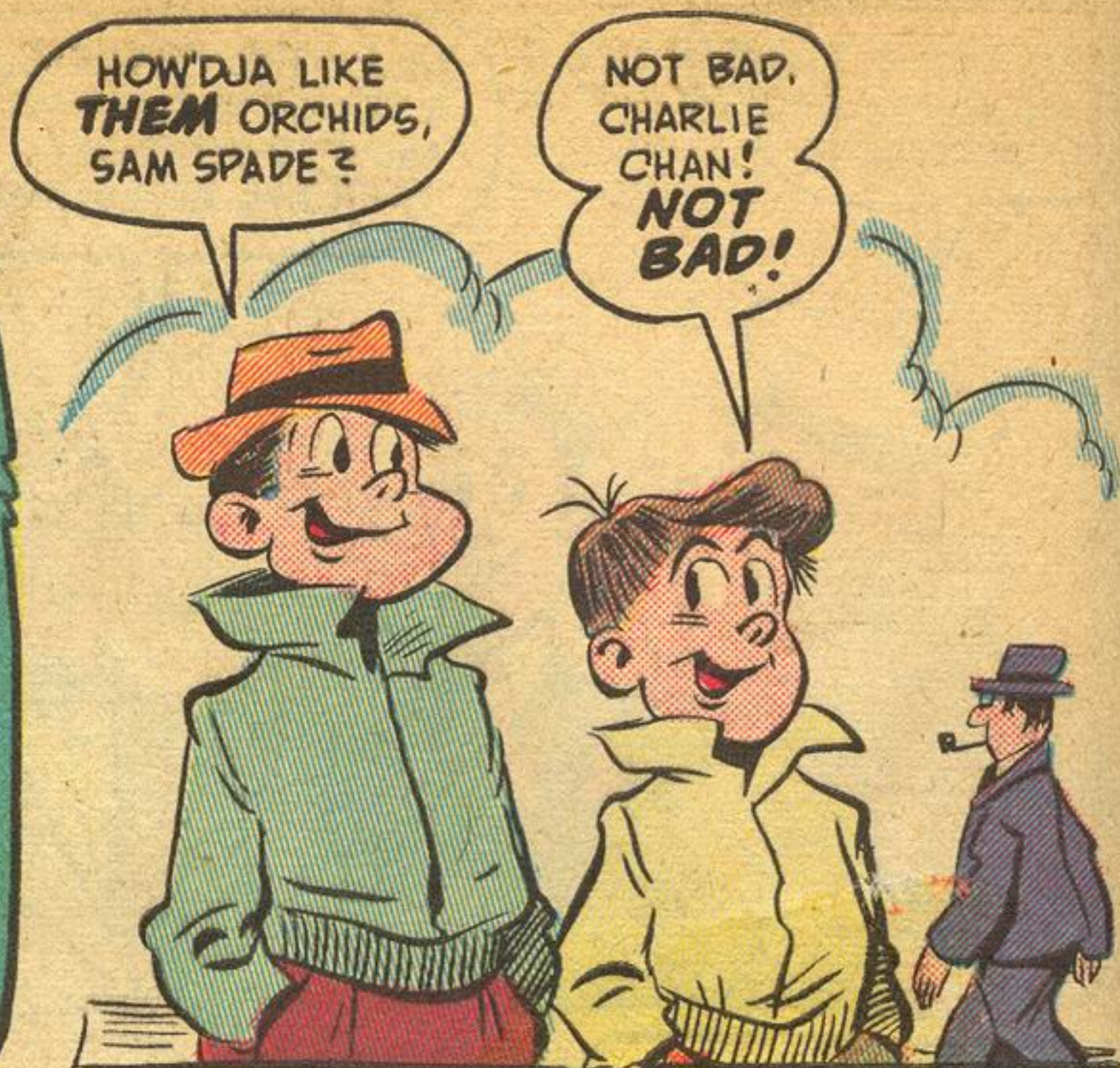
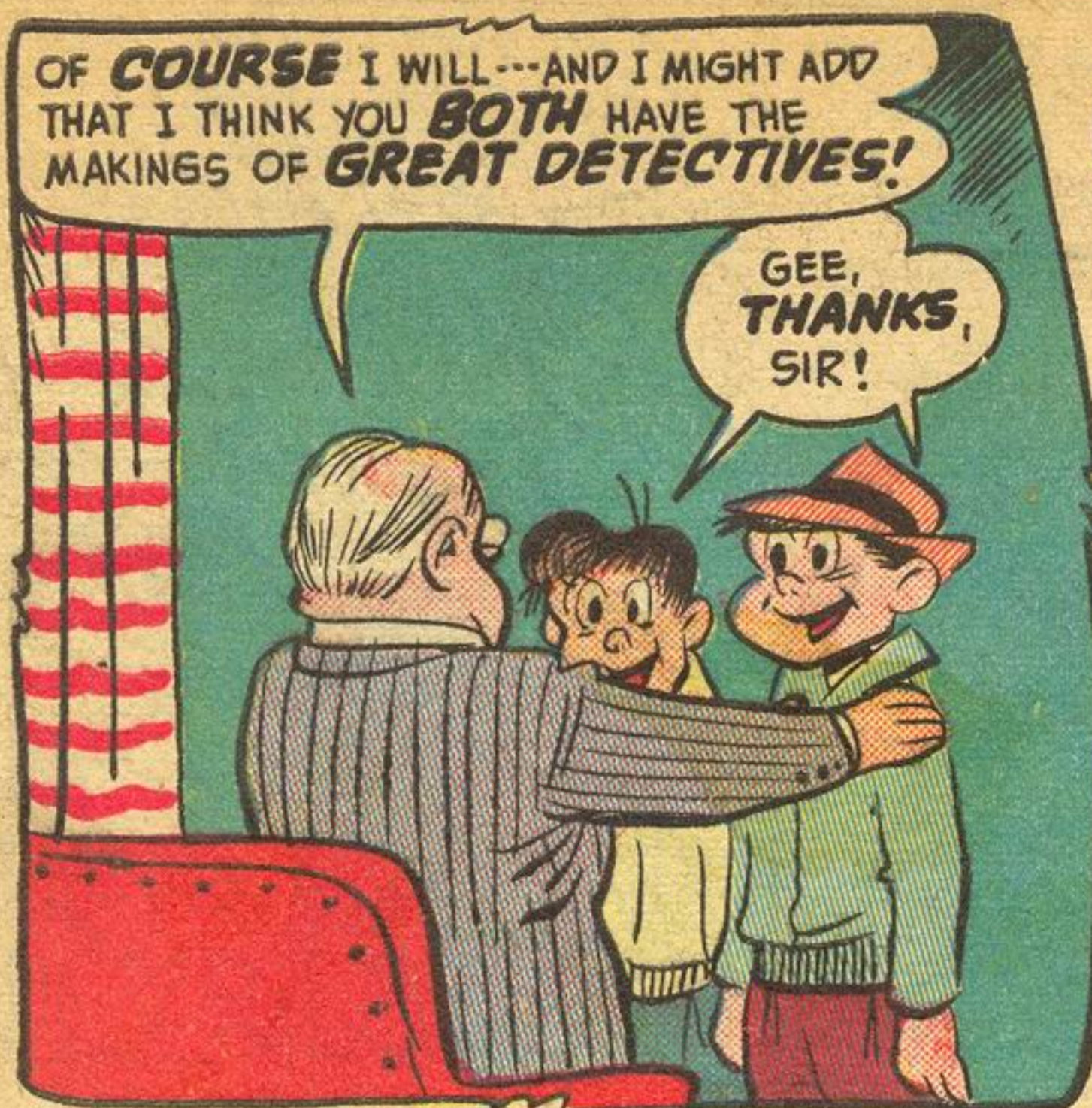
IT'S RIGHT HERE
IN MY SAFE, AND
---**MY BONDS!**
I'VE BEEN
ROBBED!

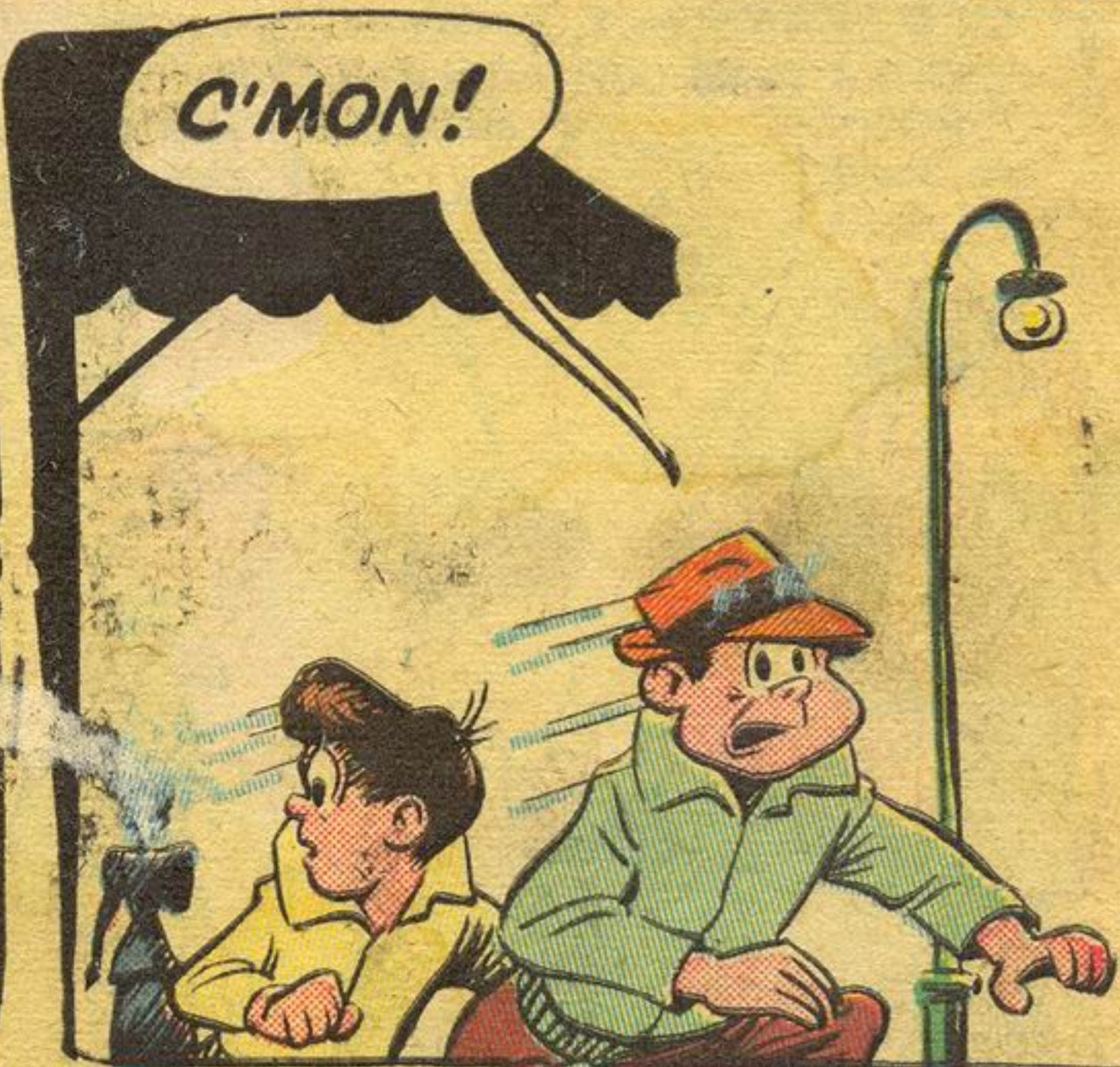
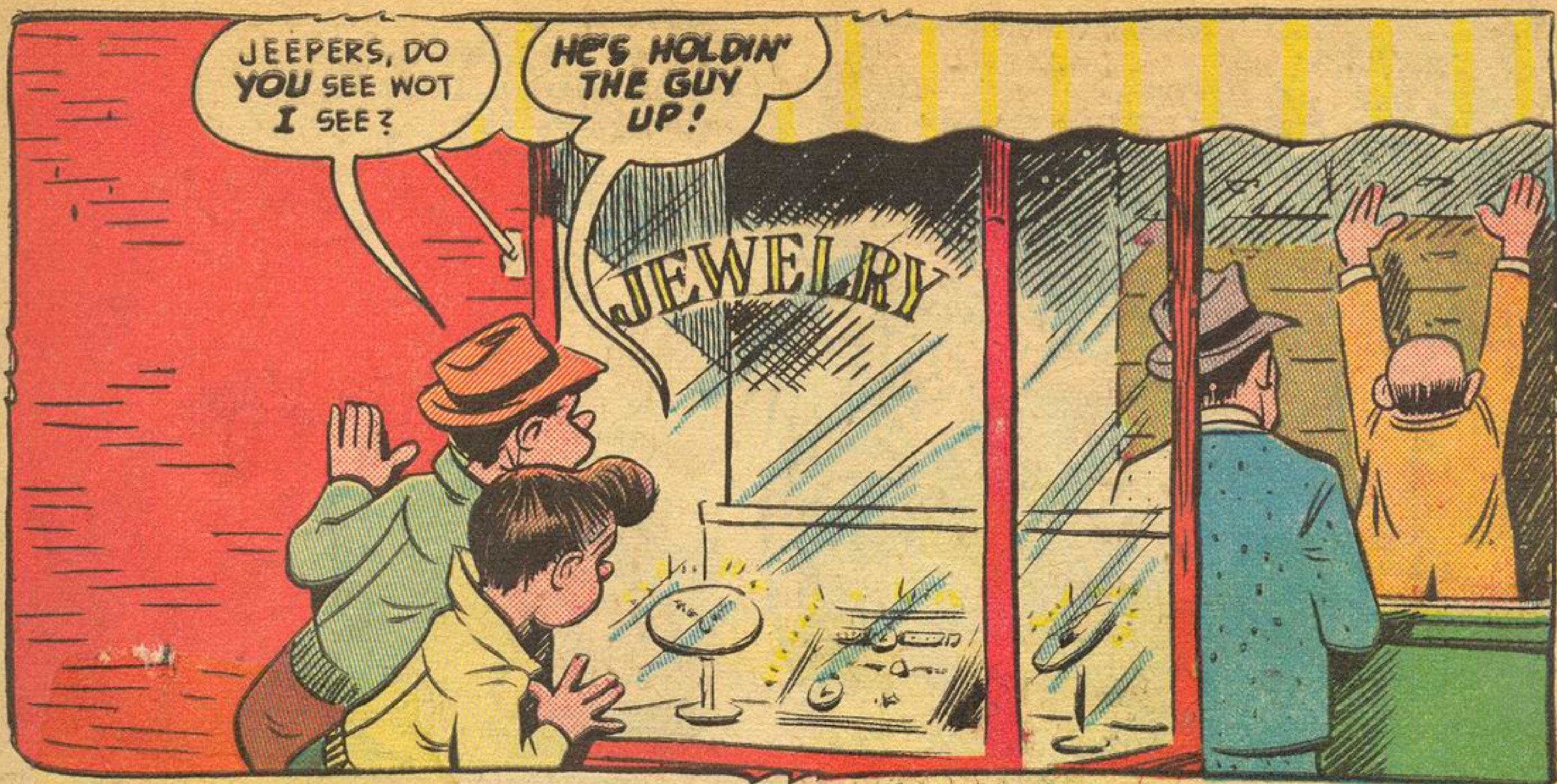
TAKE IT **EASY**, SIR!
HERE THEY ARE! YA SEE,
I WAS RIGHT--- THIS
GUY **IS** A CROOK!

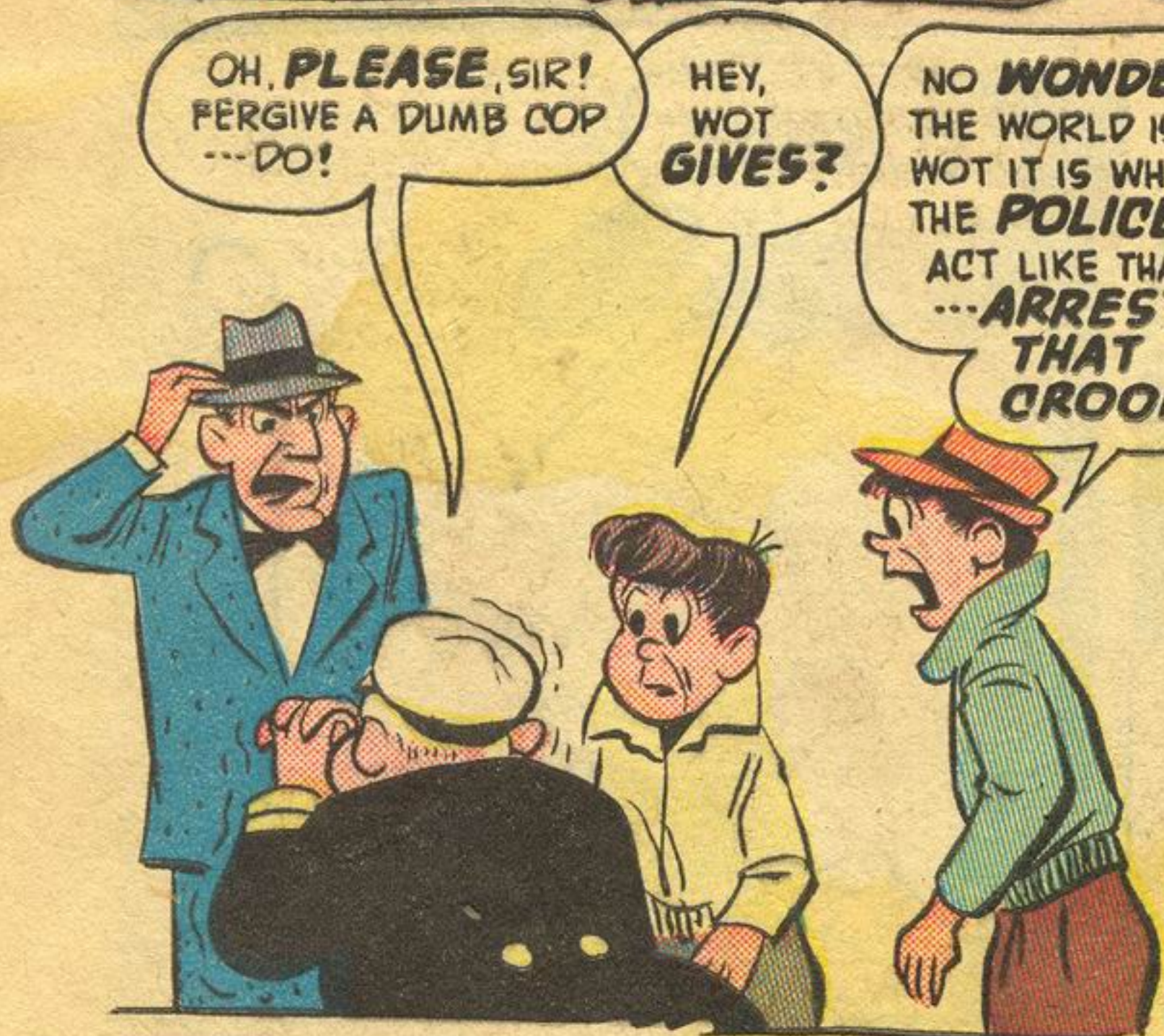
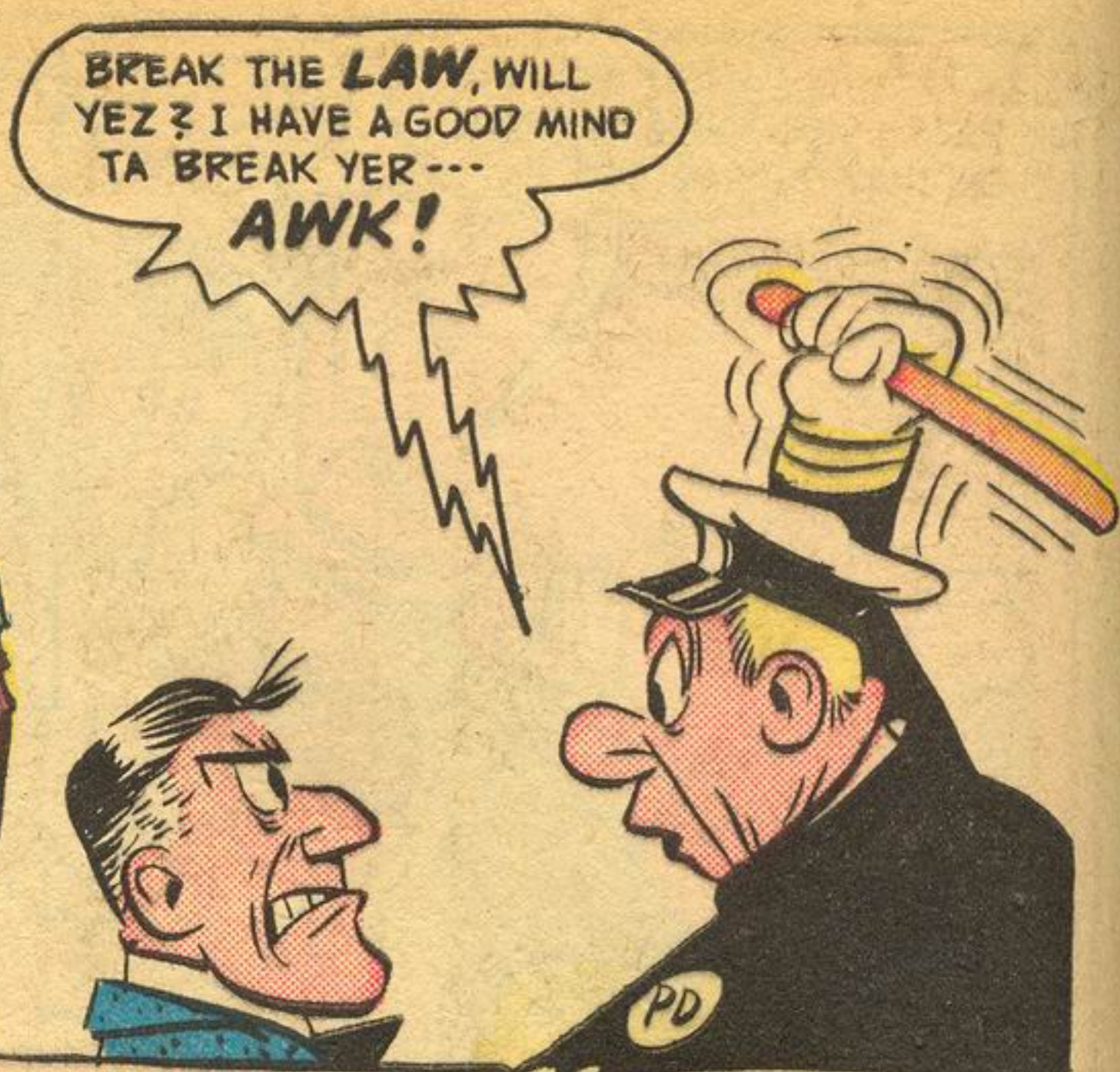
BOYS, I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO THANK YOU!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR
YOU, THAT THIEF WOULD
HAVE GOTTEN AWAY
WITH MY BONDS!

AW, FORGET IT,
SIR---BUT WILL
YA PUT IN A GOOD
WORD WITH ANGEL
FOR COOKIE? YA SEE,
SHE'S A LITTLE SORE
AT HIM BECAUSE HE
SAID HE WANTED TA
BE A **PRIVATE**
EYE WHEN HE
GROWS UP!









HELLO! SAY, I THINK I HAVE **JUST** THE PARTIES YOU NEED TO KEEP AN EYE ON THAT CHARACTER!

OH, THAT'S **WONDERFUL!**

...AND I FIGURED WITH **THEM** WATCHING THINGS AT THE JOINT, IT'D GIVE **US** A CHANCE TO CARRY OUT **OUR** PLANS FOR TONIGHT! I WANT YOU TO ASSIGN THEM TO THEIR DETAIL--- THEN GET DOWN HERE AND MEET ME!

GULP!

OKAY, **BOYS**, HERE'S THE ADDRESS OF YOUR FIRST CLIENT! THERE WON'T BE **TOO** MUCH DANGER IF YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! BE CAREFUL---AND DO A GOOD JOB!

Y-Y-YESSIR!

ER---WOT D'YA THINK, JIT? THINK IT'S WISE FER US TO GO **THROUGH** WITH THIS?

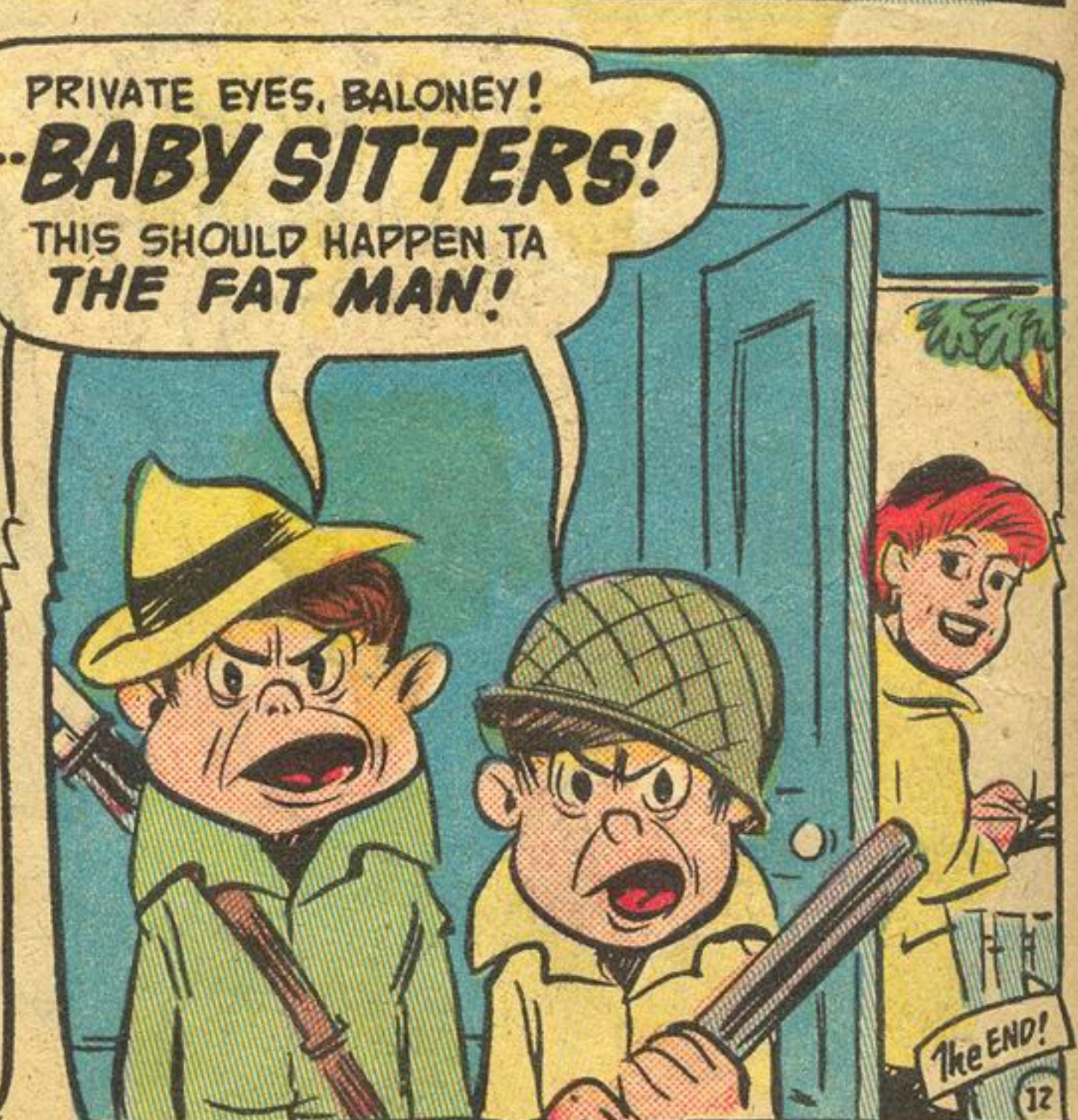
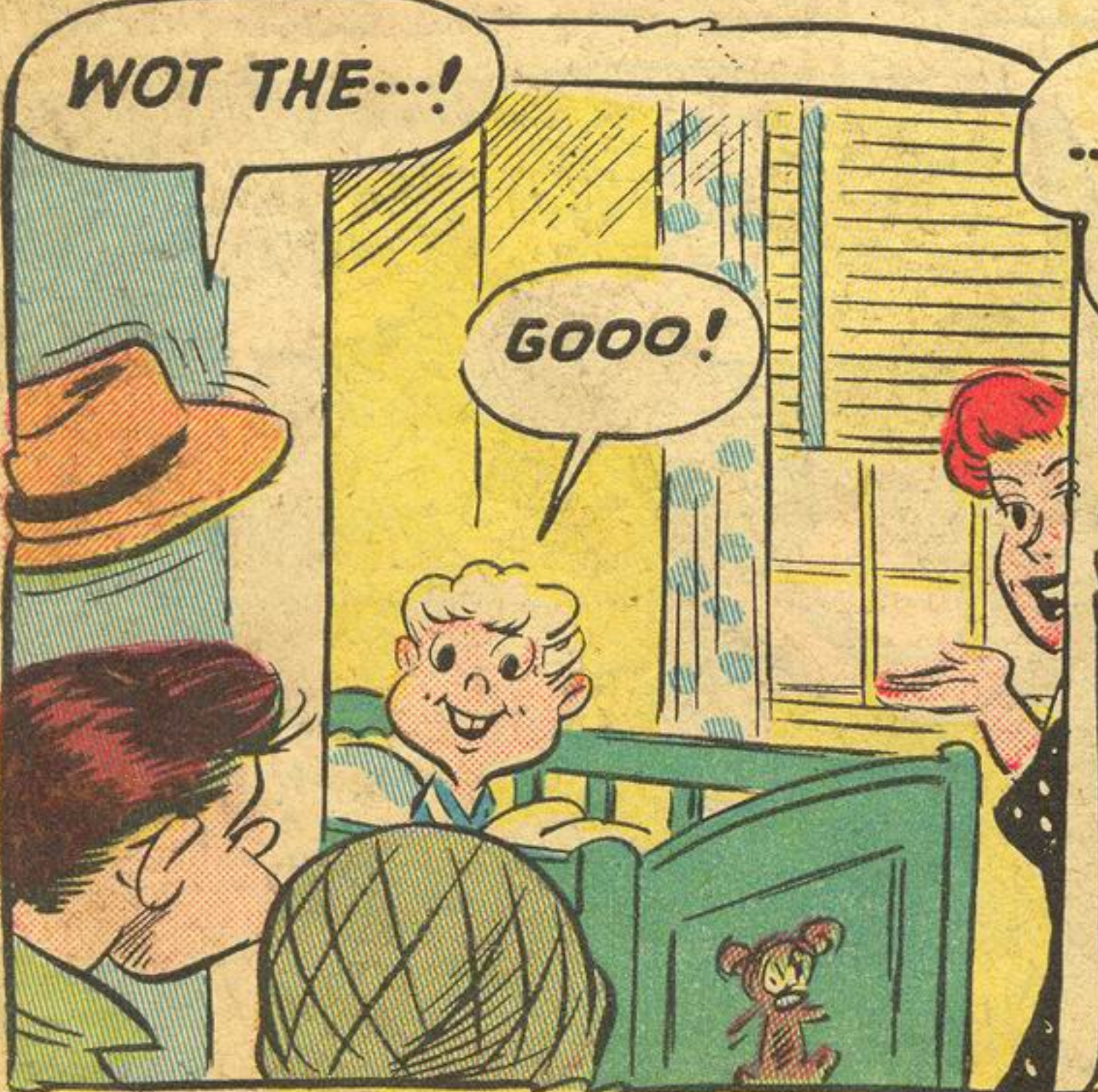
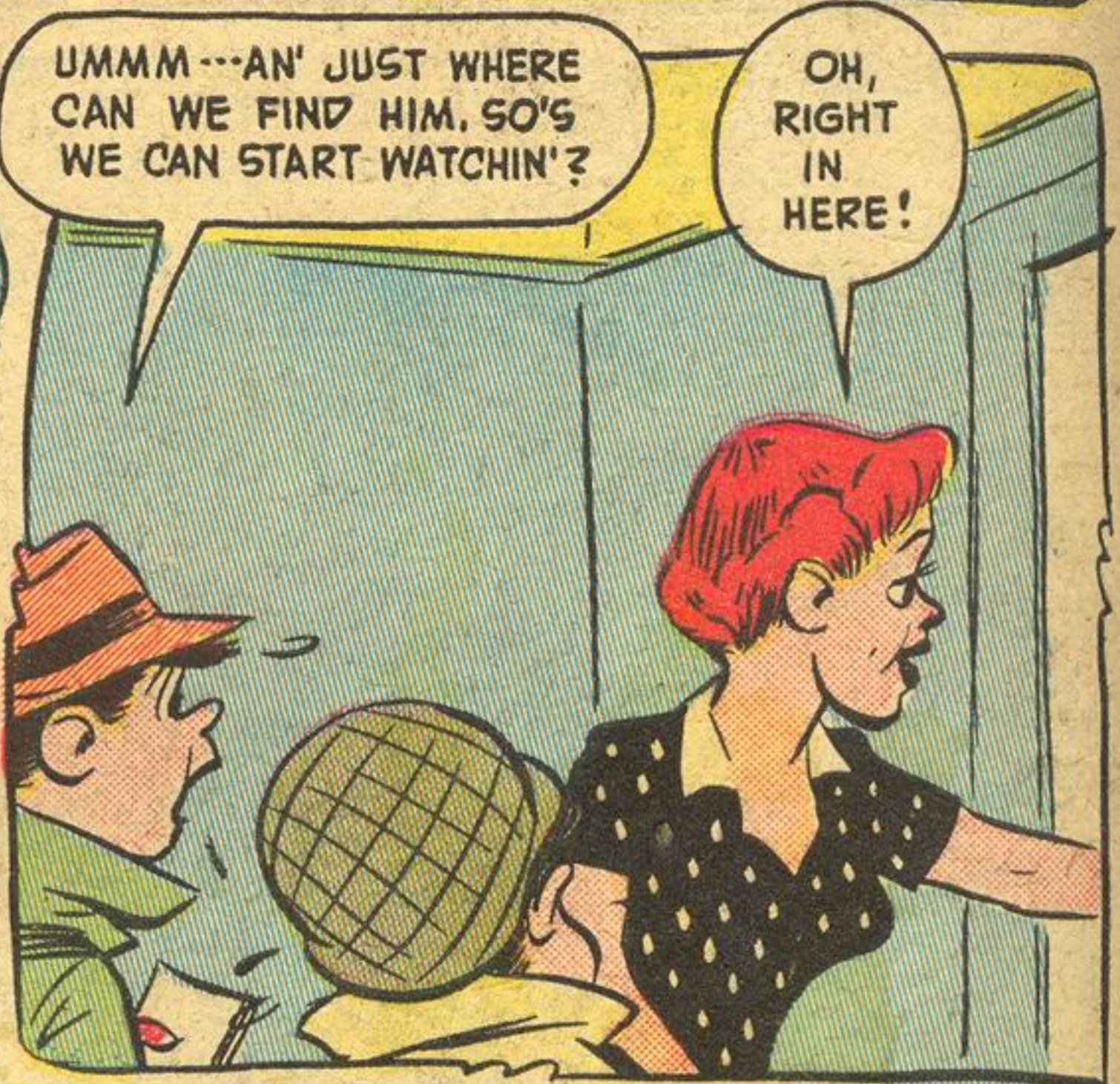
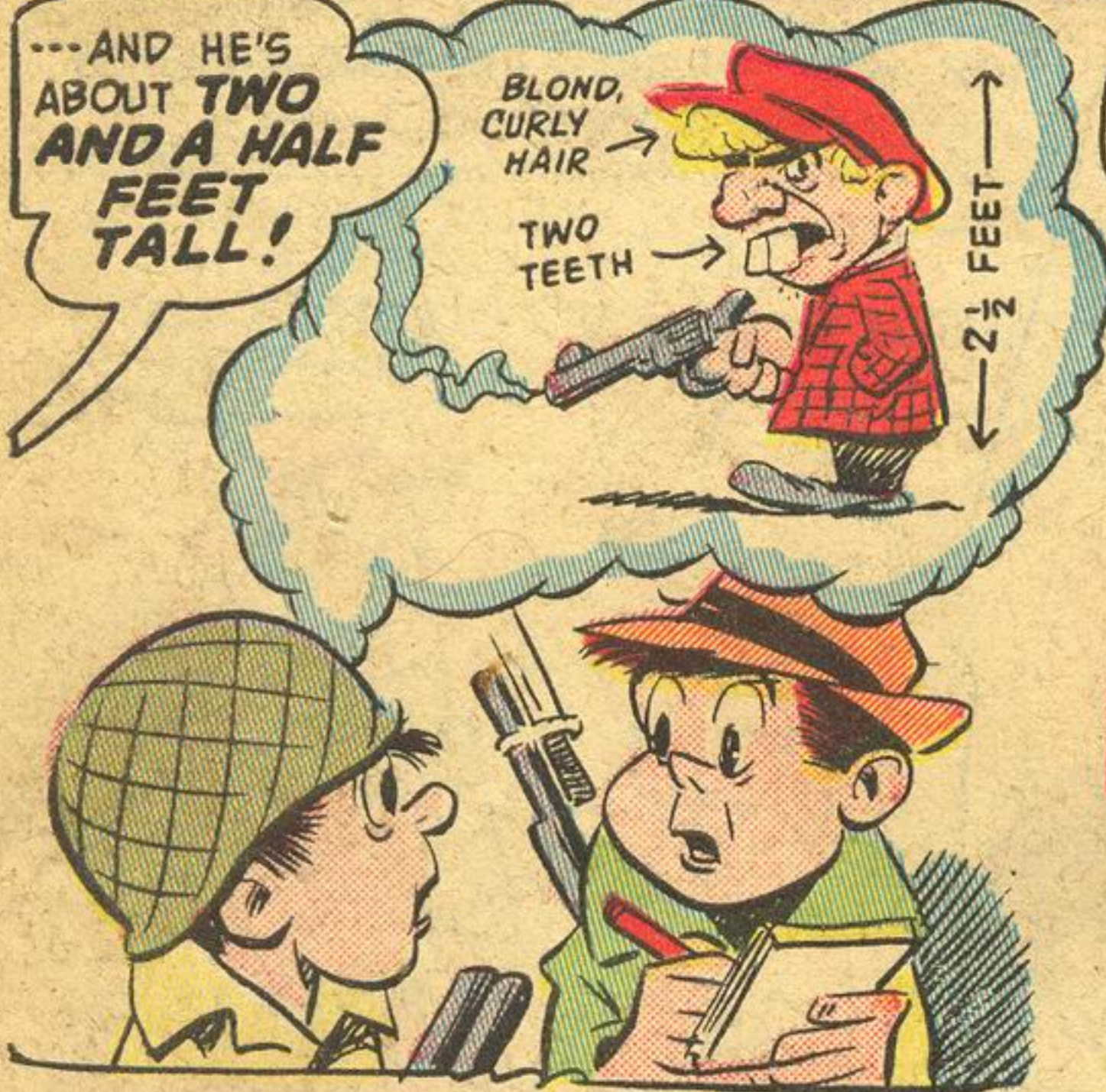
WE **G-GOTTA** ---WE GAVE HIM OUR **WORD!** B-BESIDES, ALL WE HAFTA DO IS **WATCH** SOME CHARACTER!

YEAH---BUT SUPPOSE HE'S A **MURDERER!** WE HAVEN'T ANY G-GUNS OR ANYTHING!

GULP! THAT'S **RIGHT!**

LOOK, YOU GO GET YOUR POP'S SHOTGUN AN' I'LL GET MY TWENTY-TWO, AN' I'LL MEET YA HERE!

RIGHT!



"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

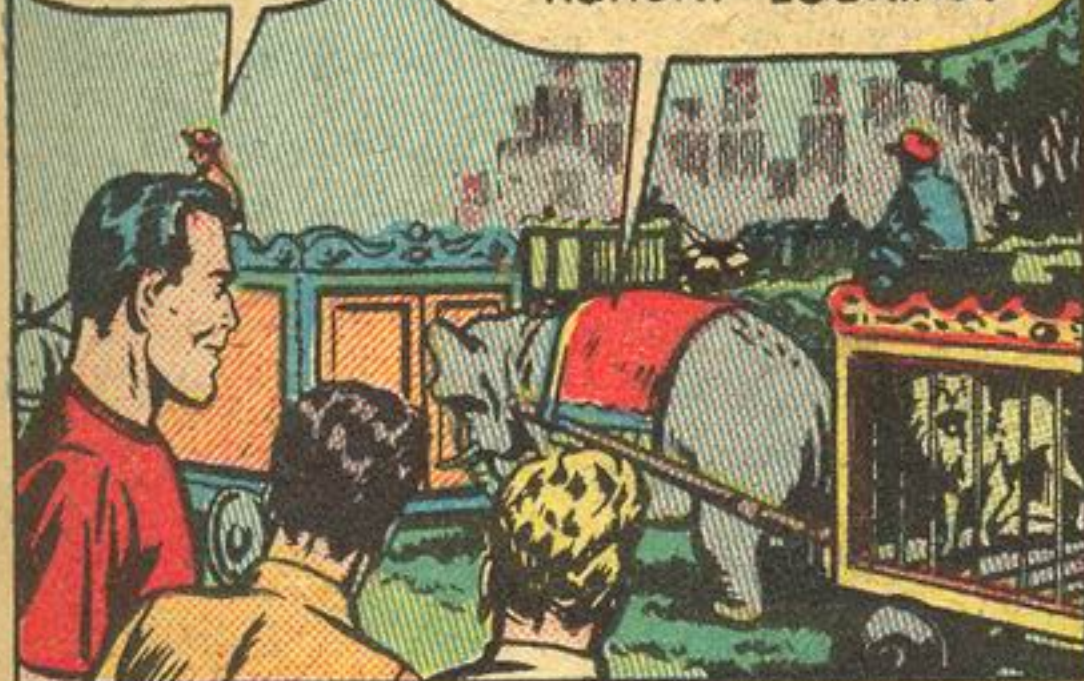


"LASSOING
THE LION"



CIRCUS-TIME
AGAIN, FELLAS!
LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF THAT
ELEPHANT!

I'M GLAD THOSE
BARS ARE BETWEEN
ME AND THAT LION
THERE... HE SURE IS
HUNGRY-LOOKING!



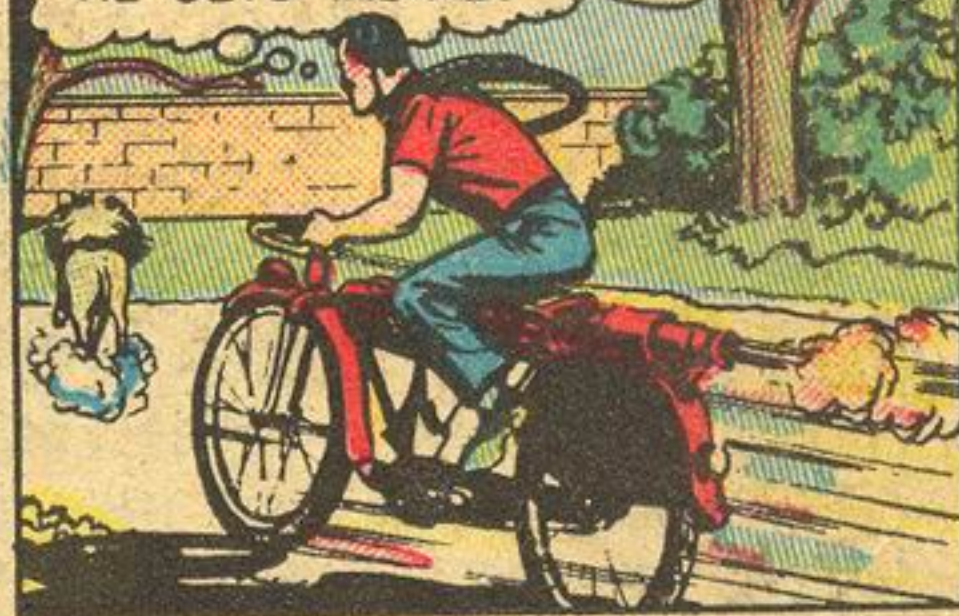
DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE
BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT
TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GET THE TRAINER...
THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!



ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER
THE ESCAPED LION...

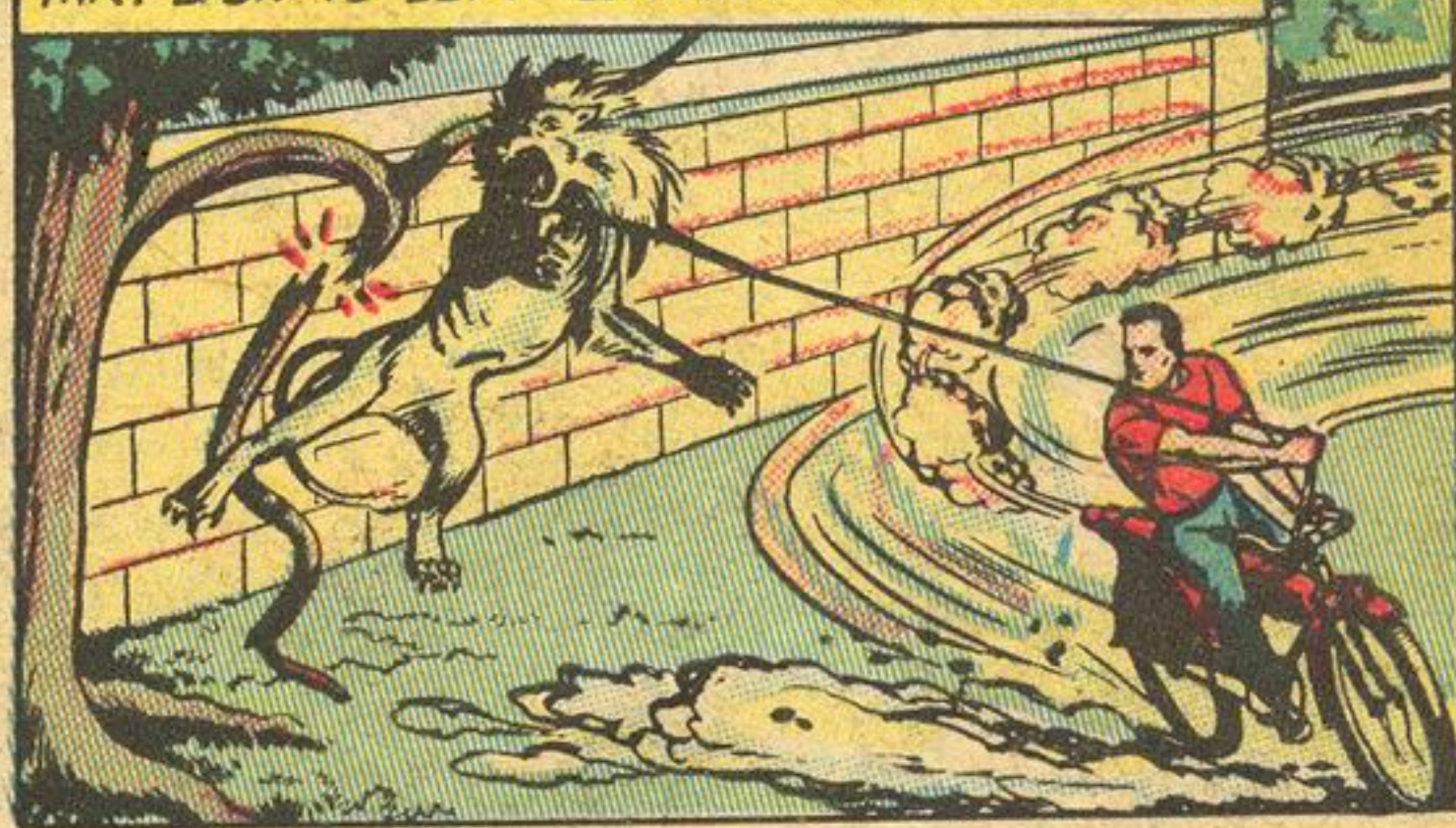
HE'S HEADING FOR THE
ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA
HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE
HE GETS INSIDE!



THE HUNGRY BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING!



...BUT ROYAL'S LASSO HITS ITS MARK... AND
MR. LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!



AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK
WHAT MIGHT HAVE
HAPPENED IF YOU
HADN'T GOTTEN TO
THAT LION
IN TIME!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD
I WAS RIDING ON
U.S. ROYALS... THEY
ALWAYS SAVE TIME!

...AND THIS
TIME THEY
SAVED LIVES!



BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE
SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED
FOR **SPEED PLUS SAFETY!** DON'T
TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE
WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN TOP CONTROL
COUNTS, YOU CAN COUNT ON U.S.
ROYALS, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN!"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.



IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR
OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH
THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

TAKE A Message

JITTERBUCK JONES entered the house like a young cyclone, tossing his things wherever they might fall. He then made straight for the kitchen, where milk and doughnuts awaited him.

"Hi, mom," he said, between enormous bites of doughnuts, "what's new?"

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Jones was distracted, as she flavored a roast for dinner. "A girl called you just a few minutes ago, but I'm afraid I didn't get her name. We had a poor connection."

Jit's ears quivered nervously. "Girl?" he squeaked. "Did it sound like Amy? Claire? Louise? Helen? Barbara? What'd she want? What'd she say?"

"I told you, dear, that I couldn't hear her very well," Mrs. Jones explained patiently. "I'm sure it was nothing important, and if it was, she'll call again."

Jit regarded his mother in silent horror. This was great, just *great*! It might have been very important, how did she know? Sure, if it had been one of the ladies of the garden club or something, she'd have known who it was! But just because it was a girl for him—

Jit's feeling of irritation mounted steadily. In addition to anger at his mother's lack of feeling, he was curious to know who had called. Stationing himself at the phone, Jit began a series of calls. He phoned every girl he had mentioned. Then, he phoned every girl he could think of. Then, just to be on the safe side, he phoned a couple of strangers.

But each and every girl had the same thing to say. "Why, no, I didn't call you, Jit. It must have been somebody else!"

"Somebody else . . . somebody else! Yeah . . . but *who*?" As the hours passed, Jit lost all interest in everything but the mysterious caller. He neglected his homework, picked feebly at his dinner, and wore a look of pained concentration all evening.

Long after everyone was asleep, Jit tossed in his bed, filled with furious frustration. "To think that my own mother did this to me!" he fumed. "I've got a good mind to leave home!" He toyed with this delightful idea until day came.

The sleepless night left Jit in no condition for school. It was a weary-eyed, bleary-eyed boy who tottered into the classroom, yawning and miserable. As he sank into his seat, a sharp voice, which seemed to be coming through its owner's nose, snapped at him,

"Well, I must say you're rude, Jitterbuck Jones! You never even returned my call yesterday. And I wanted you to come over to my house last night!"

Jit's eyes popped open. He stared at the speaker, Miss Honoria Bibble, the class pest, as unattractive a specimen of womanhood as ever walked the face of the earth. Miss Bibble was considered the girl most likely to be avoided by all the boys in school.

"I . . . I didn't get your message!" Jit answered. And suddenly, he felt a surge of gratitude toward his wonderful mom, his loving mom. She had saved him from Honoria Bibble!

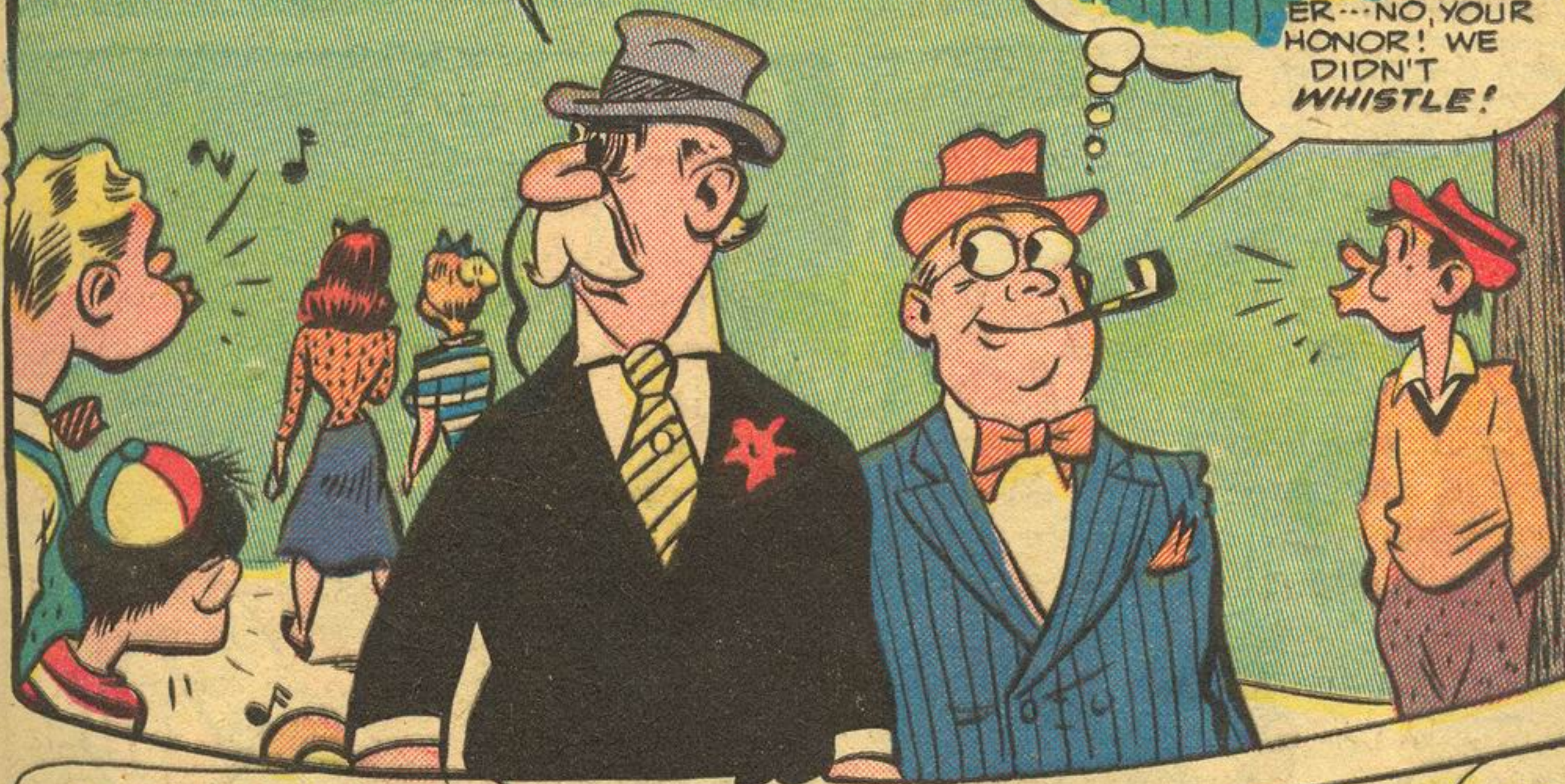
Mrs. Jones was most surprised that afternoon to receive a small bottle of perfume from her loving son. With it was a note expressing his undying gratitude and love. "I tell you," she remarked that evening to Mr. Jones, "the more I see of Jitterbuck, the less I understand him!"

Angelpuss

HONESTLY, WITHERSPOON, DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THE YOUTH OF TODAY? LISTEN TO THOSE BOYS WHISTLING AT THE GIRLS...CAN YOU IMAGINE DOING ANYTHING LIKE *THAT* WHEN *WE* WERE YOUNG?



OH, YOU KID
ER...NO, YOUR HONOR! WE DIDN'T WHISTLE!



THE FAULT LIES WITH THEIR PARENTS, I'D SAY! THESE BOYS AND GIRLS SPEND TOO MUCH OF THEIR TIME AWAY FROM HOME...IN THE MOVIES! AND THE MOVIES, YOU KNOW, HAVE A TREMENDOUS INFLUENCE ON THEIR BEHAVIOR!

OH, MAYOR, I DON'T THINK IT'S *THAT* BAD! WHY, I...

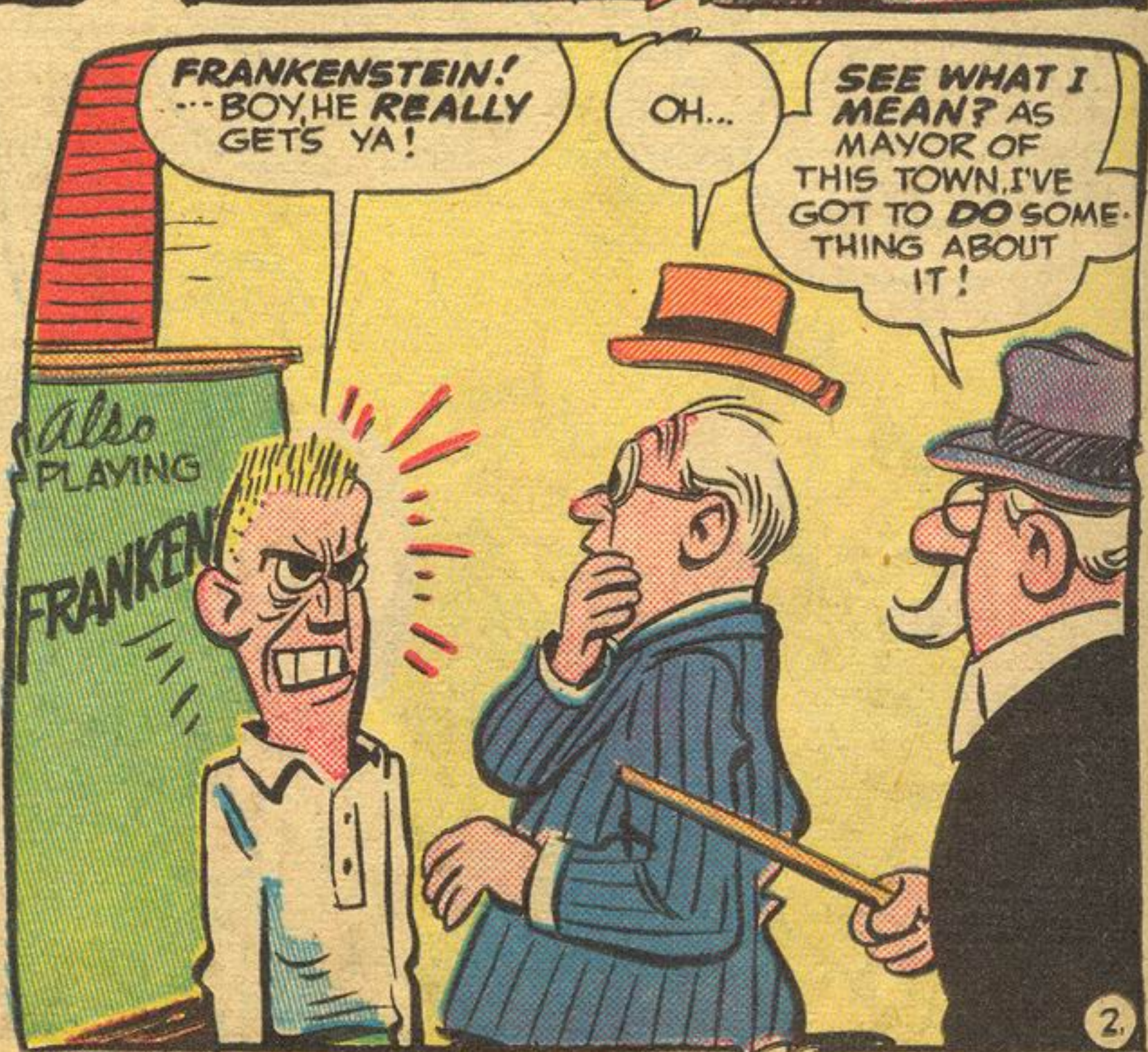
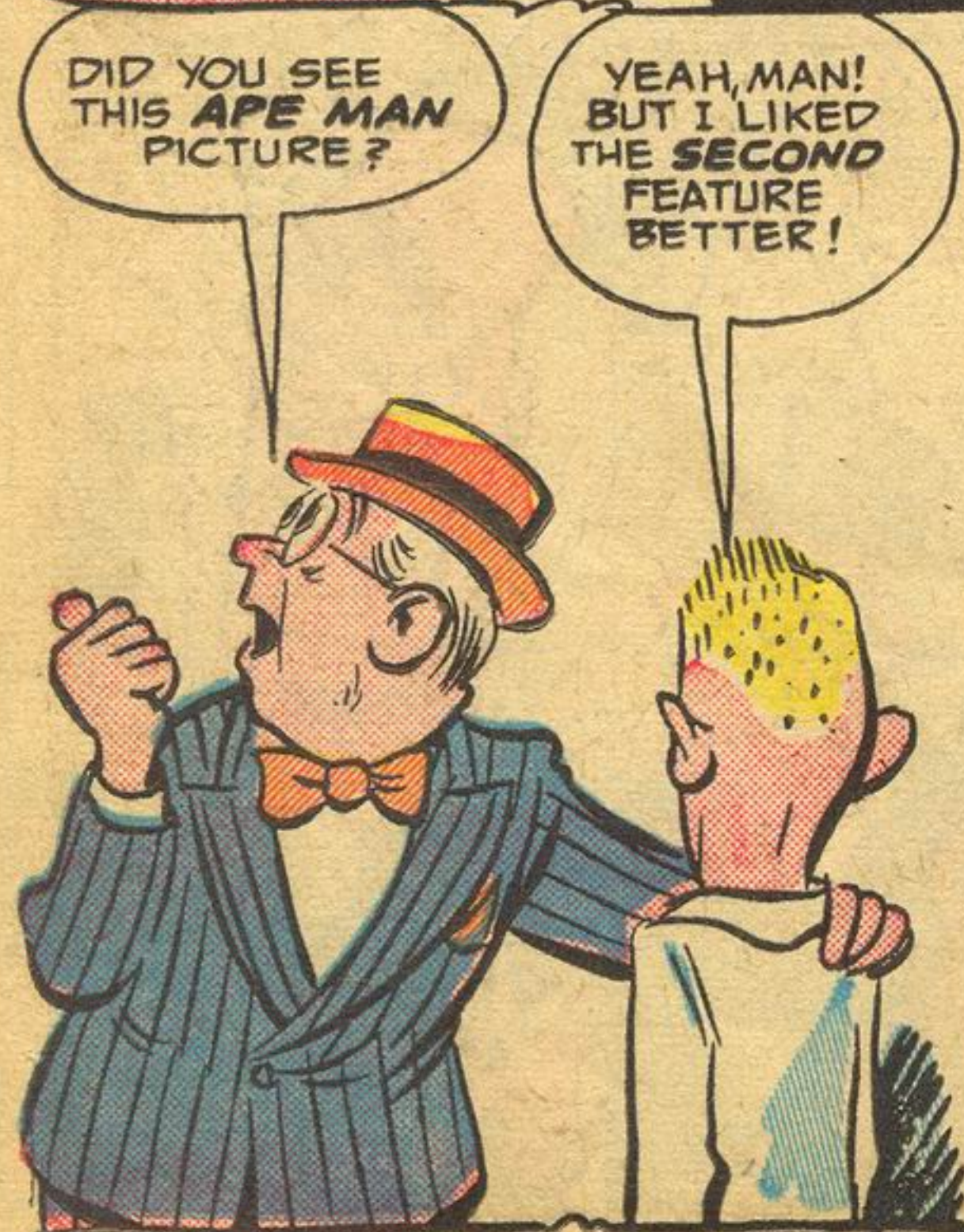
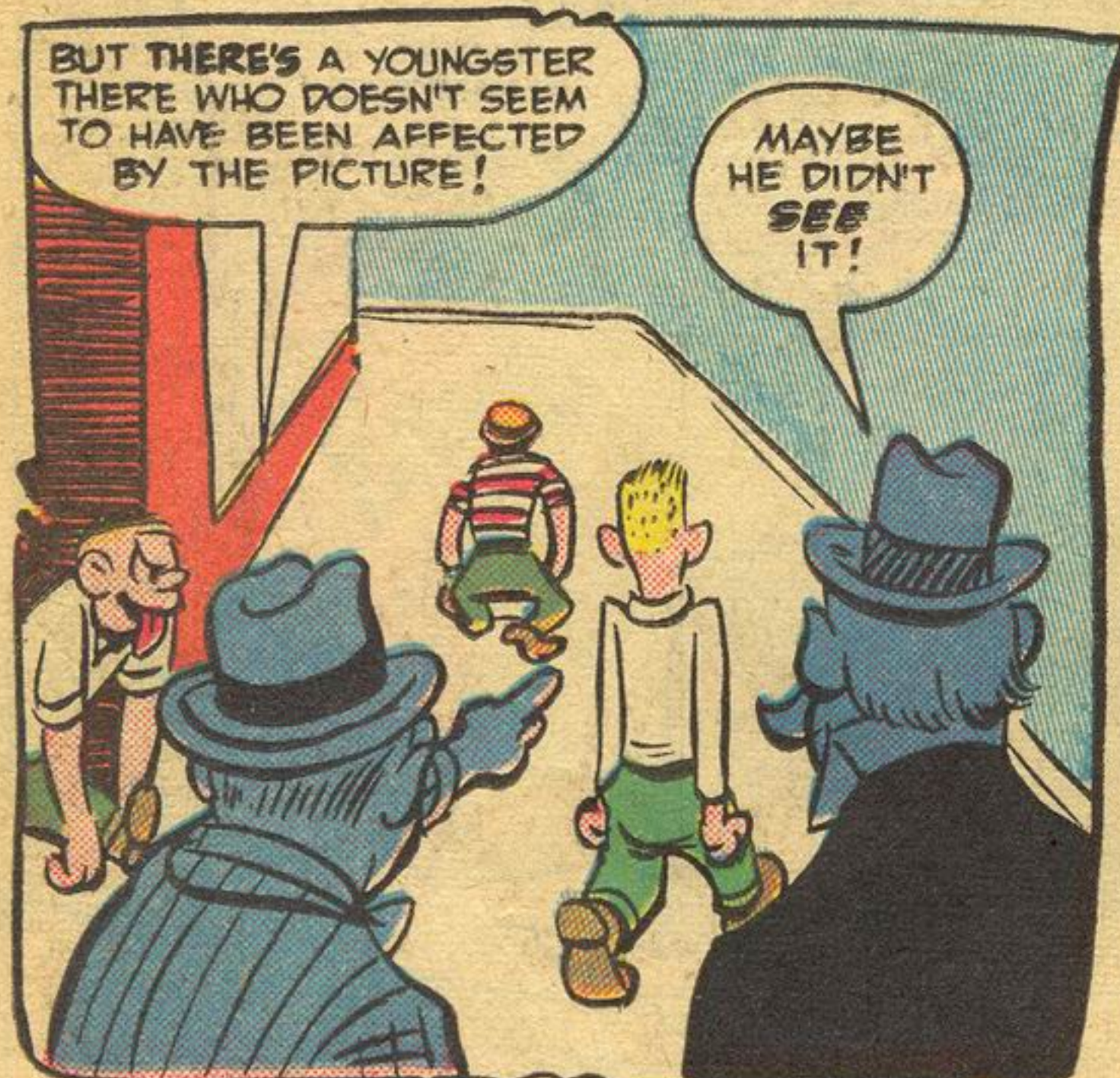
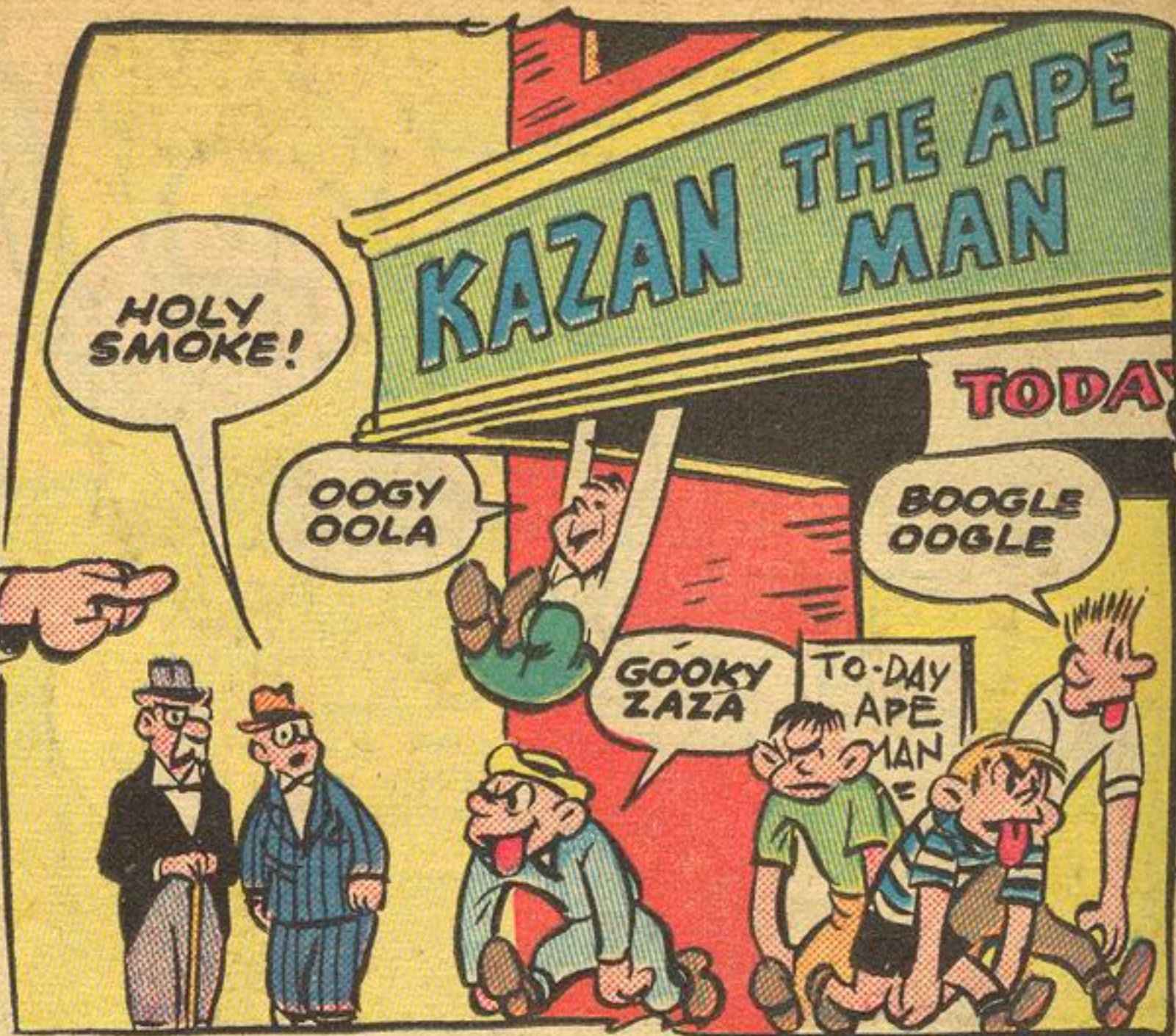
GOOLA GOOLA

HEY!

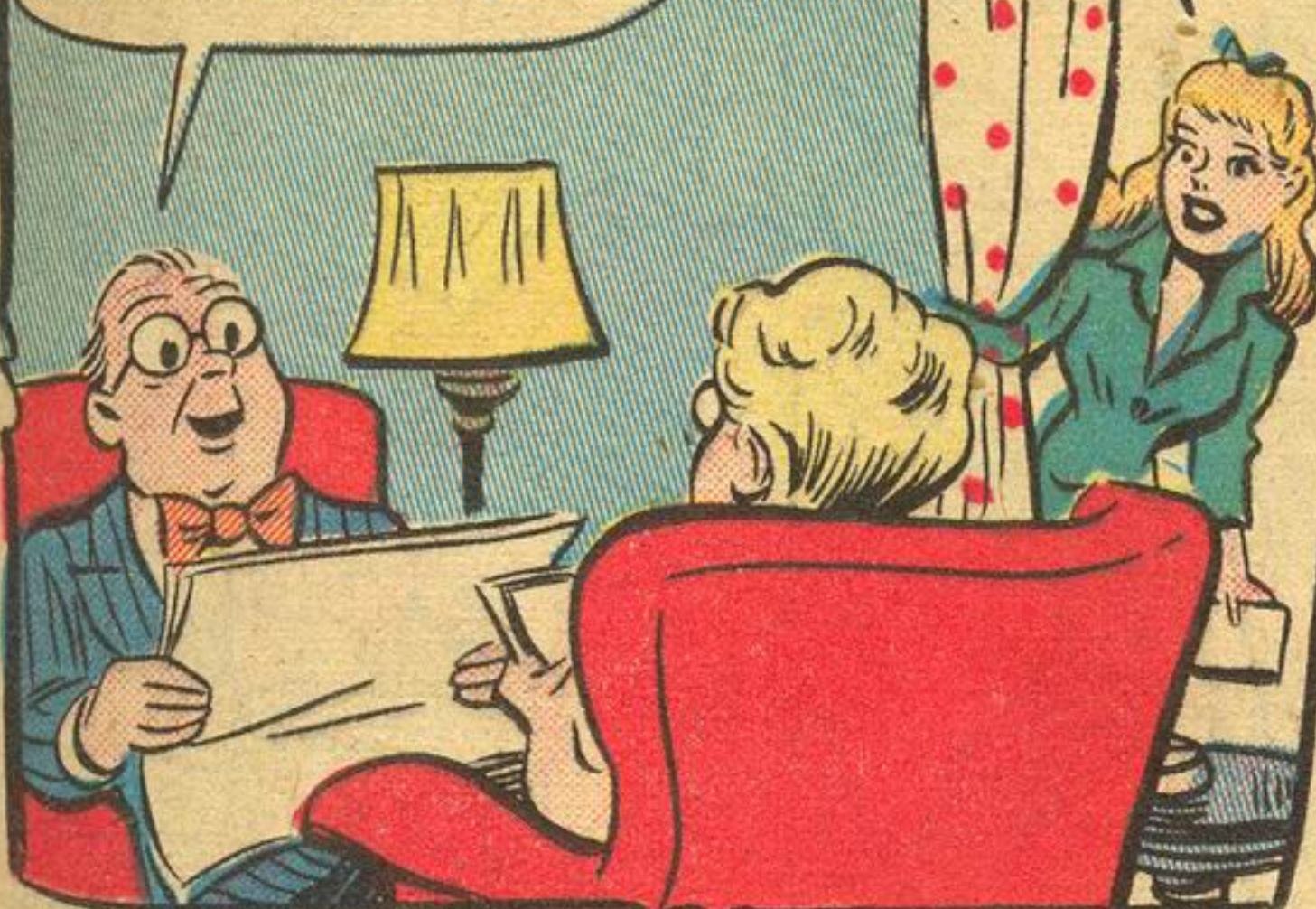
OOGA BOOGA

WHOP!





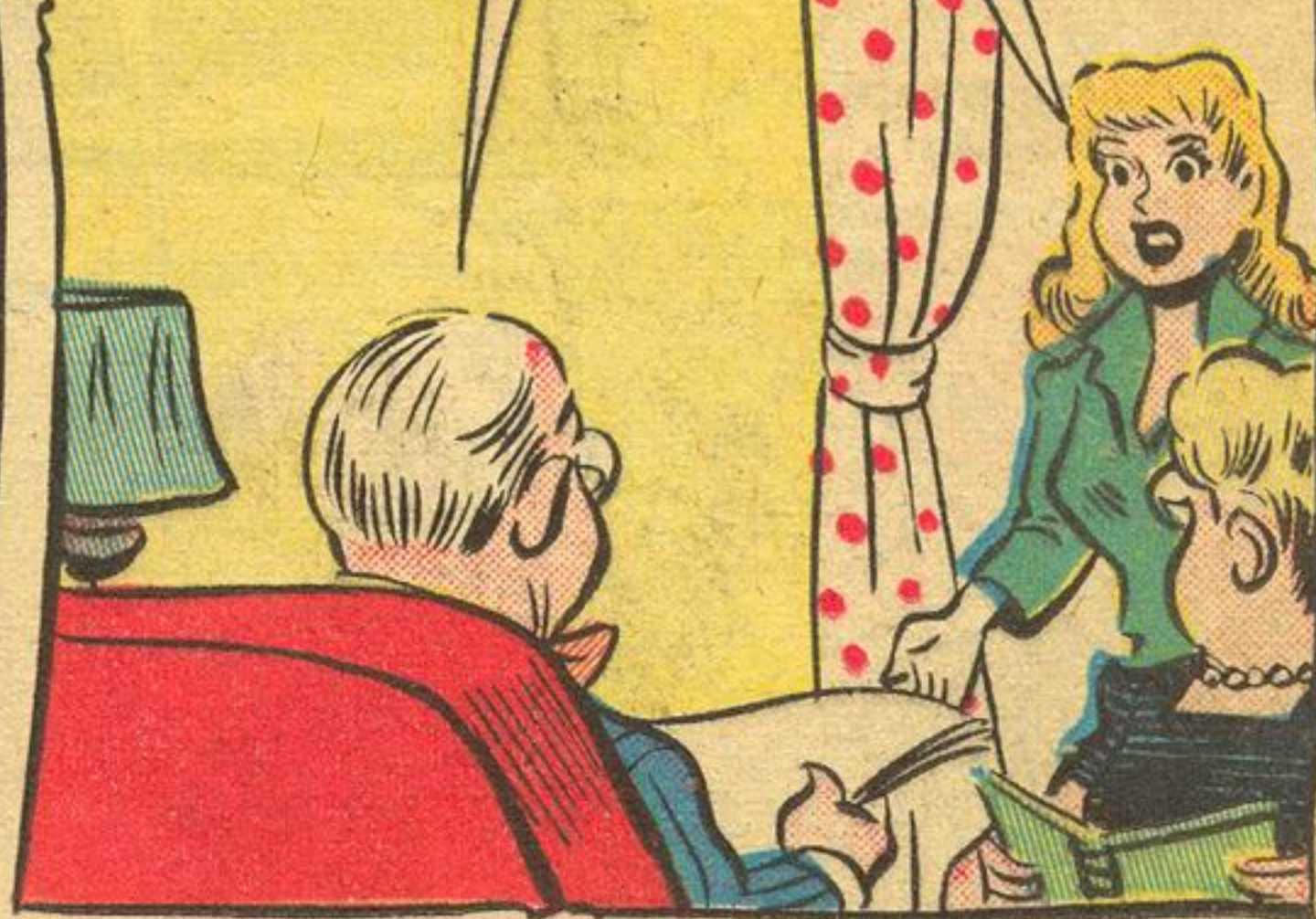
...SO THE MAYOR NAMED ME AS A COMMITTEE OF ONE TO GET THINGS ROLLING ...TO FIND SOME WAY TO KEEP THE KIDS OFF THE STREETS AND OUT OF THE THEATRES...TO...



WELL, G'NIGHT, MUMMY AND DADDY! SEE YOU LATER!

ONE MOMENT, ANGELPUSS! AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WHY...TO THE MOVIES, OF COURSE! ALL THE KIDS ARE...



ALL THE KIDS ARE GOING TO THE MOVIES ...I KNOW! DON'T ANY OF YOU THINK OF STAYING HOME?

BUT DADDY! YOU SAID YOU DON'T WANT ME TO ENTERTAIN AT HOME! YOU SAID IT'S TOO HARD ON THE FURNITURE!

SHE'S RIGHT! AFTER ALL, A GIRL CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO SPEND ALL HER EVENINGS AT HOME, ALONE! IF YOU'D FIX UP THE BASEMENT AS A PLAYROOM...

WE'VE GONE OVER THAT BEFORE...AND THE ANSWER IS STILL NO! IT COSTS TOO MUCH!

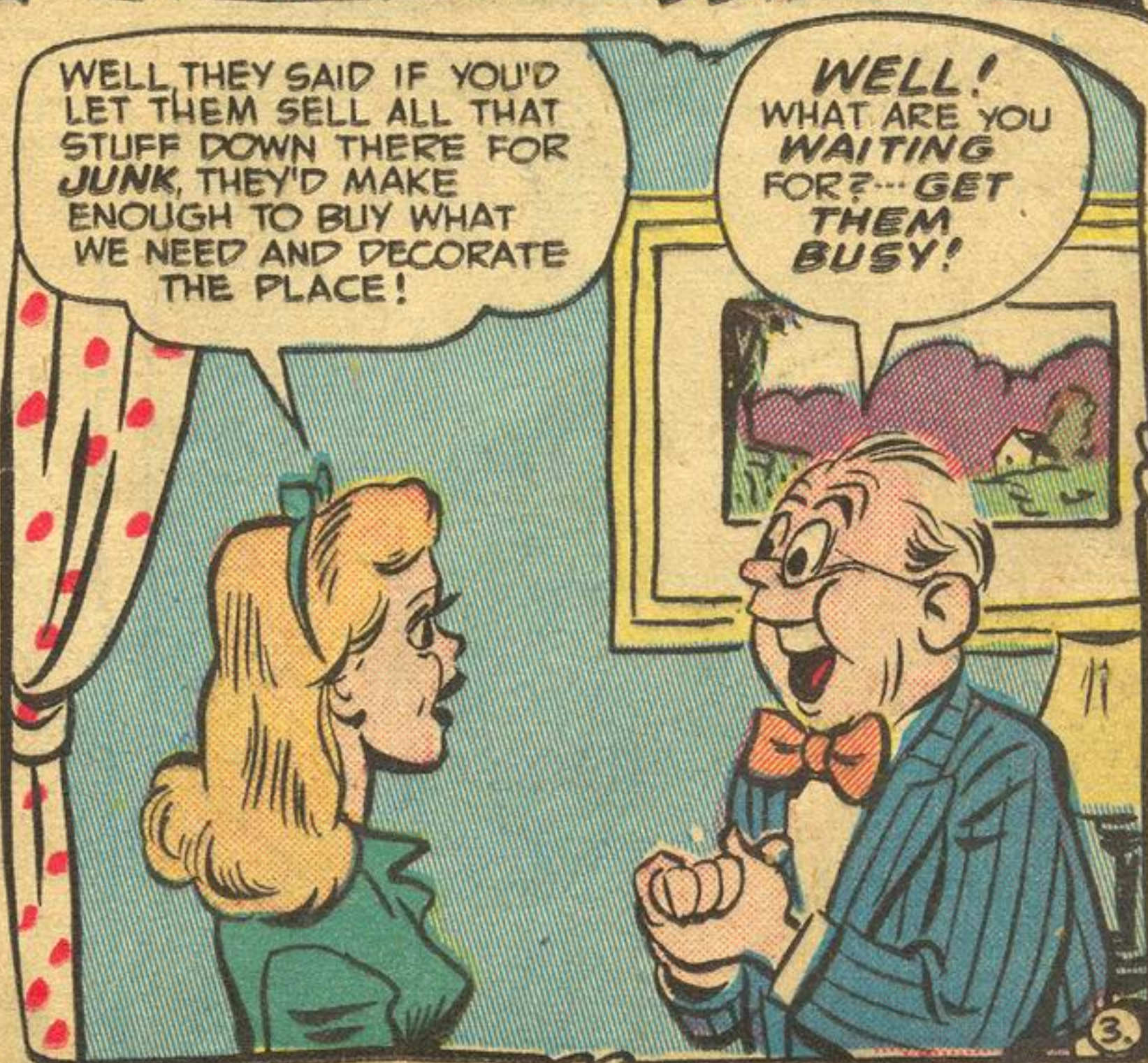
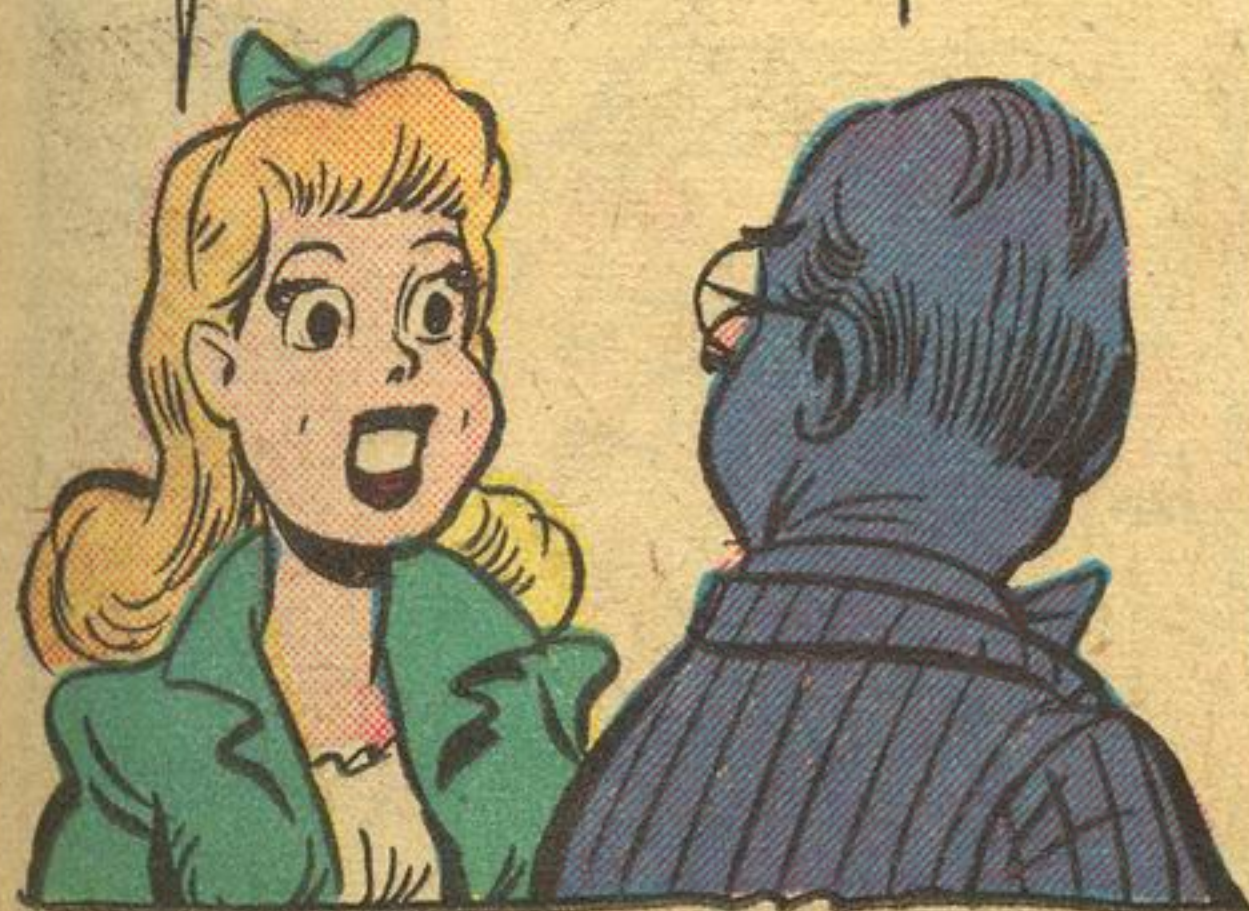


BUT THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**, DADDY! THE KIDS CAN FIX IT UP AND IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

HOW?

WELL, THEY SAID IF YOU'D LET THEM SELL ALL THAT STUFF DOWN THERE FOR **JUNK**, THEY'D MAKE ENOUGH TO BUY WHAT WE NEED AND DECORATE THE PLACE!

WELL! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?...GET THEM **BUSY**!



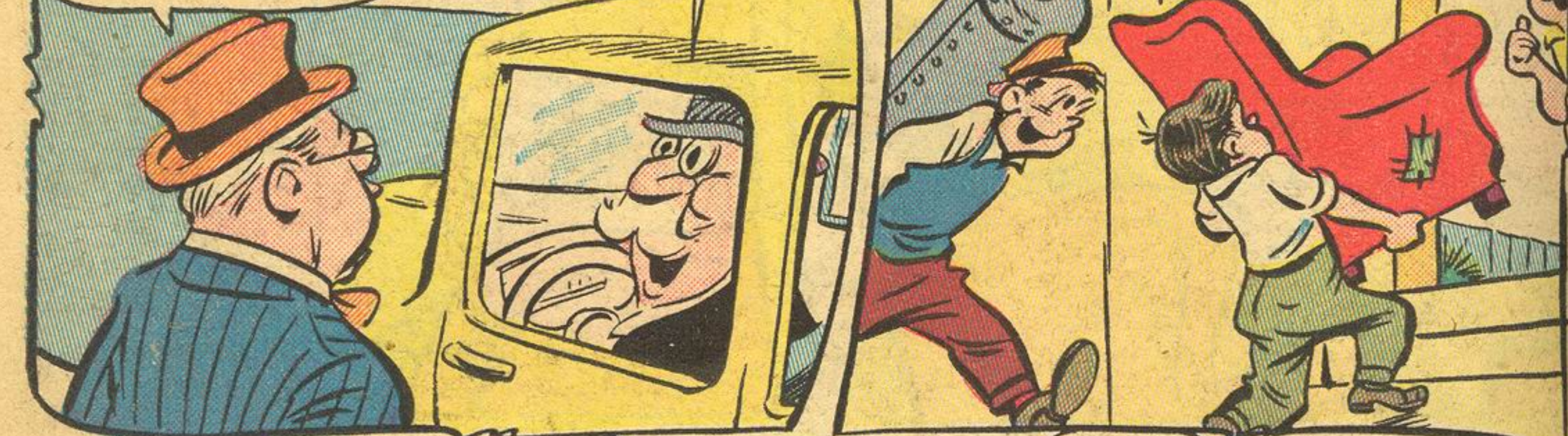
NEXT A.M....

YESSIR, YOUR HONOR! I SAID TO MYSELF "DARN" THE EXPENSE!...AHEM... THESE KIDS HAVE TO HAVE A PLACE TO PLAY ...SO I'M FIXING UP A RECREATION ROOM IN MY BASEMENT!

A NOBLE GESTURE, WITHERSPOON...EXCELLENT! IT WILL SERVE AS A GOOD EXAMPLE TO OTHERS OF OUR COMMUNITY!

BOYBOY! ALMOST ALL CLEANED OUT!

HURRY UP! THE JUNKMAN'S OUTSIDE WITH HIS TRUCK!



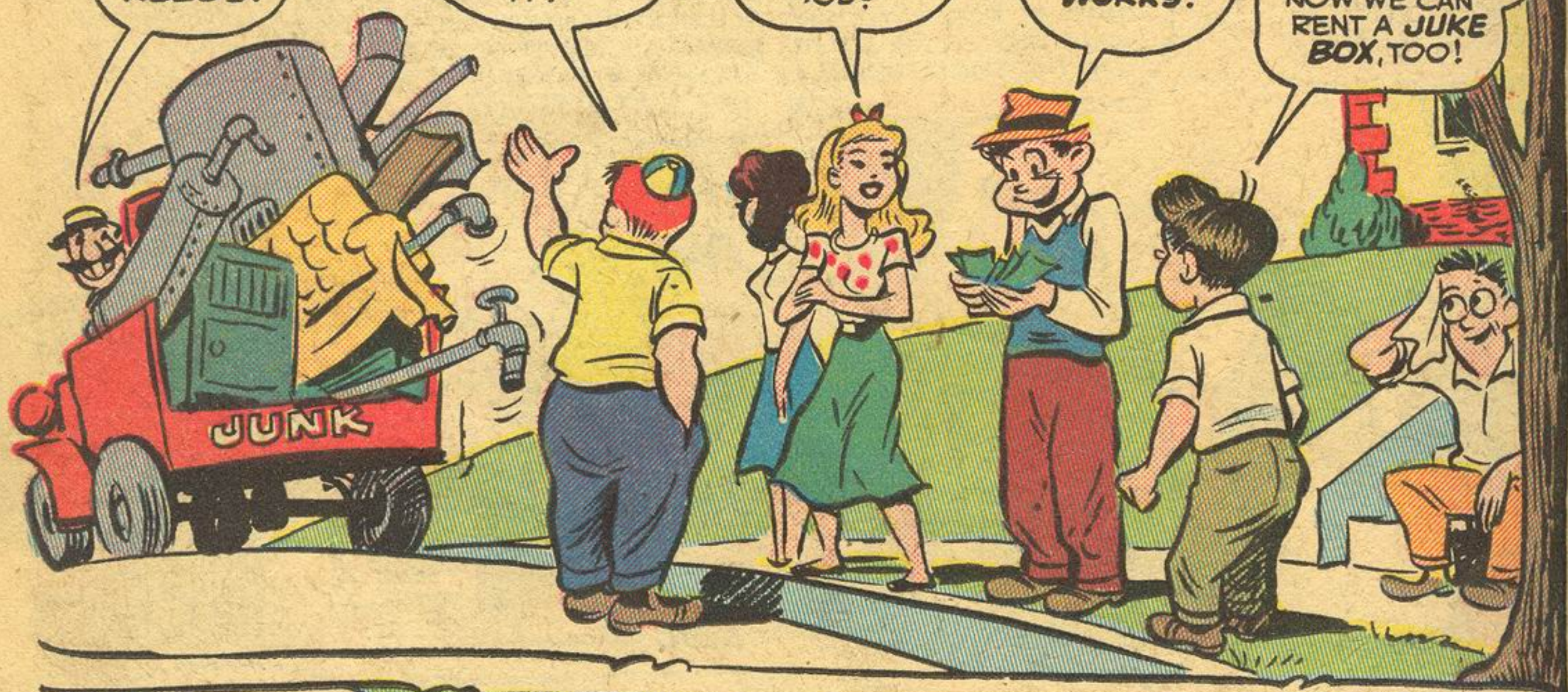
T'ANK-A YOUSE, KEEDS!

OH, DON'T MENTION IT!

HOW MUCH DID HE PAY YOU?

\$50.00 FOR THE WORKS!

FIFTY BUCKS...JEEPERS! NOW WE CAN RENT A JUKE BOX, TOO!

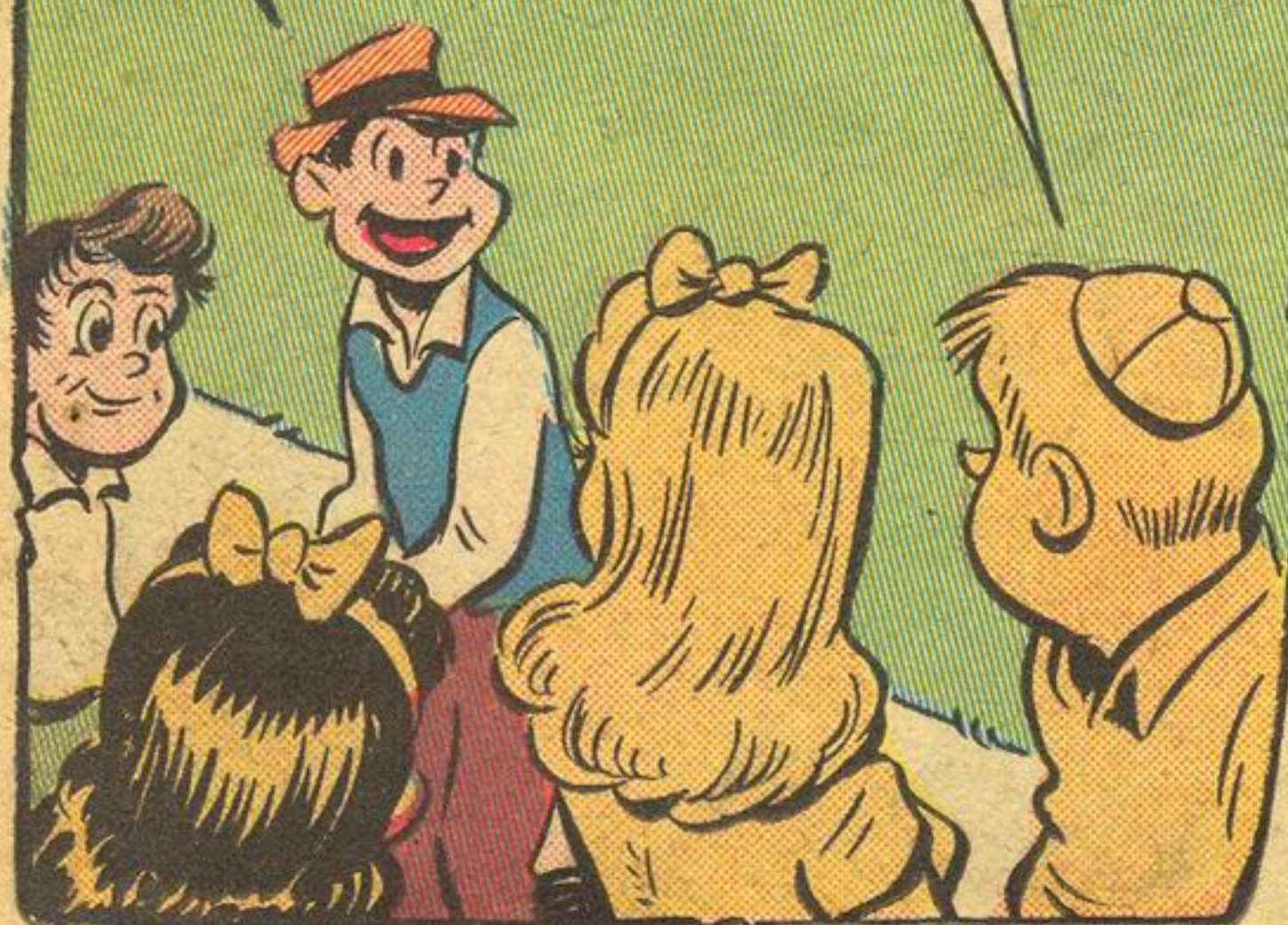


OKAY! YOU KIDS GET BUSY WITH THE PAINTIN' AN' DECORATIN', WHILE COOKIE AN' I GET THE JUKE BOX!

YEAH! SURE, JIT!

GOLLY, ANGELPUSS YA SURE GOT A WONDERFUL OLD MAN...WHEN HE LETS YA DO THIS TO HIS HOUSE!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

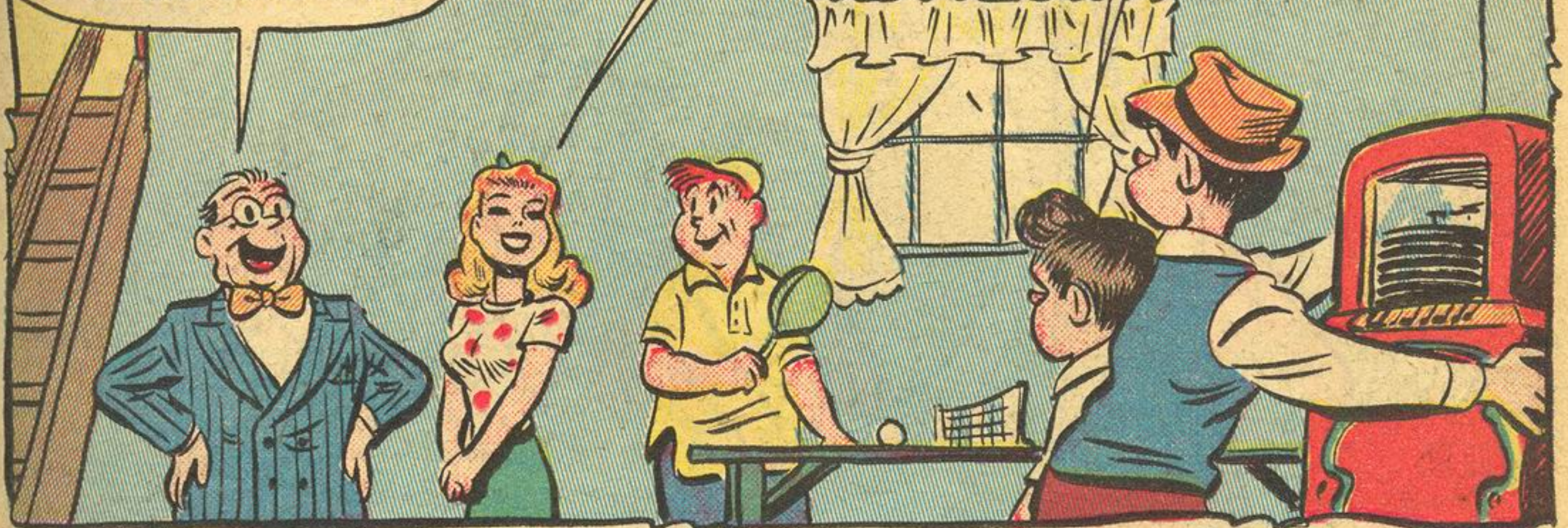


30...A LITTLE LATER...

WELL! I MUST SAY YOU KIDS HAVE REALLY **TRANSFORMED** THIS TRASH HEAP...IT LOOKS **WONDERFUL!** I NEVER REALIZED THIS PLACE WAS SO **BIG** UNTIL NOW!

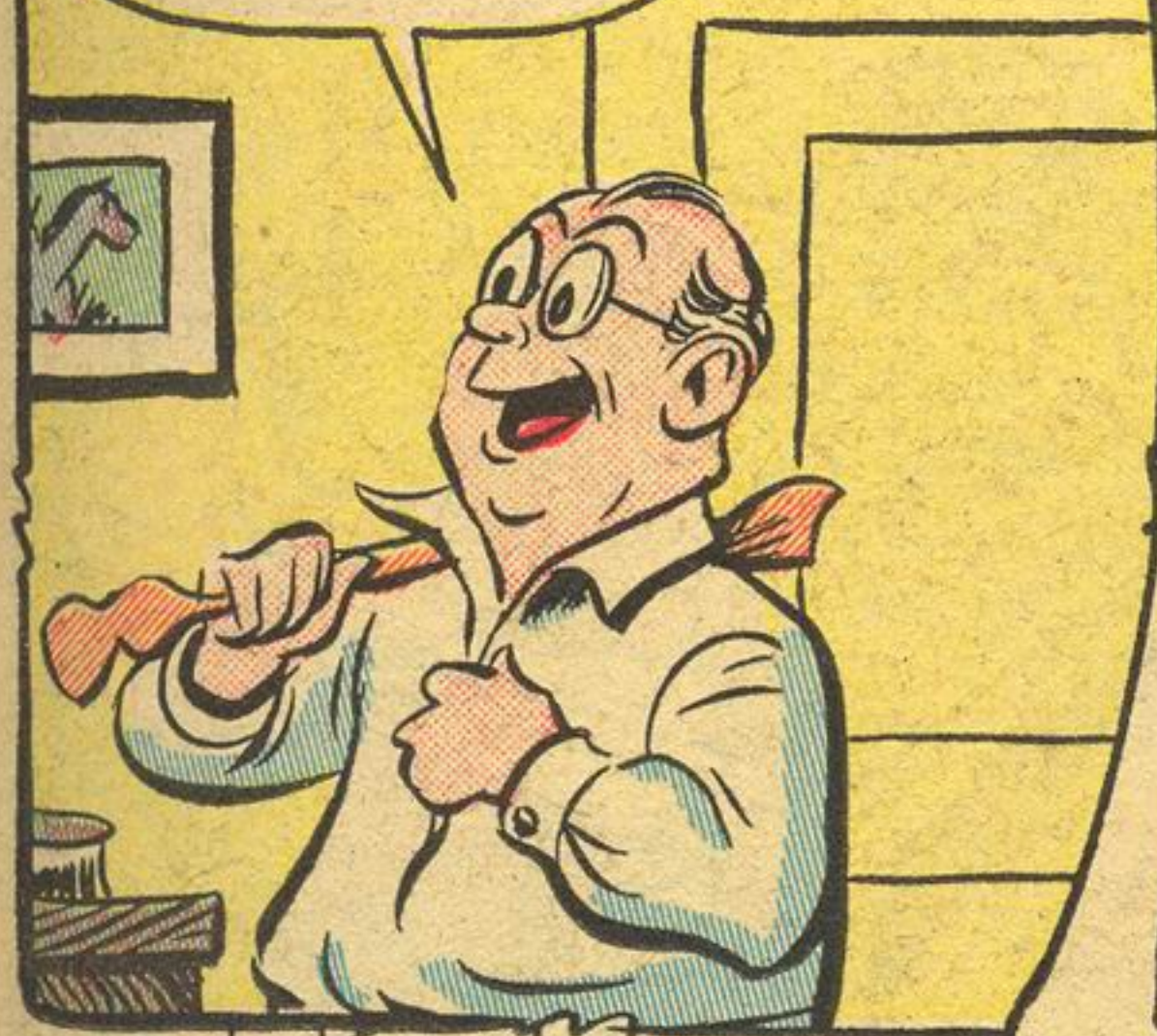
OH, DADDY!
I'M SO GLAD
YOU LIKE IT!

YEAH, MR. WITHERSPOON!
AN' TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION,
WE'RE GONNA THROW A BIG
PARTY FOR YOU TONIGHT!



A PARTY FOR ME...HA!
THEY SHOULD BE GIVING
THE PARTY FOR THE
MAYOR!

AFTER ALL, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM,
I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT TO IN-
TERFERE WITH MY DAUGHTER'S GOING
TO THE MOVIES...AND **THIS** NEVER
WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!



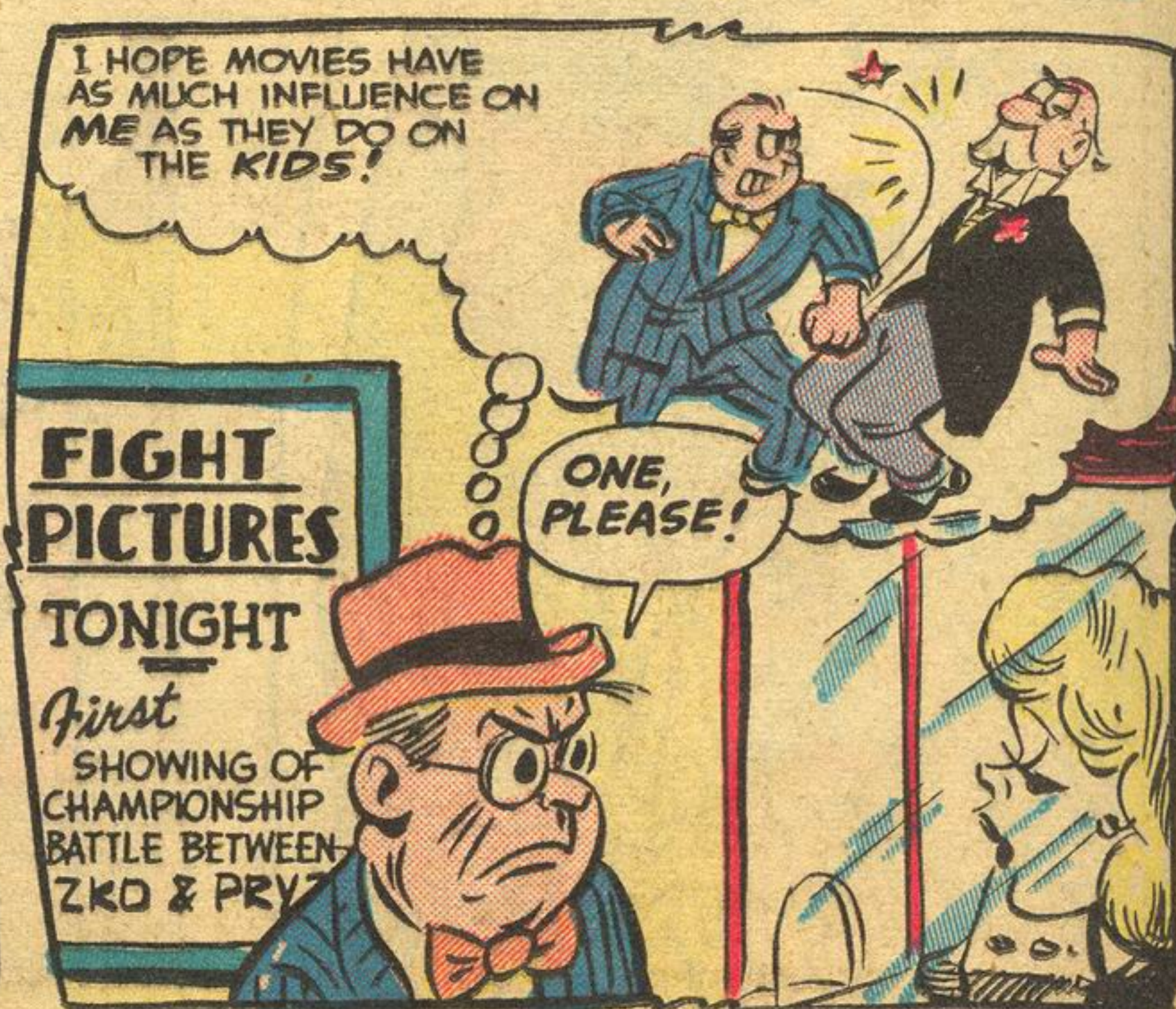
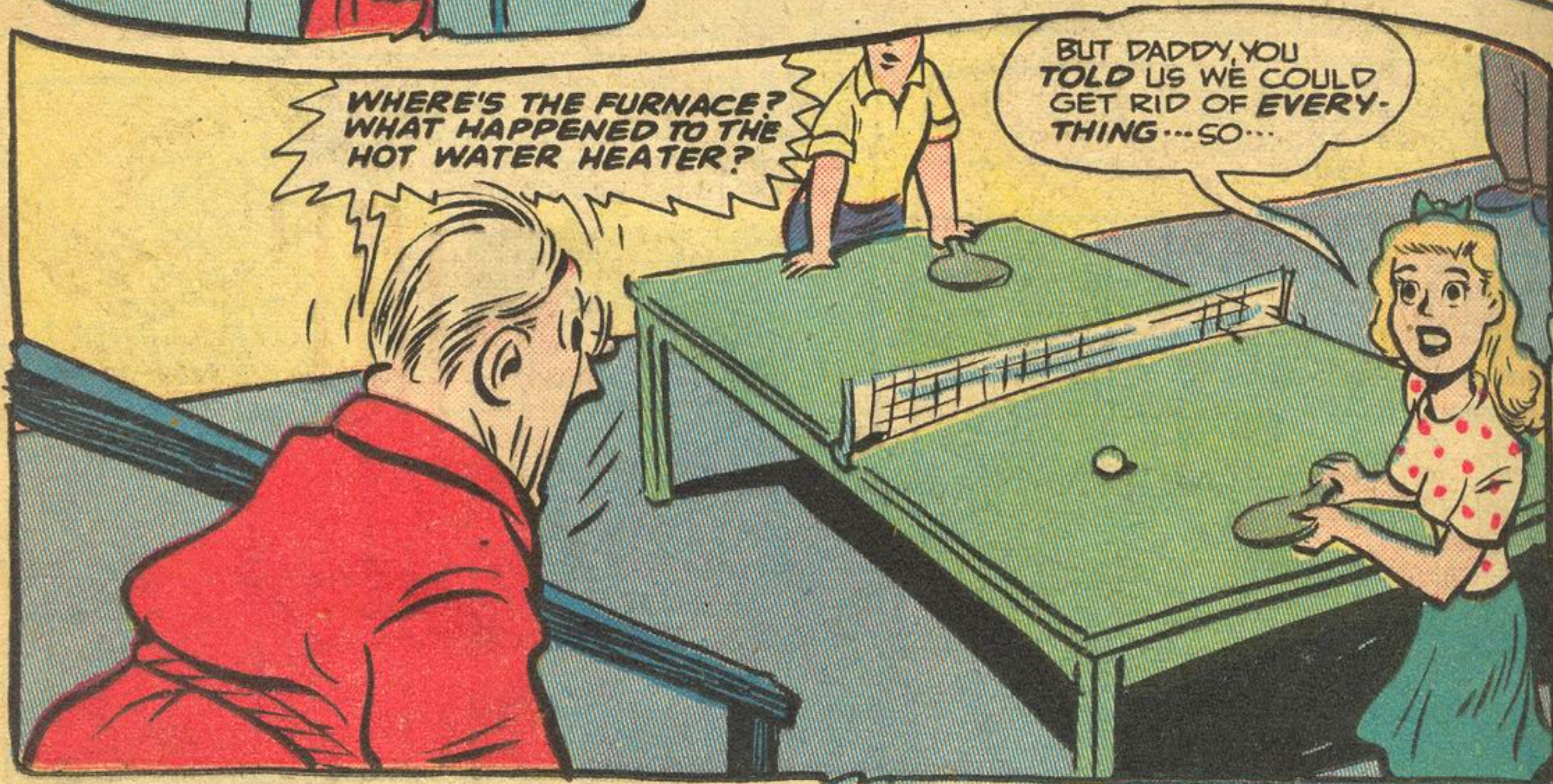
AND IT
DIDN'T COST
ME A CENT!
HA-HA!

YIPE!

HEY, MAW! TELL THOSE KIDS
TO TURN ON THE HOT WATER
HEATER! THEY MUST HAVE
ACCIDENTALLY TURNED IT
OFF TODAY!

ALL
RIGHT!







BIGGER'N BETTER BUBBLES -

PRICE - A PENNY A PIECE -

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT..

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



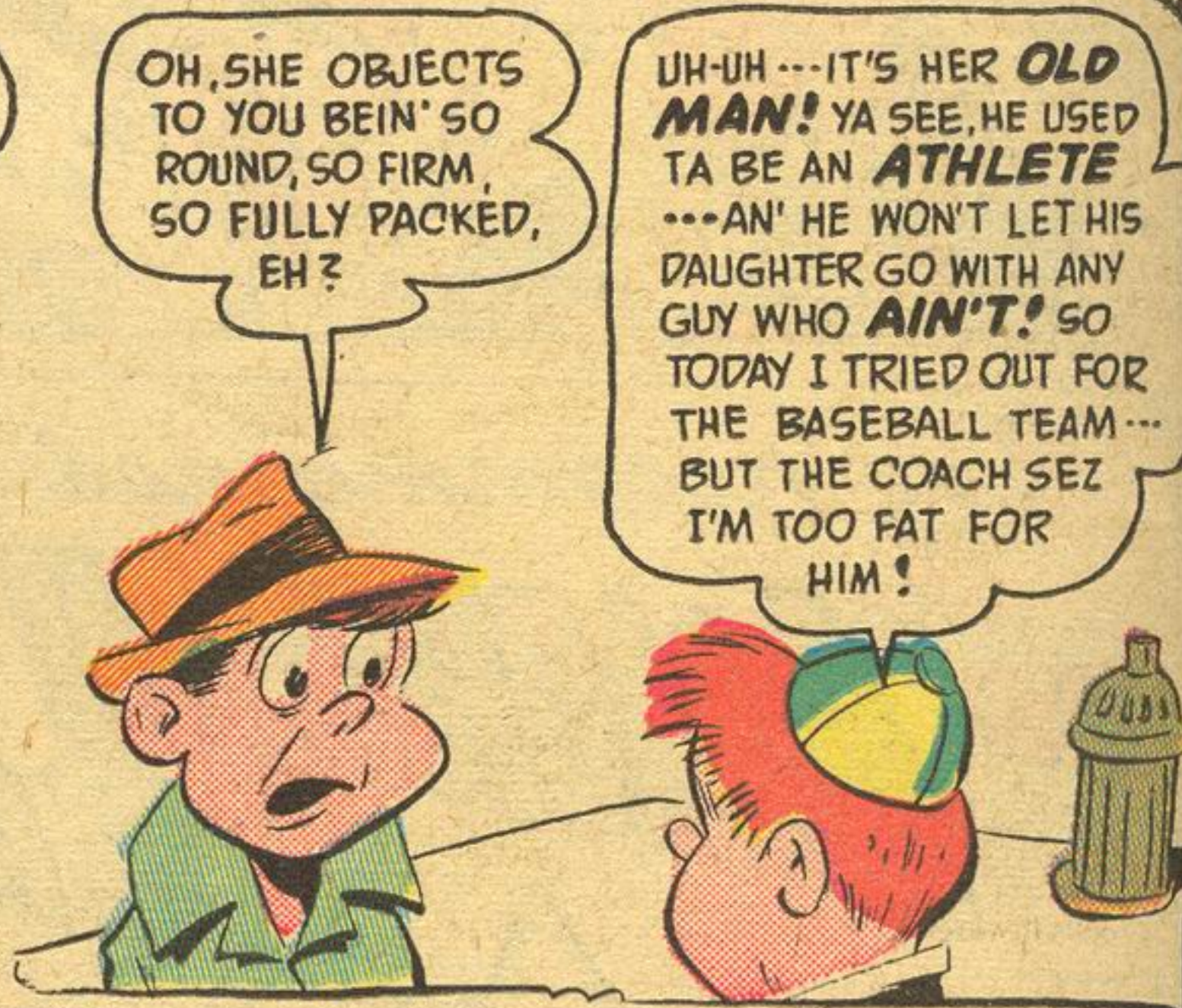
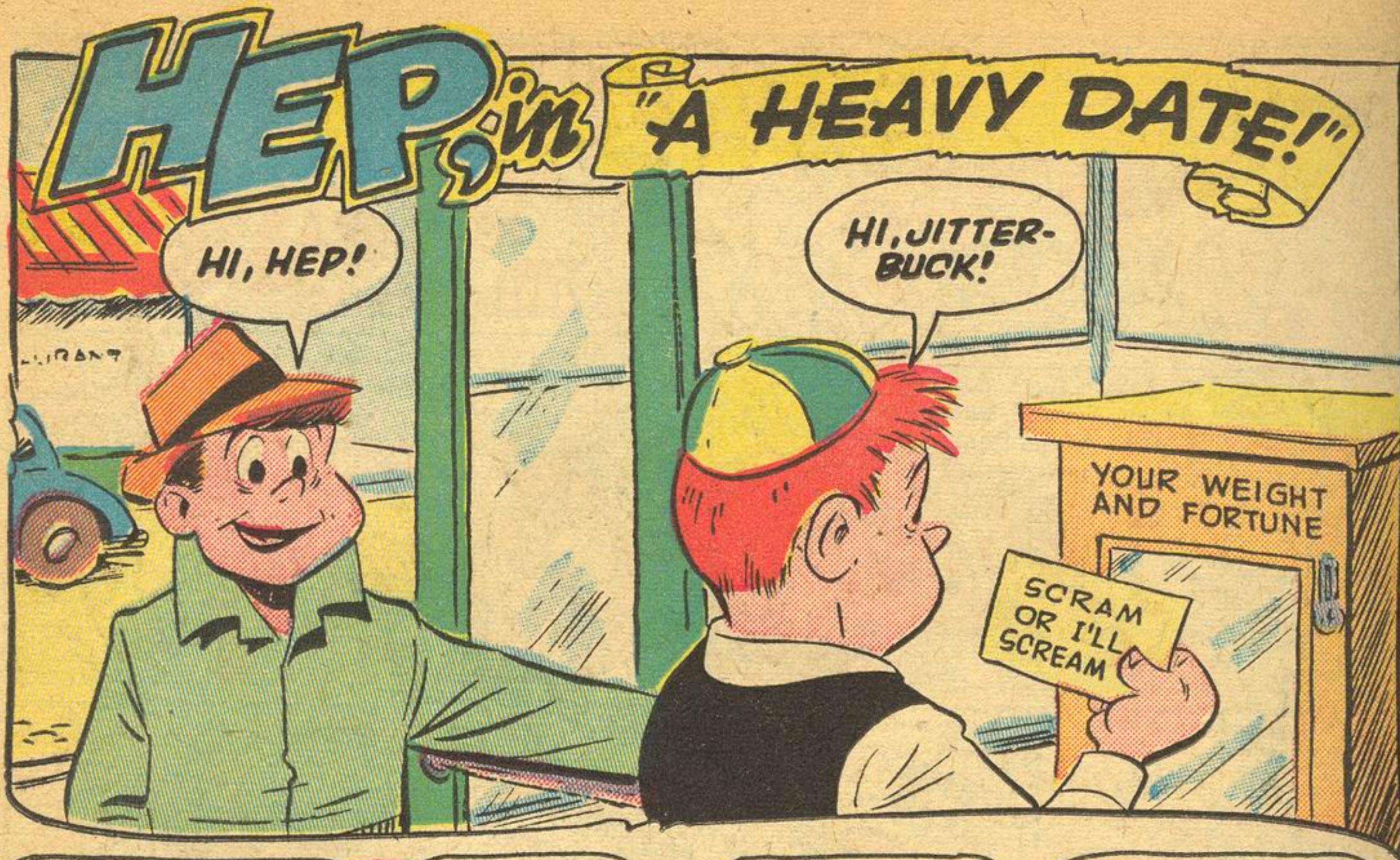
ALL BIG
52
PAGES

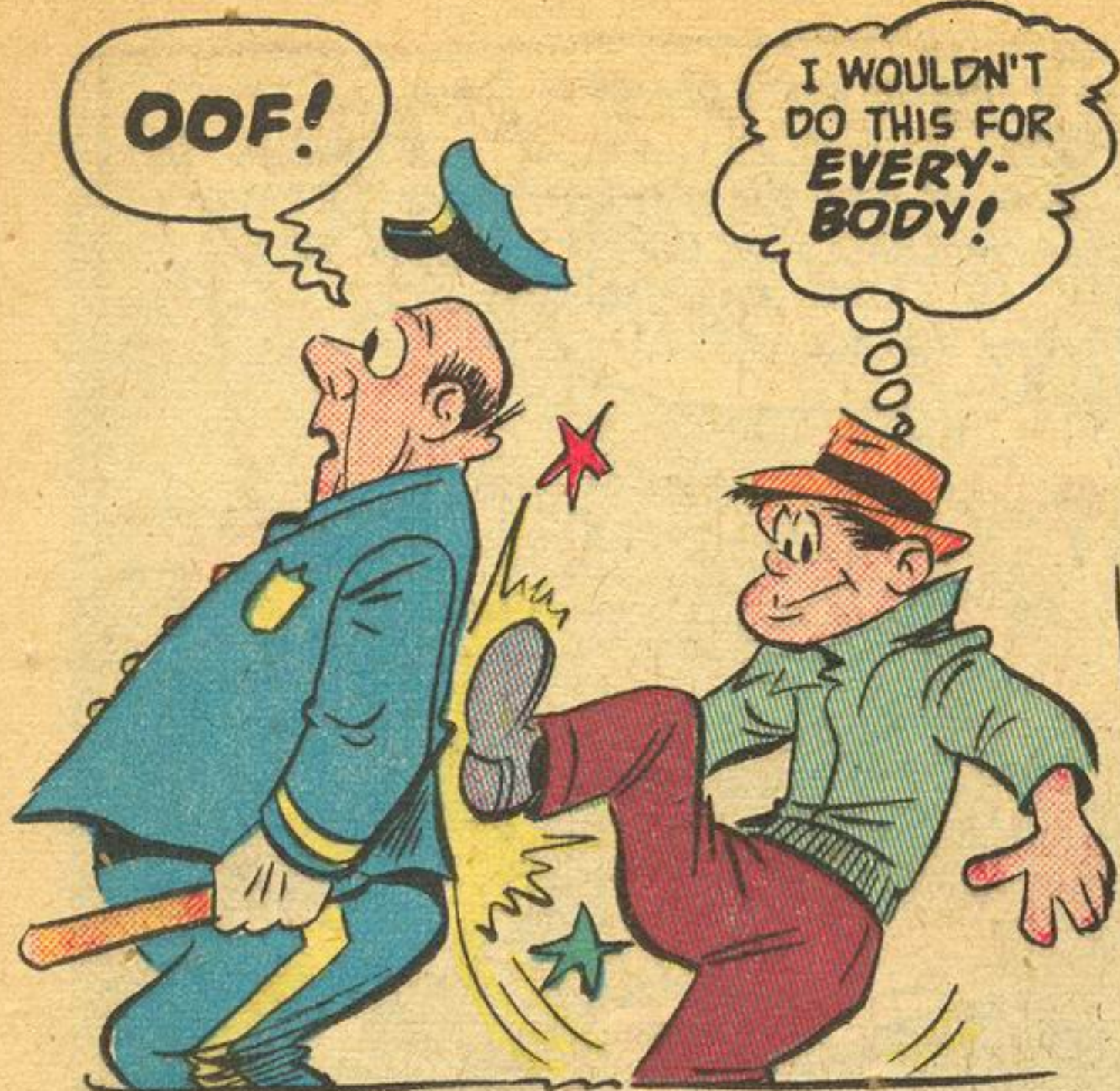


They're the terrific titans...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!

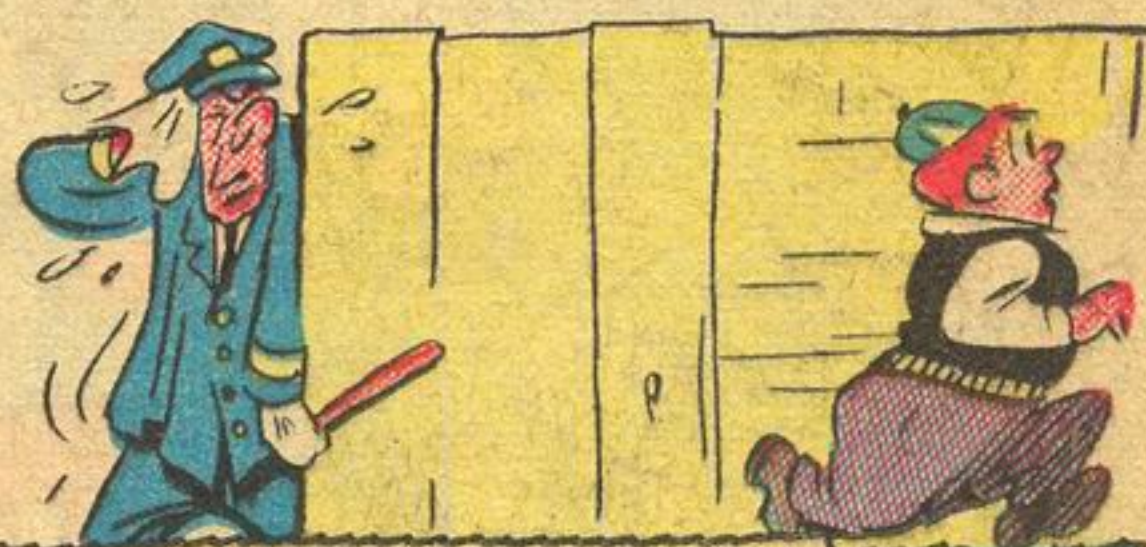
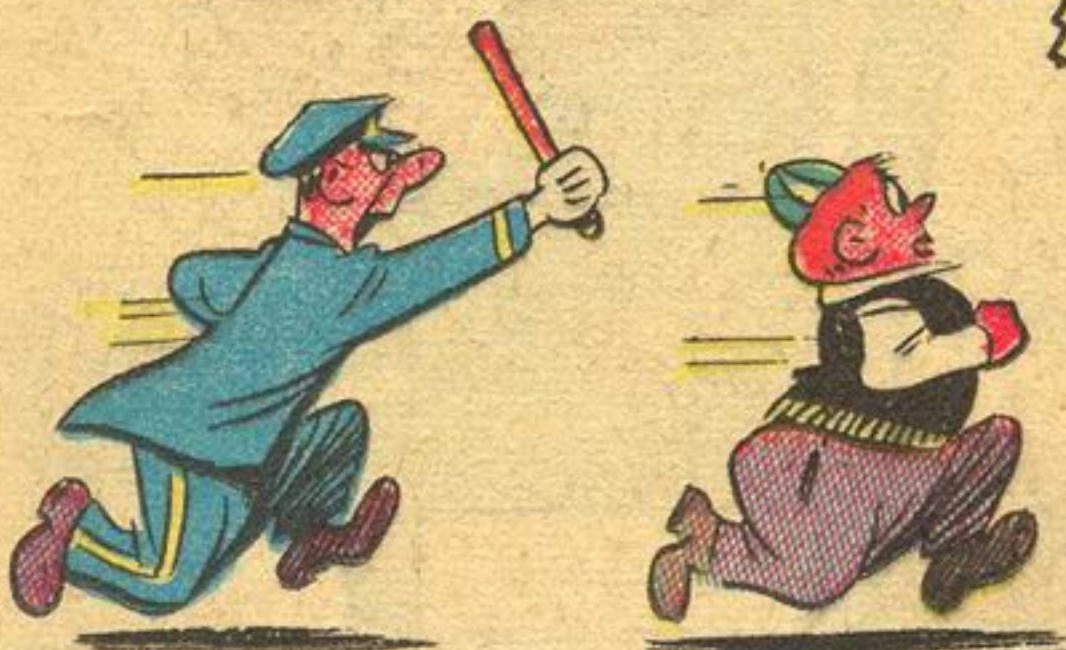
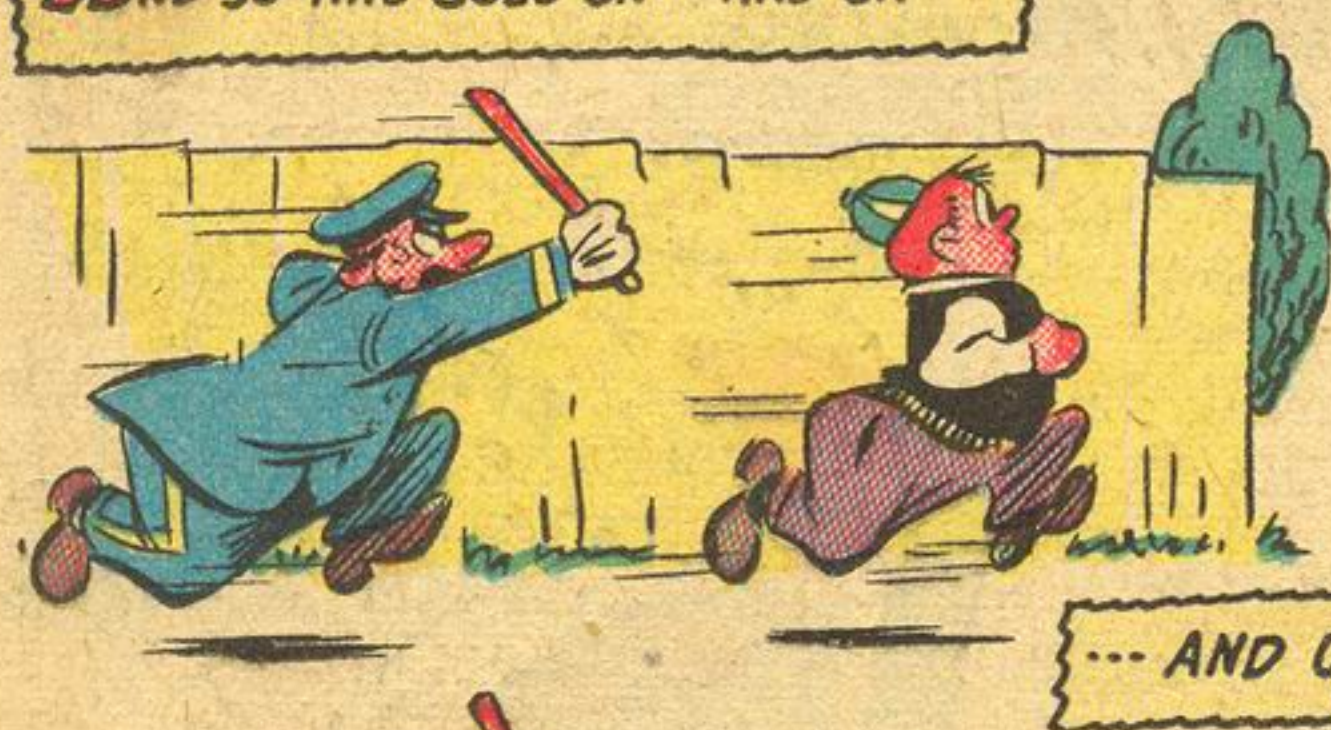


READ THEM ALL
.. REGULARLY ..
Read **AMERICAN!**





AND SO THIS GOES ON ...AND ON ...

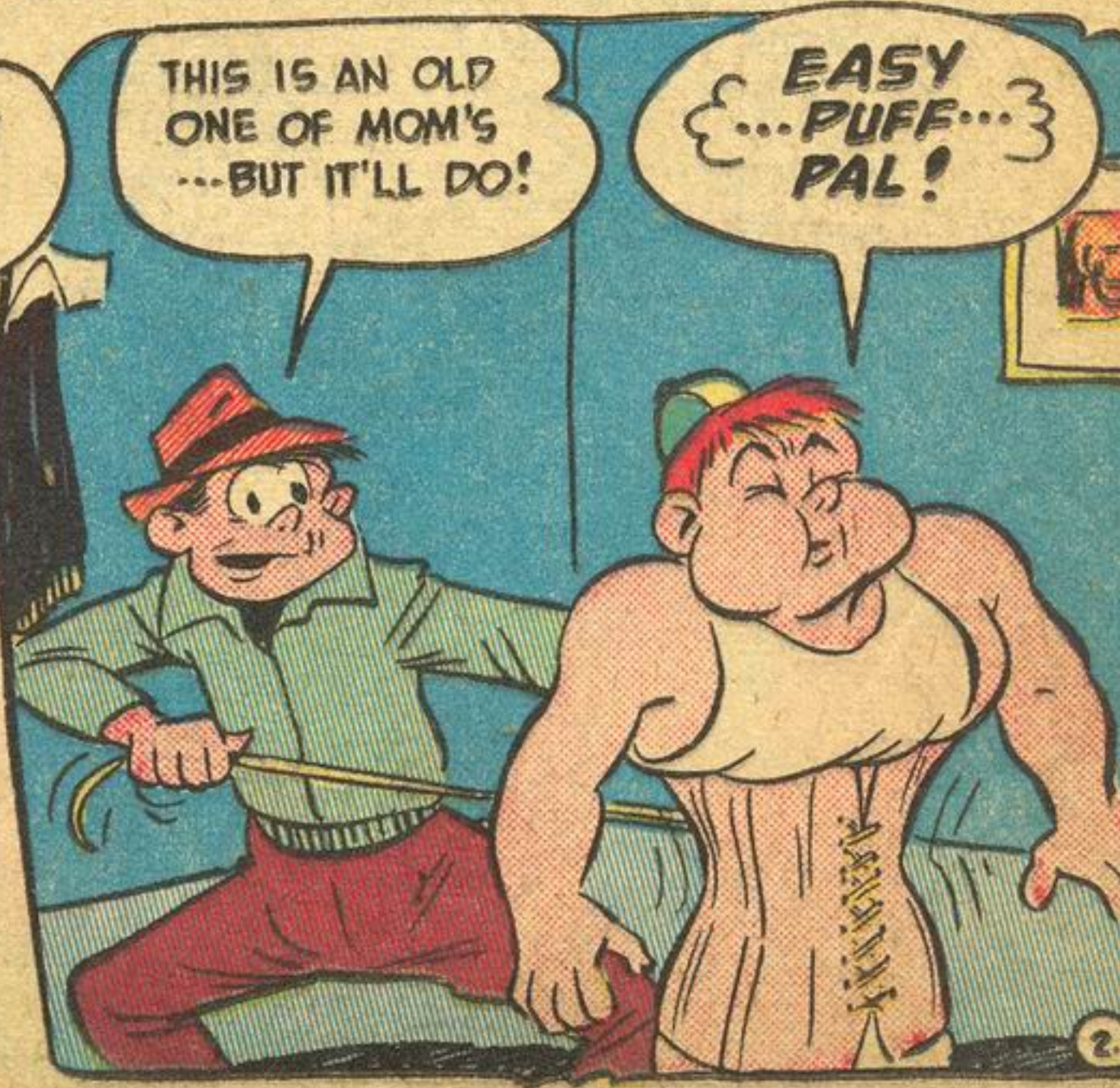


...UNTIL THE COP IS WORN TO A FRAZZLE!

BUT...OUR HERO HASN'T LOST AN OUNCE!

NOPE! IT'S NO USE, JIT!

YA KNOW, HEP...IT AIN'T THAT YOU'RE TOO **HEAVY** TA BE AN ATHLETE...IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE THE **WRONG SHAPE!** C'MON UP TA MY HOUSE...I GOT AN **IDEA!**



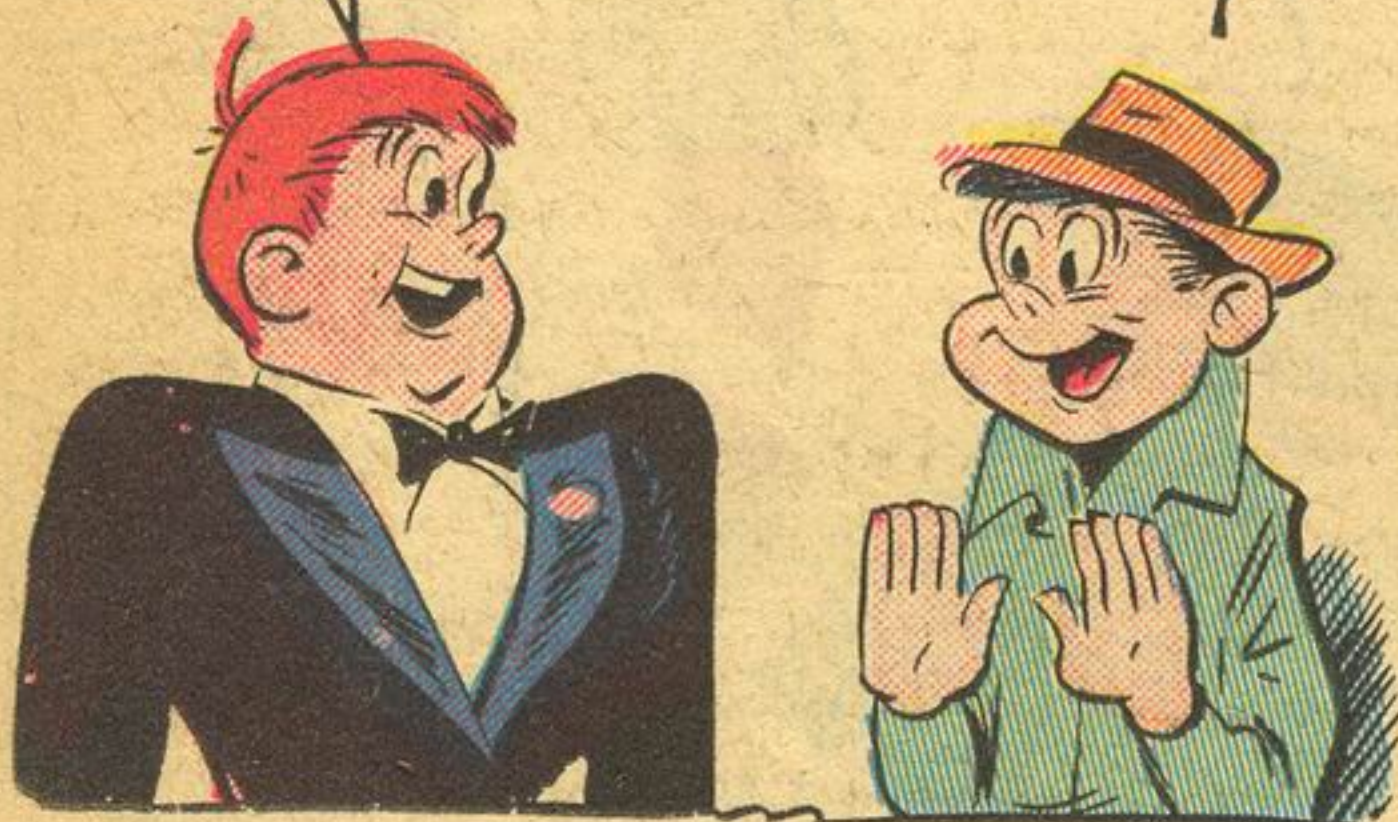
THIS IS AN OLD ONE OF MOM'S ...BUT IT'LL DO!

EASY ...PUFF... PAL!

The NEXT EVENING...

JIT, YOU'RE A **WONDER!**
I NOT ONLY MADE THE **TEAM**
...BUT I GOT AN INVITE UP
TA THE GAL'S HOUSE FOR
DINNER! HOW DO I LOOK?

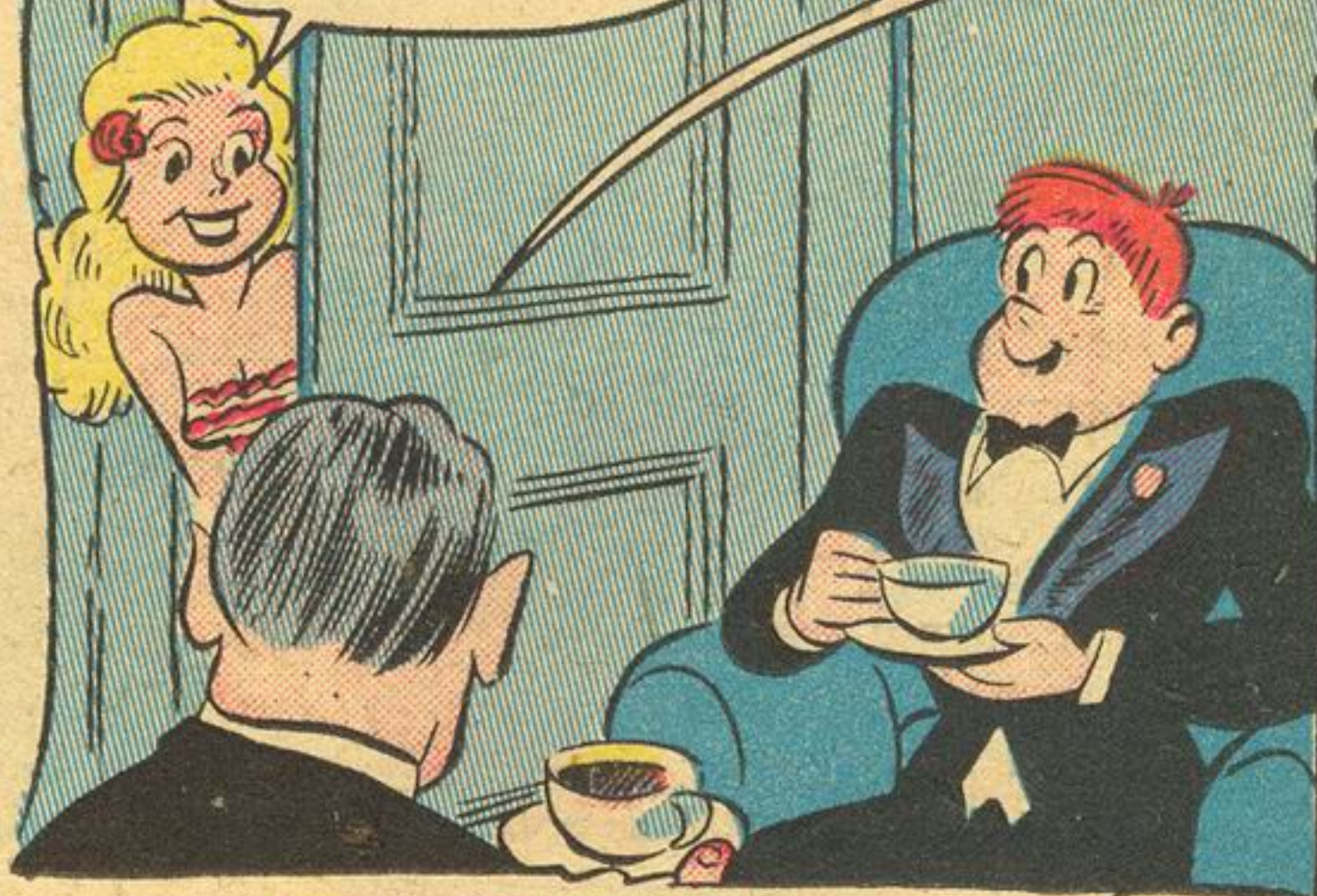
SWELL, BABY...
BUT WATCH THEM
CORSET STRINGS!
HA-HA!



AND AFTER DINNER...

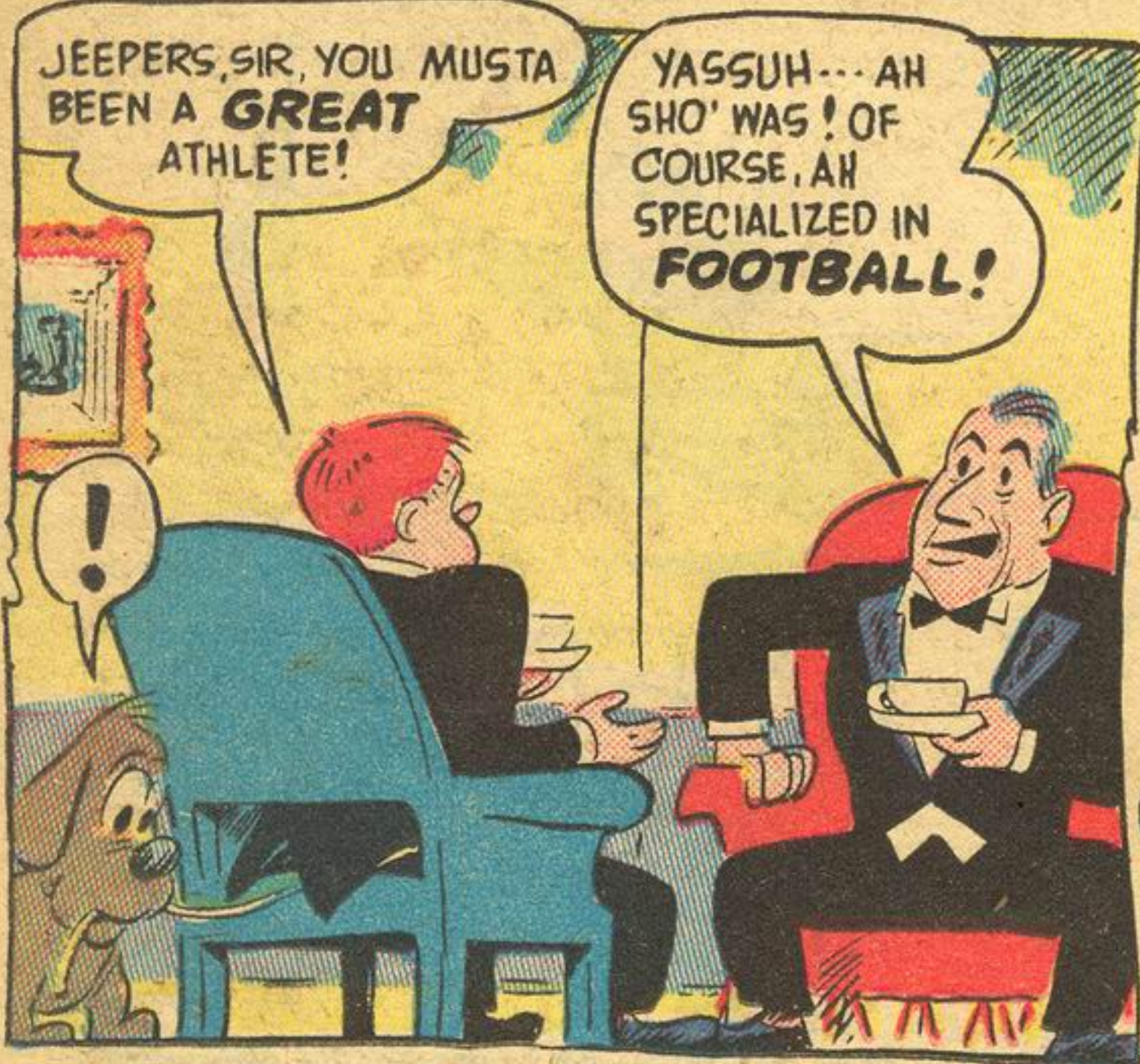
NOW THAT YOU GENTLE-
MEN HAVE YOUR COFFEE,
LI'L OL' ME WILL SEE
YO'-ALL LATER!

YES, DAUGHTER
...RUN ALONG
NOW! LET THE
MEN TALK!



JEEPERS, SIR, YOU MUSTA
BEEN A **GREAT**
ATHLETE!

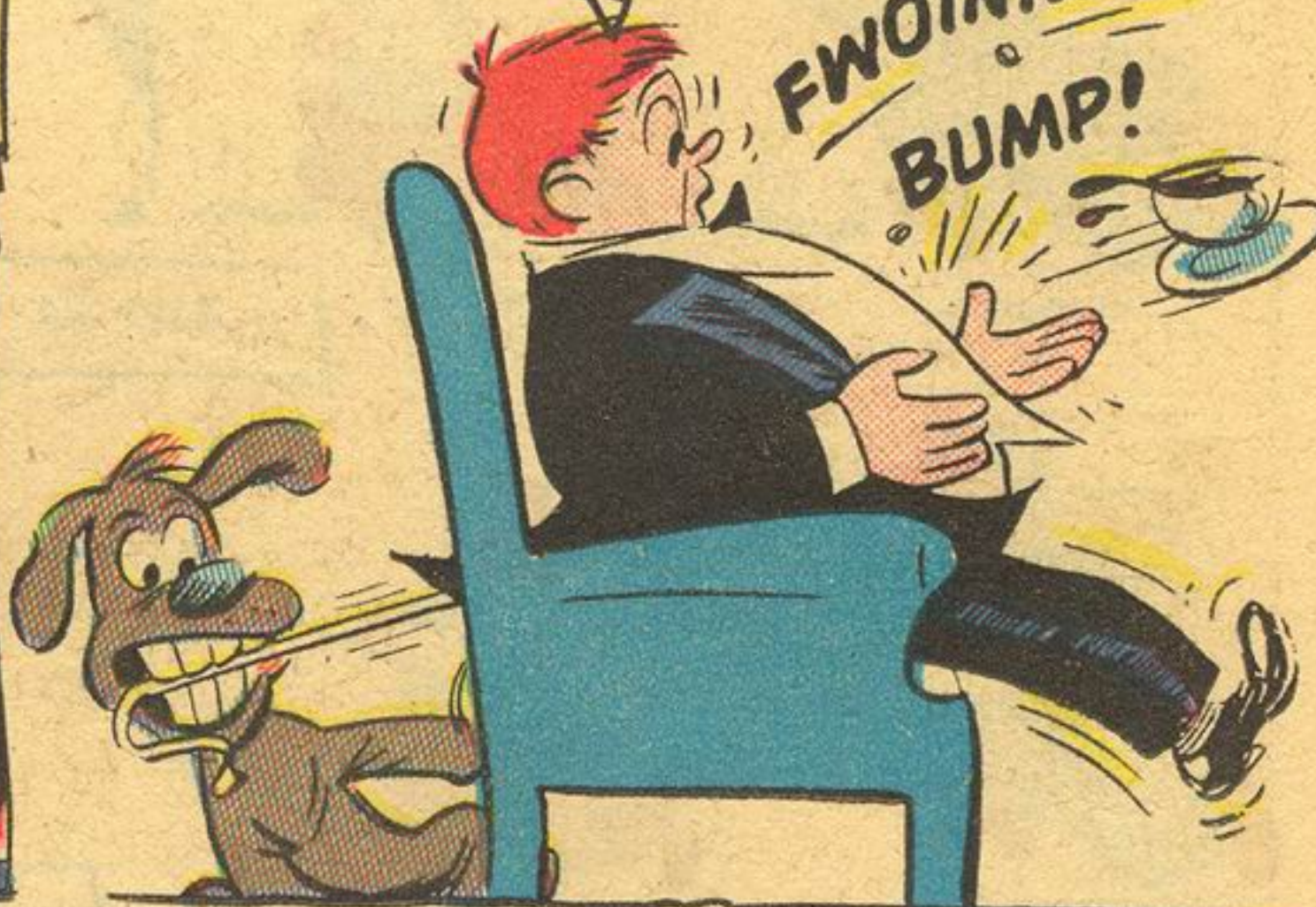
YASSUH... AH
SHO' WAS! OF
COURSE, AH
SPECIALIZED IN
FOOTBALL!



MY! AND WHAT
POSITION DID YOU
PLAY... **OOPS!**

?

FWOINNNG!
BUMP!



SUH, AH WAS A
FAMOUS FULLBACK
... BUT...

...AH WAS **ALSO**
AN EXPERT AT
KICKIN' **FIELD**
GOALS!...
GET IT?

OH-HHH!
I GET IT... **BUT**
I DON'T LIKE
IT!



The END!

Cookie, SOCIAL OUTCAST

"PSSST! HEY, COOKIE!"

The whisper seemed to be coming from the alley at Cookie's right. As he tried to pierce the darkness, narrowing his eyes and craning his neck, Cookie saw a hand come out of the alley. It fastened on his sleeve and yanked him into the alley.

"Oh!" Cookie was taken aback as he recognized the owner of the whisper. "Zoot! Whadda you want?"

"Sssh!" Zoot cautioned. "I am about to do you the biggest favor ever done you, small fry. I am about to offer you . . . a cigar!"

Cookie's stomach did a somersault as he viewed the cigar that Zoot offered him. N . . . no, thanks," he said, "I . . . I don't think I want it!"

Immediately, Zoot's face took on that disdainful look, so familiar and so repulsive to all. "What'samatter, little boy?" he demanded "Scared?"

That was all the challenge needed by Cookie O'Toole! Ramming the loathsome cigar into his mouth, he lit it defiantly, puffing away energetically under the watchful eyes of Zoot. It was not so bad at first, but as the ash grew longer, Cookie's skin began to grow greener. He dared not reveal to Zoot that his stomach was churning, his eyes burning and his heart yearning for escape. Gritting his teeth so that they clamped down on the revolting cigar, Cookie determined to stay conscious as long as Zoot was watching.

But the cigar had no respect for Cookie O'Toole's decision. As it grew shorter, Cookie's suffering grew longer, until he could stand it no more. "S'gettin' late, gotta be goin' home," he mumbled.

Cookie was too sick to notice Zoot's smile. Veering sharply to one side, he staggered into the street and tried to

set a course for home. But he couldn't see very well or the night was foggy or somethin'. He stumbled blindly into a couple of pedestrians who were talking in tense, urgent tones. Dimly, Cookie heard one of them say, "I tell ya Saturday's the only time . . . they keep the payroll over the weekend!"

The other said something about "Colby's Warehouse" and then stopped as Cookie smacked into him. "Why, ya little punk!" the man said. Cookie tried to apologize, but his tongue was too thick and fuzzy. The man pushed him and Cookie lurched against his friend. "Oh, a tough baby, huh?" the friend gritted, catching Cookie's arm.

Just then, a breezy young man came along. "Why, you're only a kid!" he said to Cookie. That didn't make any sense either. He extricated Cookie from the grasping man's clutches and steered him carefully along the street. "What's your name, kid? Where do you live? Come on, now, lean against me and I'll take you home."

Cookie didn't remember clearly how he got home or into bed. But the next morning, his eyes widened at the sight of the newspaper on the breakfast table. The headline said "Juvenile Delinquency in Our Town." Below it was a picture of an oddly familiar face, only the hair was kinda messy and the whole effect was sorta . . . well . . . bad-looking. Underneath the picture, the caption read "Cookie O'Toole!"

"Well, son," Pop's voice dripped with accusation, "how can you explain this?"

Cookie was honestly bewildered. "I don't get it, Pop," he protested. "What is it all about?"

In a corner of the room, Mrs. O'Toole was quietly sobbing her heart out. "My own boy," she cried, "seen

coming out of a saloon with two hooligans! The reporter had to guide him home because he couldn't even walk!"

"Gosh, Mom! Gleepers, Pop! If you'd let me *explain* . . ."

He tried to tell them the story of Zoot and the cigar, but somehow it got lost. The phone kept ringing and Mom kept crying and Pop kept on reading and rereading the article. In a few hours, overnight, Cookie's life had been turned upside-down.

Everything was different. Everyone was different. In school, half of the kids wouldn't talk to him at all. Their folks wouldn't let 'em. The other half asked him questions about the underworld. The teachers called him "the horrible example." Pop wouldn't let him go out at night, and that was all right with Cookie, because he didn't have anyplace to go.

Worse than all of this was Angelpuss Witherspoon's tearful face, as she passed him a note in school. "Dear Cookie, I do not doubt you but you know my parents. I am forbidden to talk to you again . . . ever. Love, Angel."

That was the bitterest pill of all, harder to swallow than the cigar smoke that Cookie still remembered with a shudder. There was only one person left in Cookie's life. His old chum, his pal through thick and thin, Jitterbuck Jones!

As Cookie sat on the back porch with Jit, he retold the story of the cigar for perhaps the fifth time. Jit listened spellbound. "And then ya met the two mugs," Jit prompted him, "an' . . . hey, what's with you?"

For suddenly, Cookie's face had changed, become bright with memory. "I just remembered! Jit, this is Saturday night, isn't it? Well, we're going to Colby's Warehouse! C'mon, Jit, it's *important*!"

The warehouse loomed darkly before them, like a tremendous block of granite. Somehow, Jit felt that he had to whisper. "What do we do?"

"Just wait!" Cookie answered. The night hours went by slowly. Somewhere a clock struck. It was three in the morning. And then, Cookie pointed to a glimmer of light in a window on the street floor. "This is it!" he whispered. "Remember the ol' Harelip High double play!"

Catapulting silently over the window-sill, the two boys went into action, using the most powerful football play they knew. *Both* of them tackled one of the mugs at the safe, while the other stood by open-mouthed. *Crash!* One down and one to go! As the boys turned to the second mug, Cookie started to dive forward. Somehow, his elbow struck a lever . . . and all the noise in the world couldn't beat the wail of the alarm that split the air!

Sirens screamed, brakes screeched, voices shouted, men pushed their way through to the scene of the robbery. It was a madhouse for a moment and then the atmosphere cleared. The two mugs were well in hand, neatly handcuffed and ready for the police wagon.

As for Cookie, he was being interviewed by a reporter!

This was the second time that Cookie awoke to a newspaperheadline, but, oh, how different! "COOKIE O'TOOLE MODEL CITIZEN AND HERO!"

"My own boy!" Mom sobbed proudly.

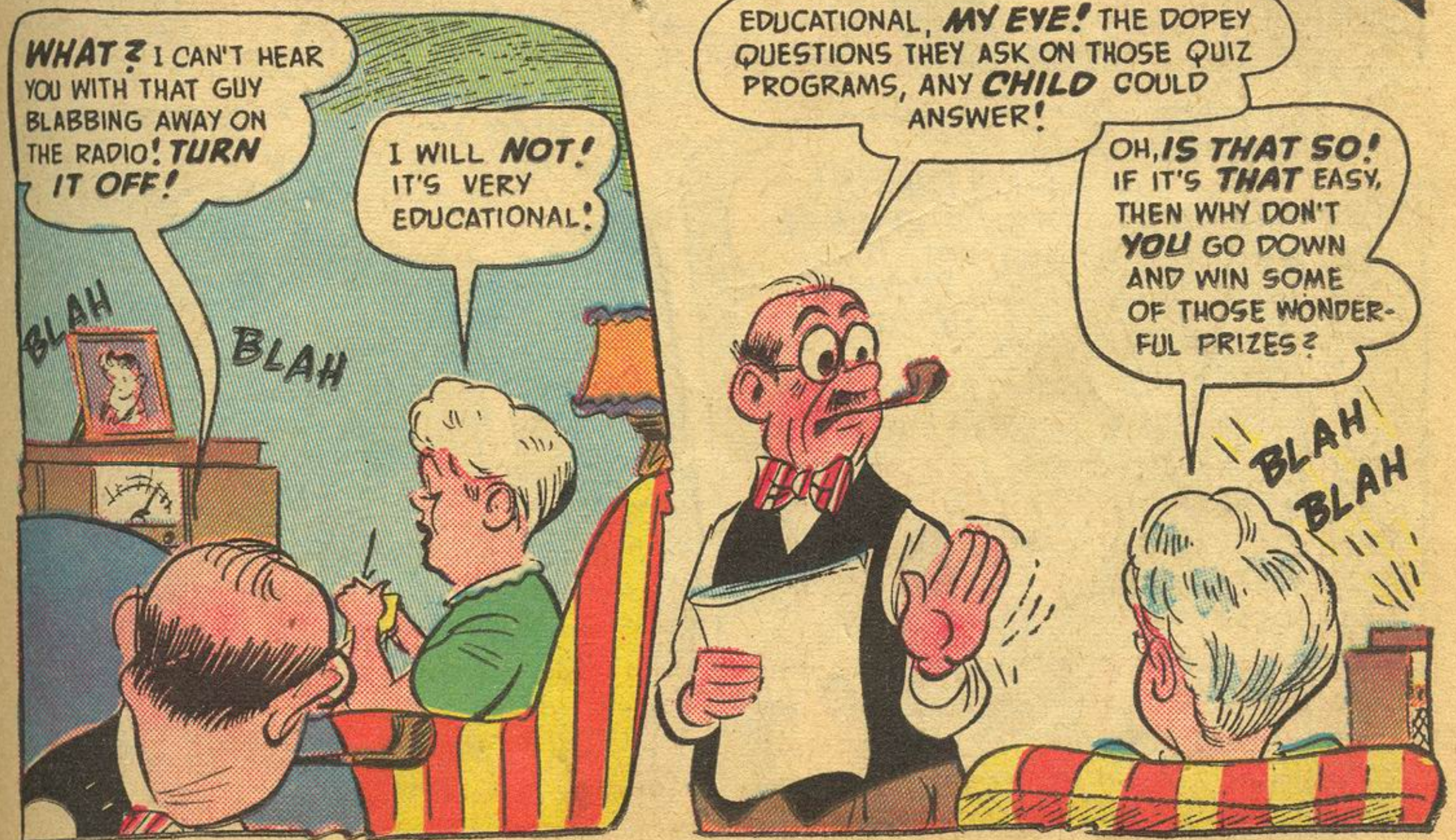
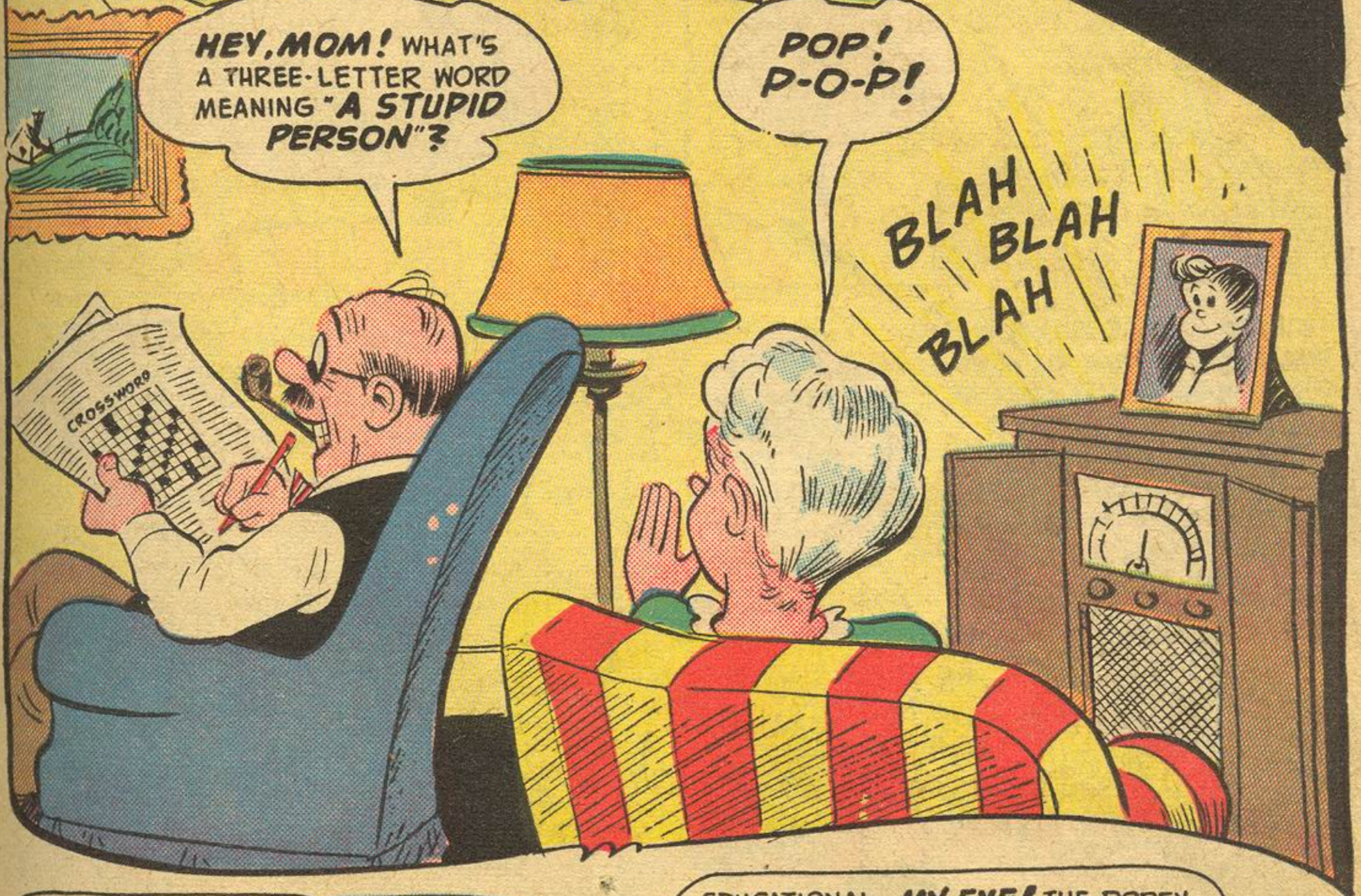
"My son!" Pop pumped his hand enthusiastically. "To think that you joined a gang just to expose them! *My son!*"

It was a banner day, with kids coming around to shake Cookie's hand and their folks calling up to congratulate Cookie's folks and Angelpuss Witherspoon by his side, holding his hand as though she'd never let go.

Only Zoot was miserable, as he viewed Cookie's triumph with rage and envy. "That guy makes me *sick*!" he muttered.

"That's *swell*," said Jit, smiling through his black eye.

COOKIE



PHOOEY! I SHOULD CHEAPEN THE NAME OF O'TOOLE FOR SOME PALTRY GIVE-AWAY? **NEVER!** LET THEM FOIST THEIR FOIBLES ON MRS. FLIPLID OR MR. SCREWLOOSE OR MISS SLUMPNoodle, BUT NEVER THE NAME OF...

MR. O'TOOLE!

YEAH, MR. O'TOOLE! THAT'S WHAT I...

QUIET, POP. IT'S **COOKIE!**

GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US TONIGHT, MR. O'TOOLE!



...AND OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU ANSWER THE NEXT QUESTION CORRECTLY, YOU'LL BE REWARDED WITH THE GRAND PRIZE OF ONE CADILLAC...A MINK BATHING SUIT...\$50,000 IN CASH--THREE DIAMOND RINGS...A PAIR OF SHOE-LACES... BLAH, BLAH--

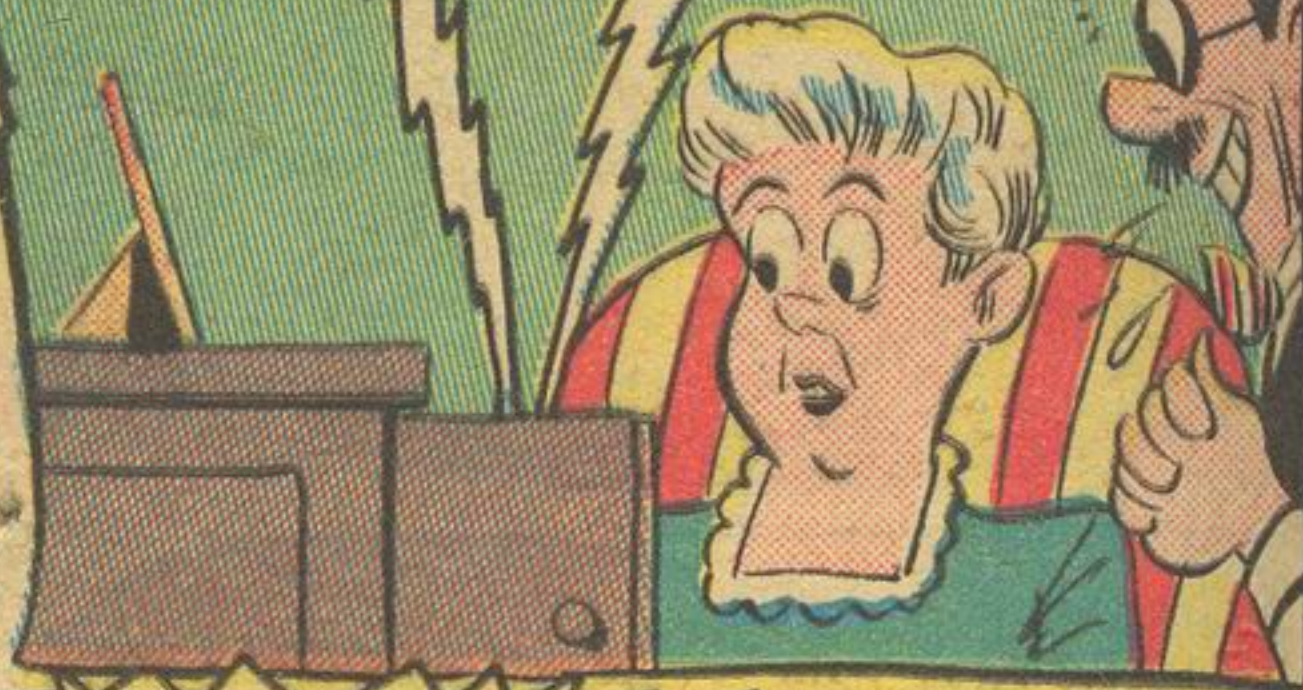
POP! STOP DROOLING ON THE RUG!

THAT'S MY BOY!

AND NOW THE **QUESTION!** WHO SAID "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"?

WELL... ER... LESSEE...

\$\$\$



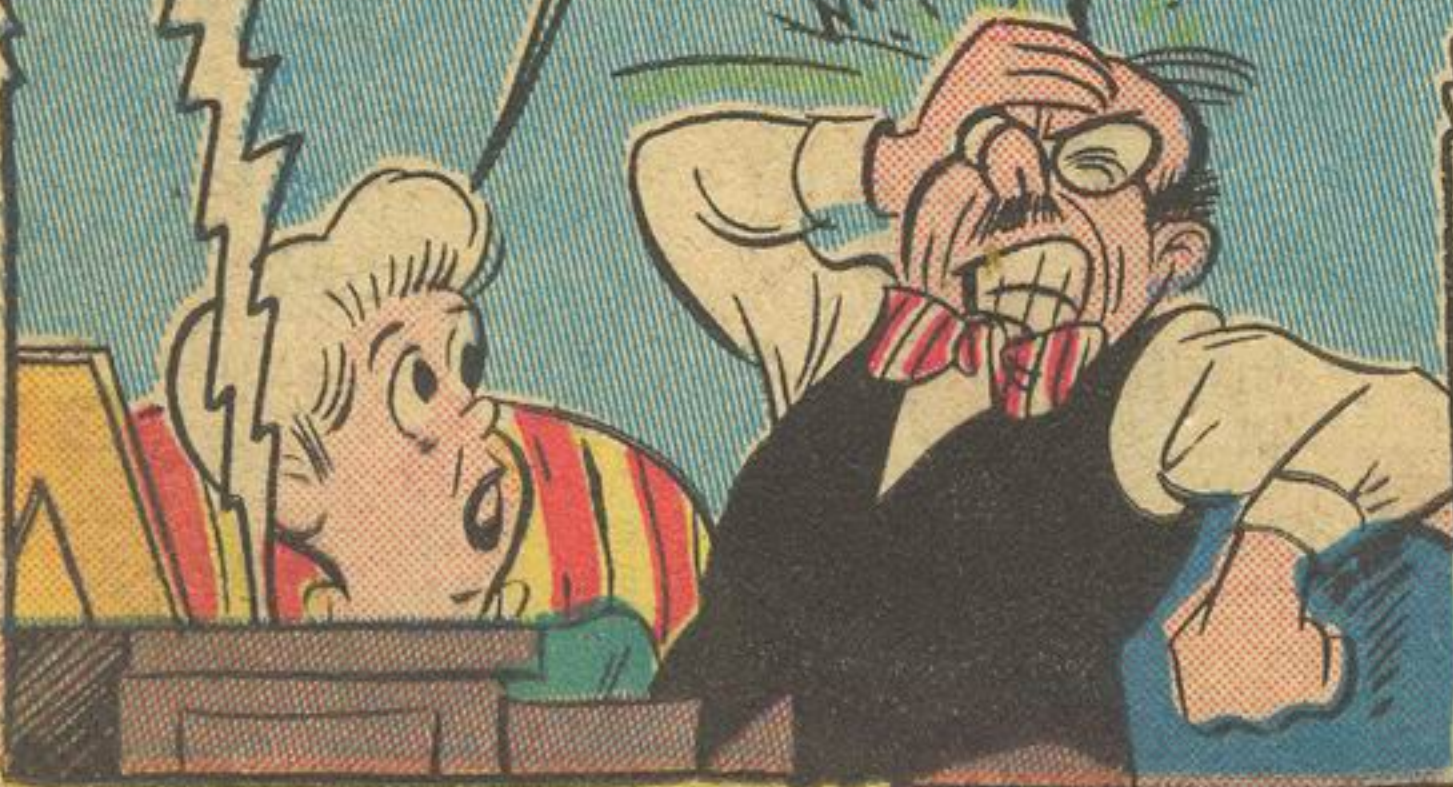
ER... **GEORGE WASHINGTON!**

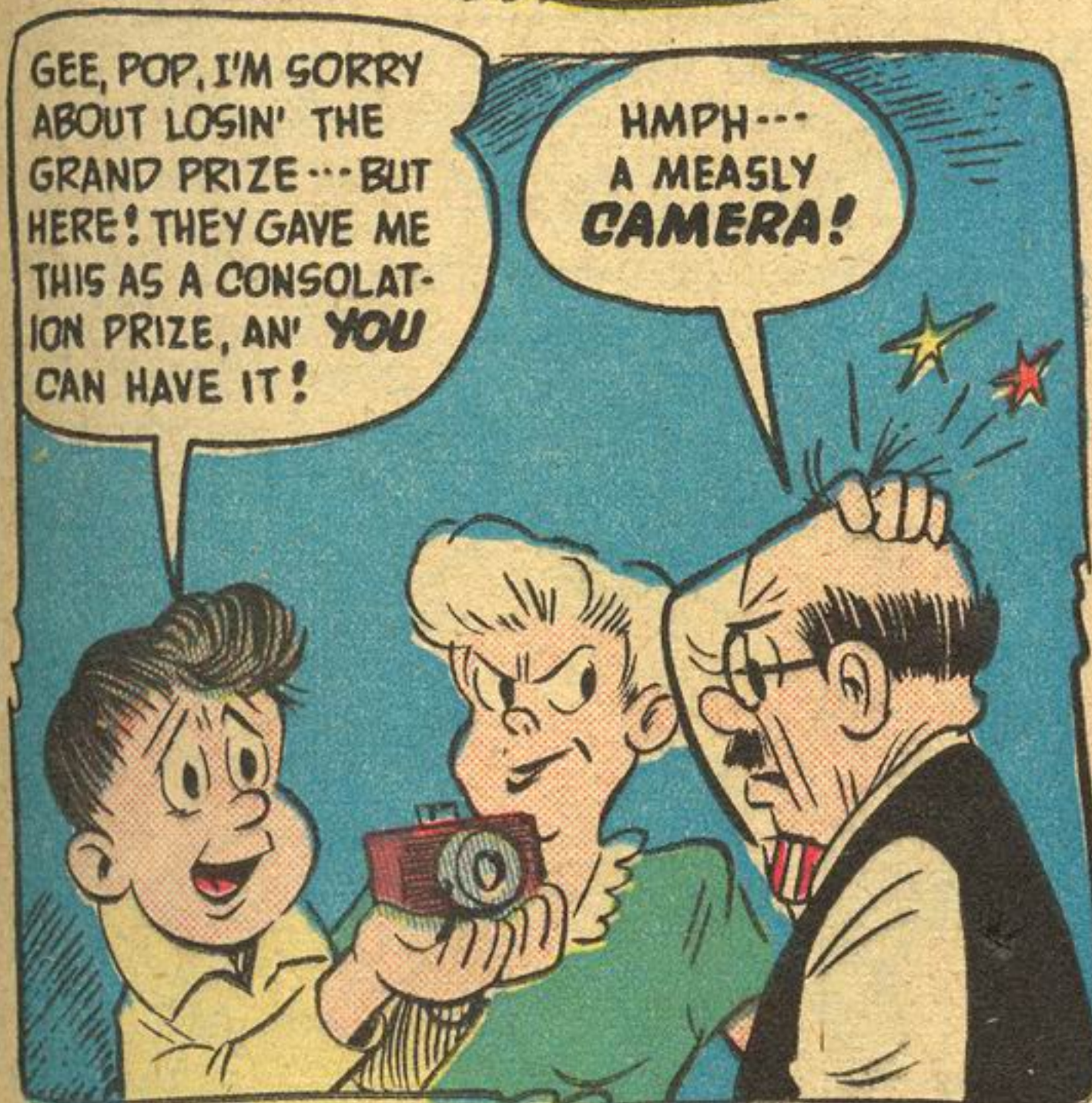
IS HE RIGHT, POP?

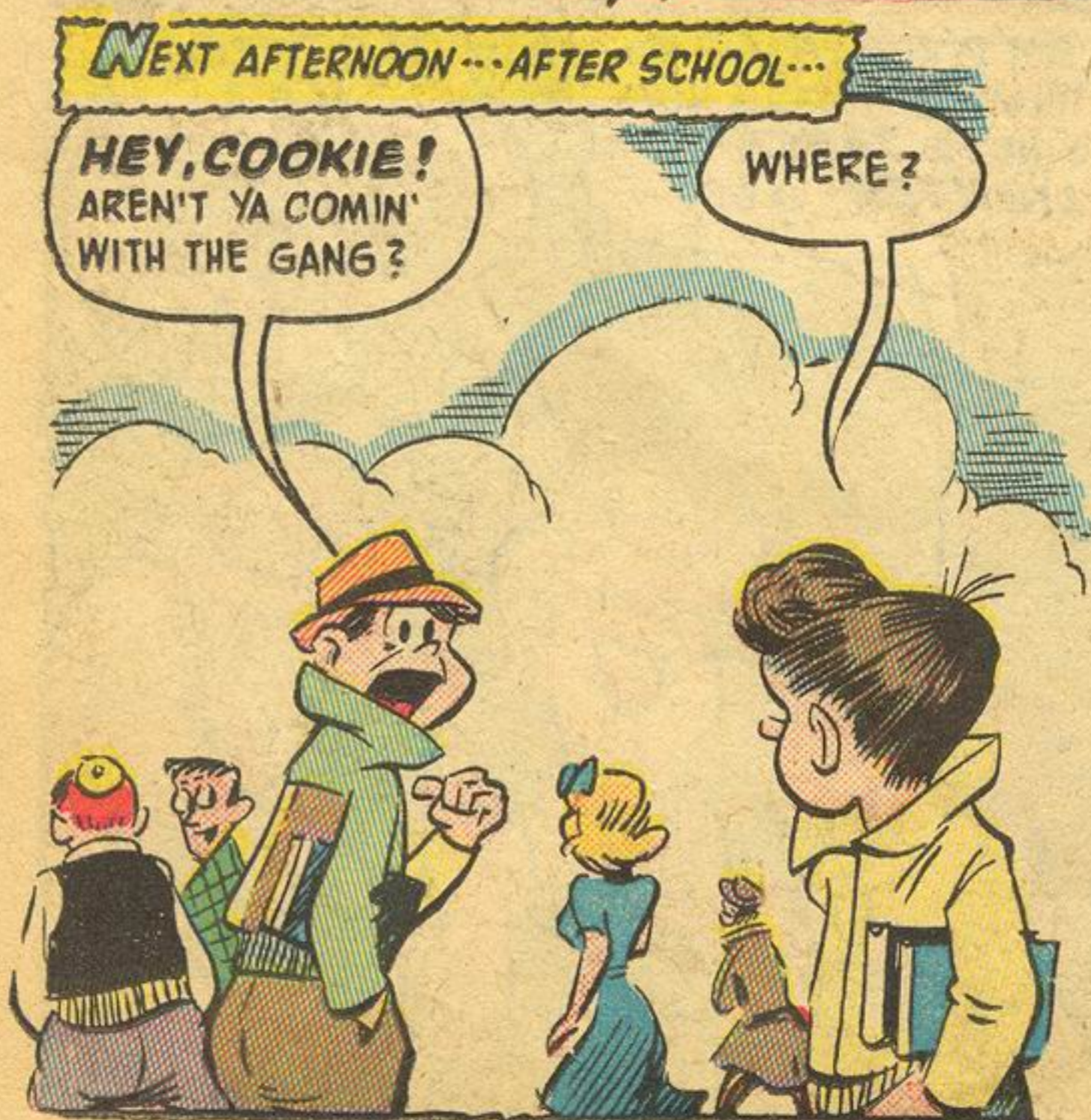
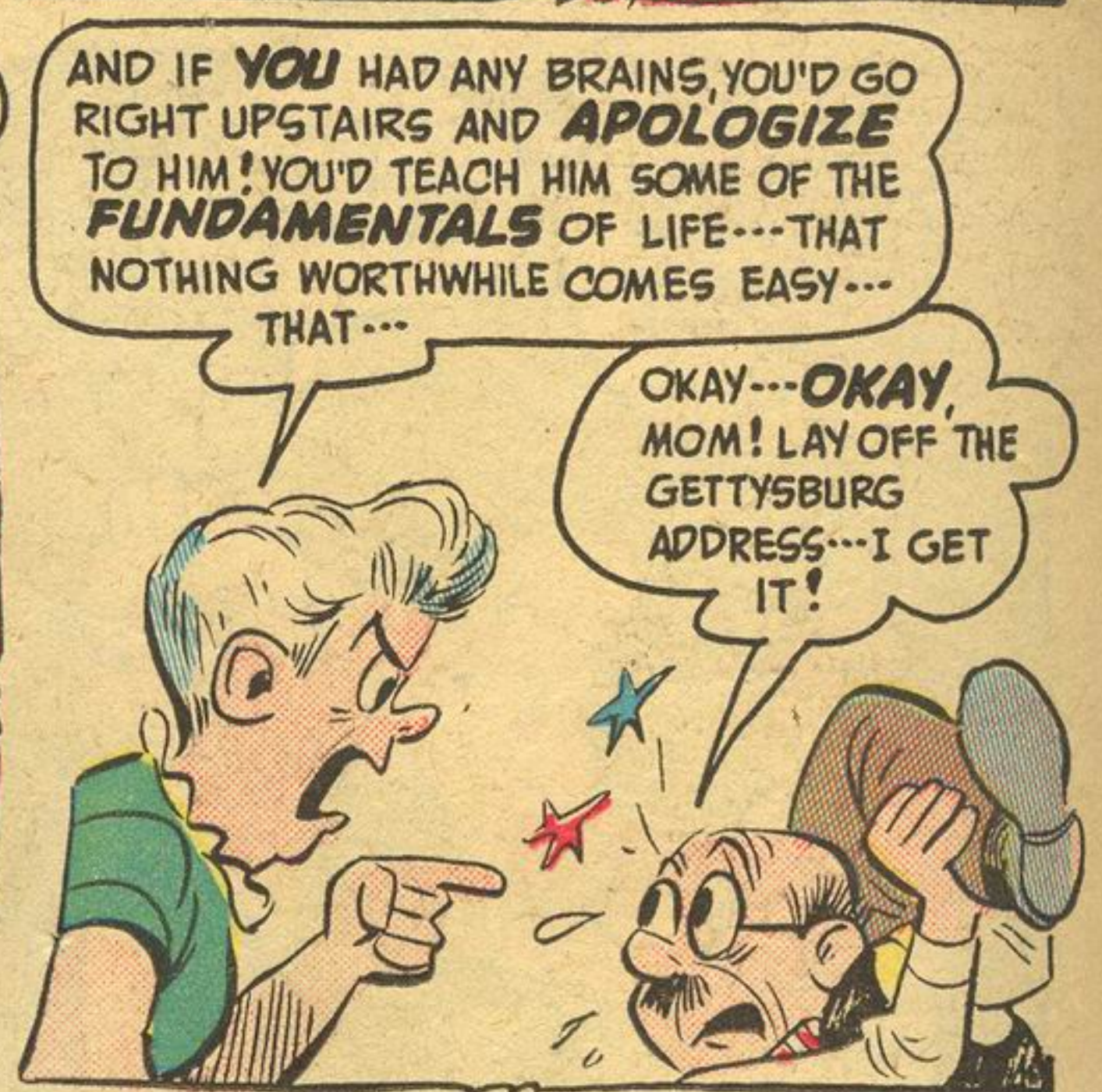
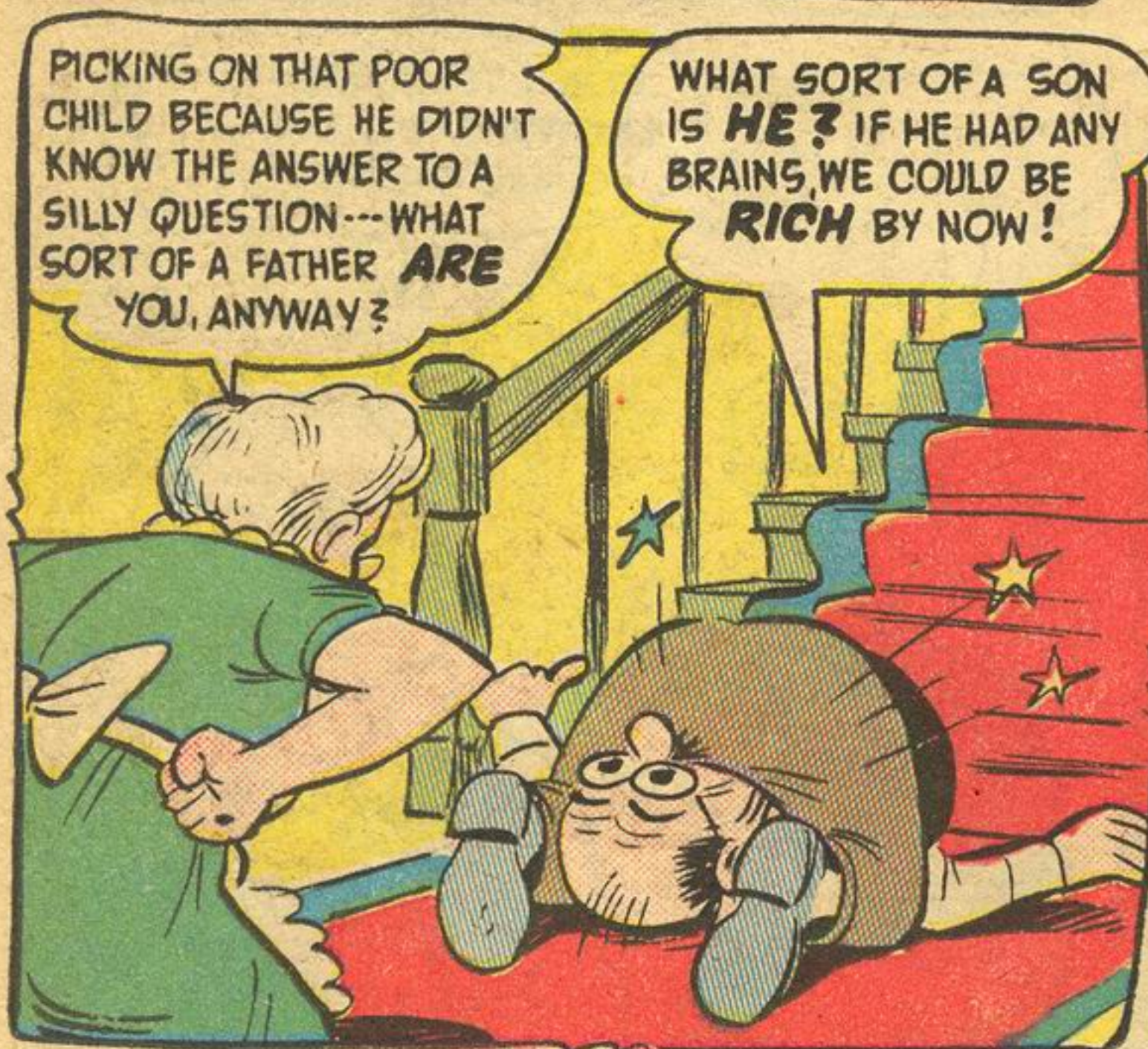
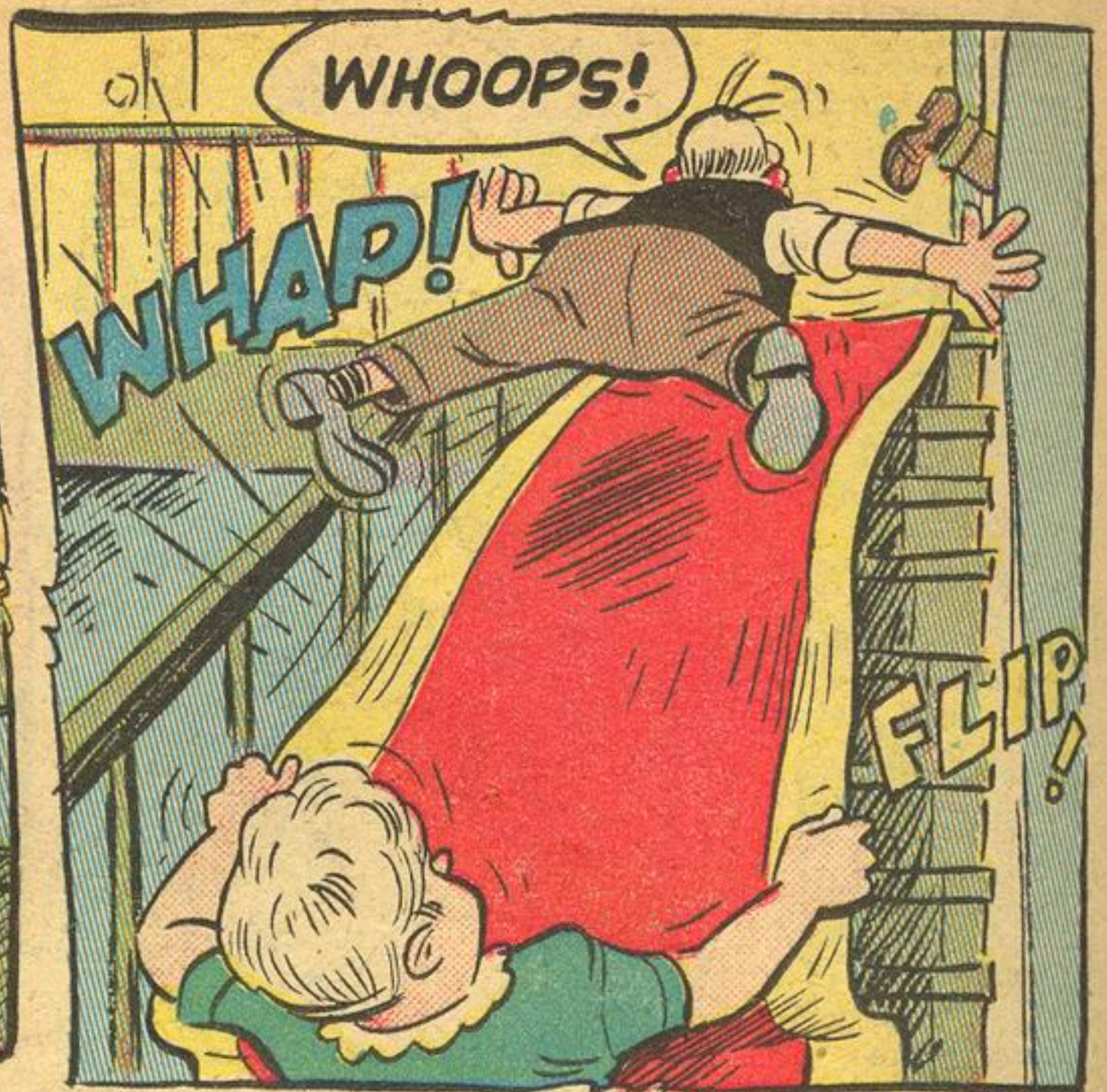
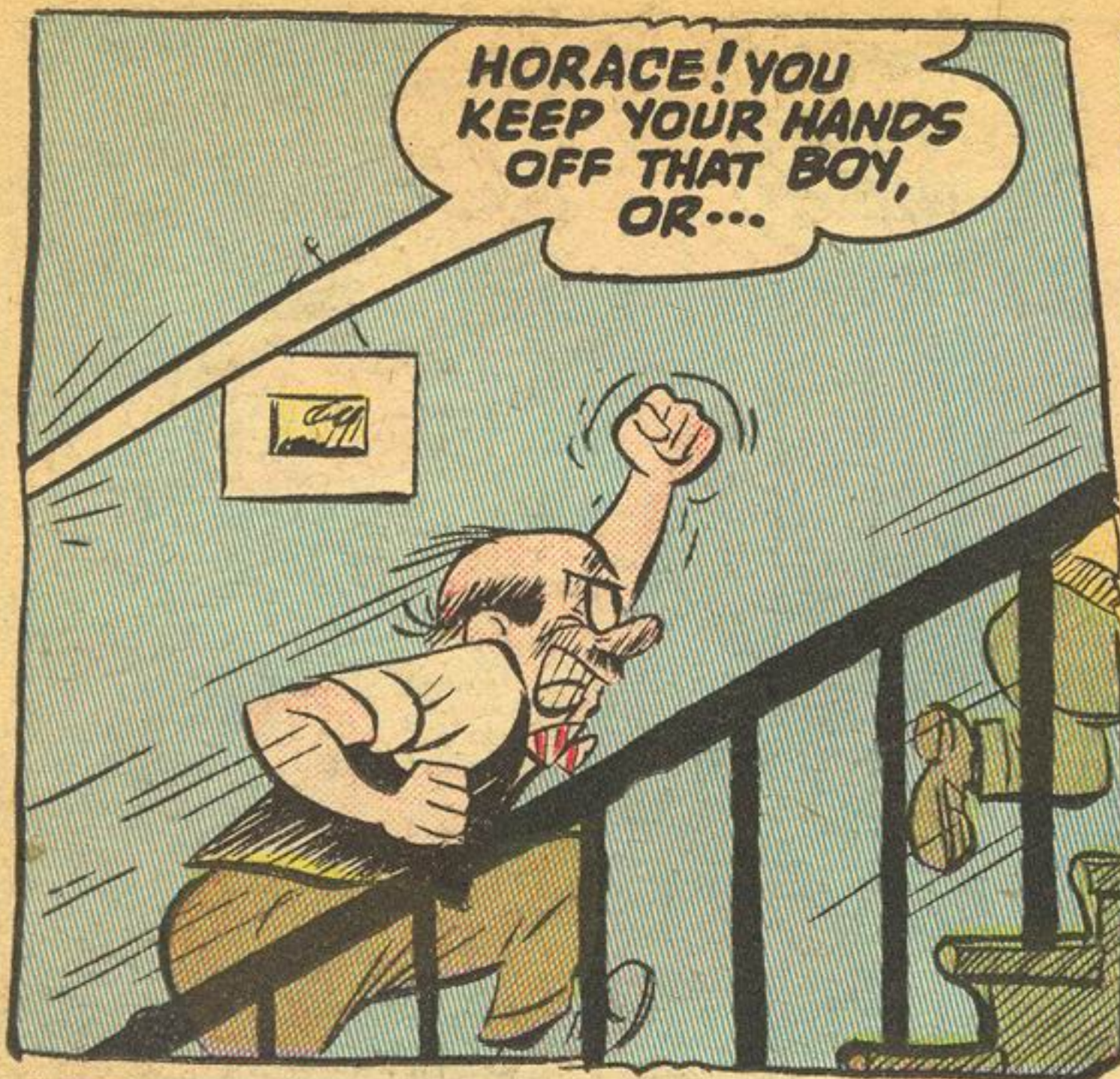
OH-HH! OF COURSE NOT...IT WAS **THOMAS JEFFERSON!**

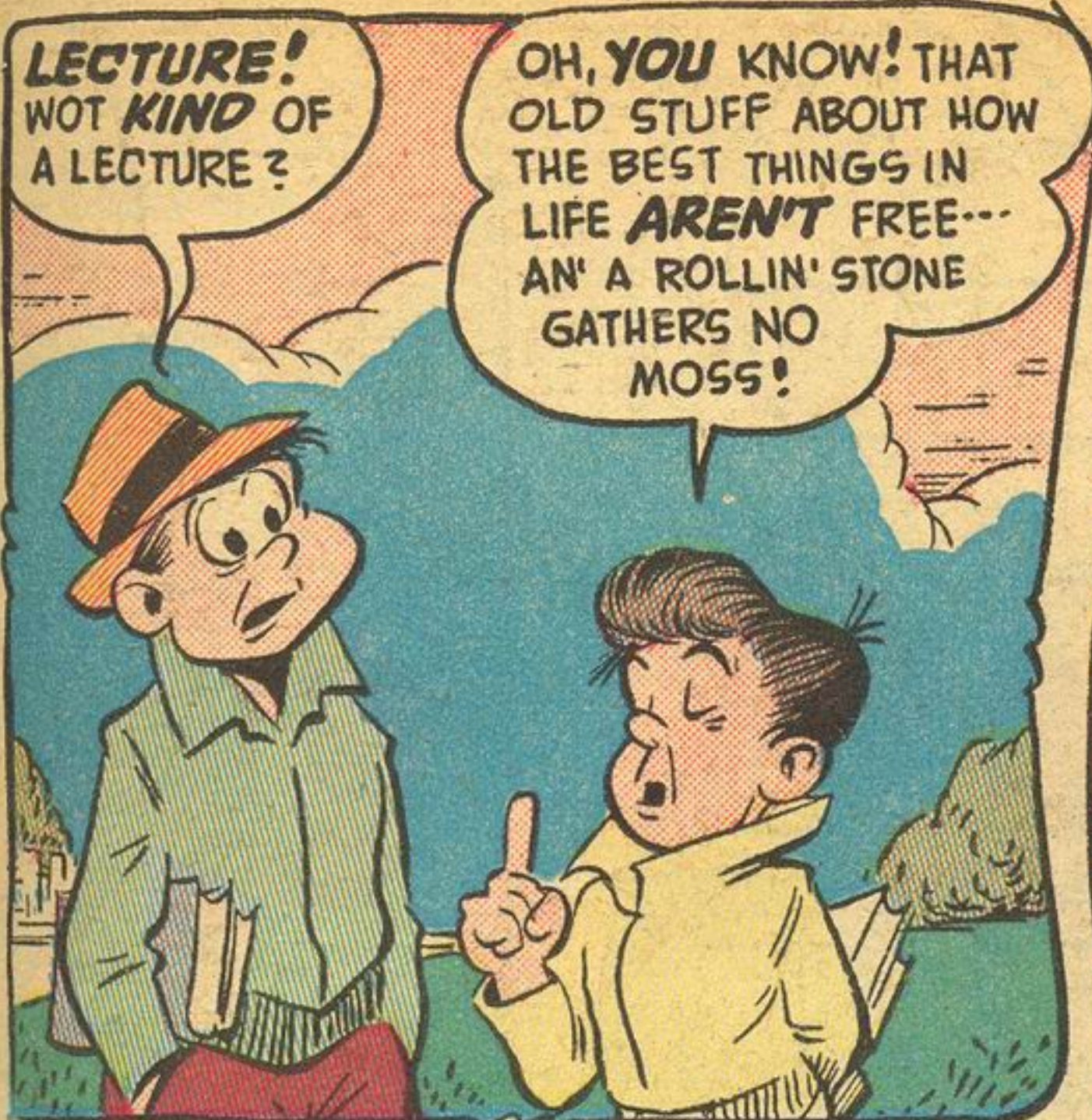
IT WAS NOT! IT WAS PATRICK HENRY ... NYAHH!

NYAHH!









LECTURE!
WOT *KIND* OF
A LECTURE?

OH, *YOU* KNOW! THAT
OLD STUFF ABOUT HOW
THE BEST THINGS IN
LIFE **AREN'T** FREE---
AN' A ROLLIN' STONE
GATHERS NO
MOSS!



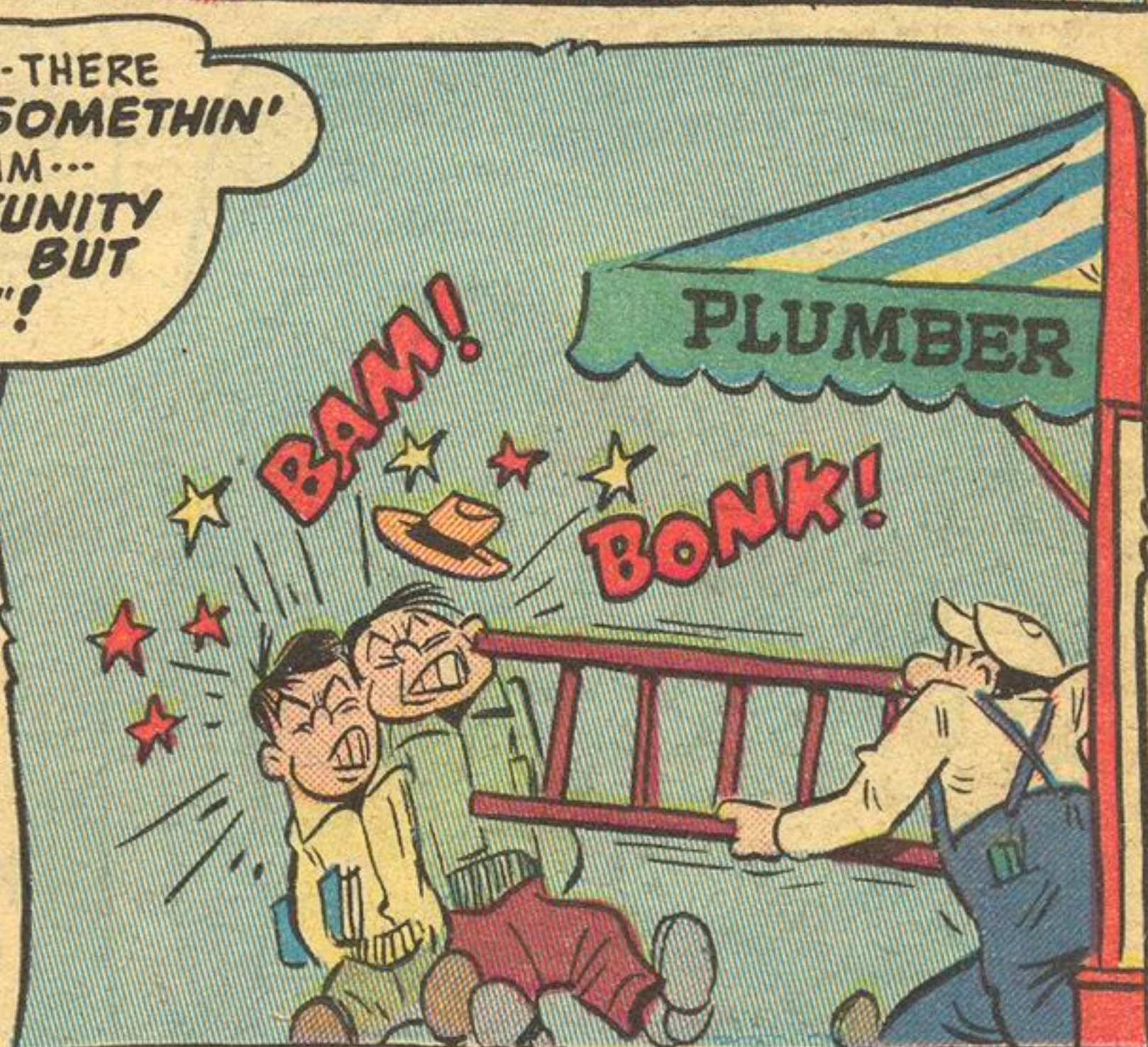
IT *DON'T*?
...I MEAN...
I **DON'T**
GET IT!

WELL, LOOK---DID FORD,
OR LINCOLN, OR EDISON
SIT AROUND LISTENIN' TO
QUIZ SHOWS---OR
EXPECT ANY FREE
BUCKS FROM IT?
... **NO!**



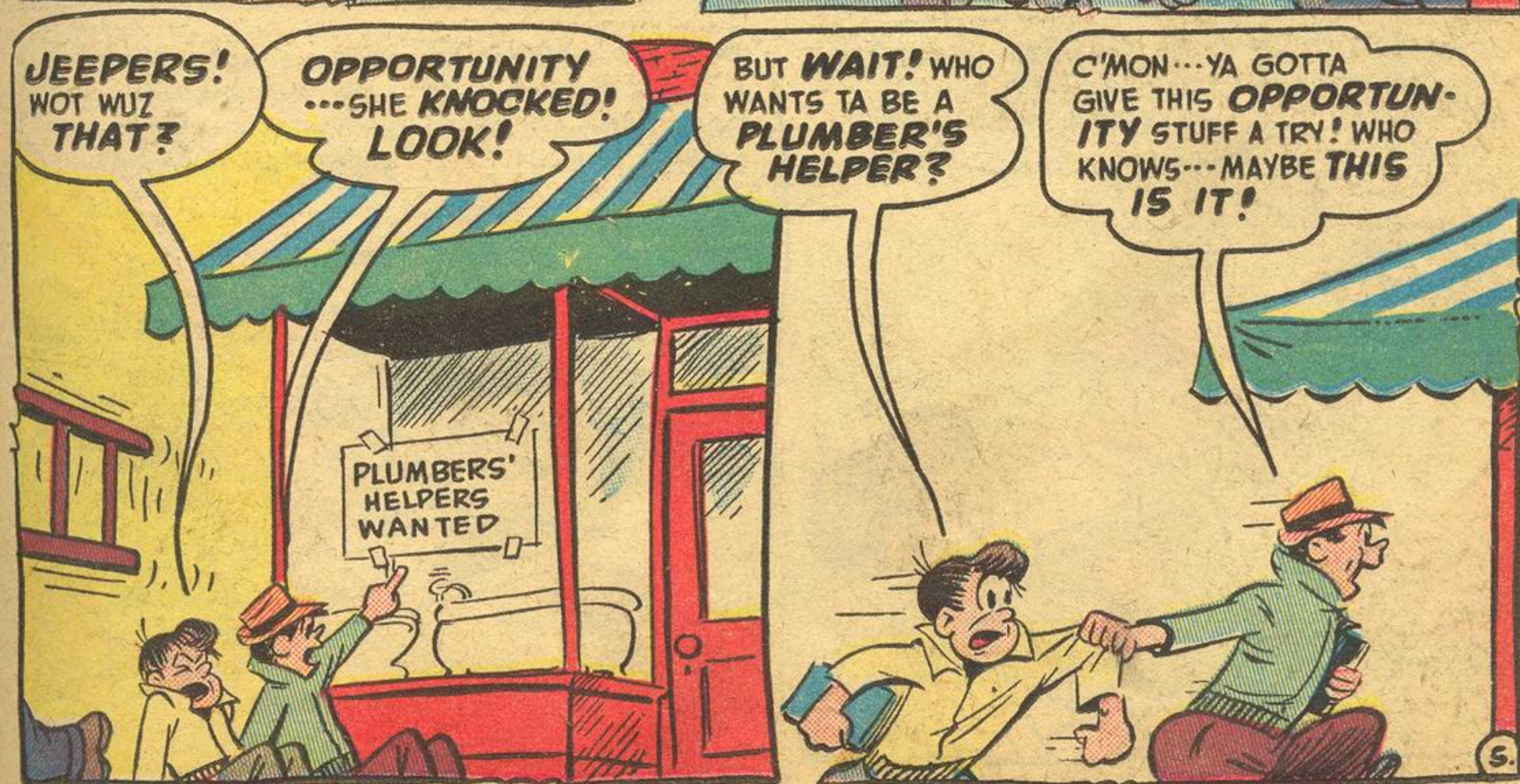
ACCORDIN' TO POP, THE
ONLY THING *THEY* LISTENED
TO WAS THE **KNOCK OF**
OPPORTUNITY! IT COMES
BUT ONCE, YOU KNOW---
HA! AIN'T *THAT* A
LAUGH?

I DUNNO---THERE
MUST BE **SOMETHIN'**
IN IT! HMMM---
**"OPPORTUNITY
KNOCKS BUT
ONCE"!**



BAM!

BONK!



JEEPERS!
WOT WUZ
THAT?

OPPORTUNITY
...SHE **KNOCKED!**
LOOK!

BUT *WAIT!* WHO
WANTS TA BE A
**PLUMBER'S
HELPER?**

C'MON---YA GOTTA
GIVE THIS **OPPORTUN-**
ITY STUFF A TRY! WHO
KNOWS---MAYBE *THIS*
IS IT!

AND BEFORE YOU CAN SAY "DRIPPY FAUCET"...

BUT JIT, WOT DO
WE KNOW ABOUT
PLUMBIN'?

WE DON'T **HAFTA** PLUMB!
ALL WE DO IS GO TA THIS
HOUSE AN' FIND OUT WOT
THE TROUBLE IS--- THEN
REPORT BACK TA THE
BOSS! AN' WE GET
PAID FOR IT,
TOO!

MADAM, WE'RE
FROM THE
PLUMBER'S, AN'...

AT **LAST!**...
WELL, DON'T JUST
STAND THERE!
COME IN!

PLUMBER

IT'S MY COMBINATION DISHWASHER
AND GARBAGE ELIMINATOR---IT
HASN'T WORKED FOR A WEEK!

UMMM---PUT
THAT DOWN,
COOKIE!

OKAY, LADY!
WE'LL FILE A
REPORT WITH
THE BOSS AN'...

FILE A REPORT? LISTEN,
YOU, I'VE BEEN WAITING A
WEEK FOR YOU TO COME
---AND NOW THAT YOU'RE
HERE, YOU'RE GOING TO
FIX THAT THING---OR
ELSE!

BUT
MADAM!

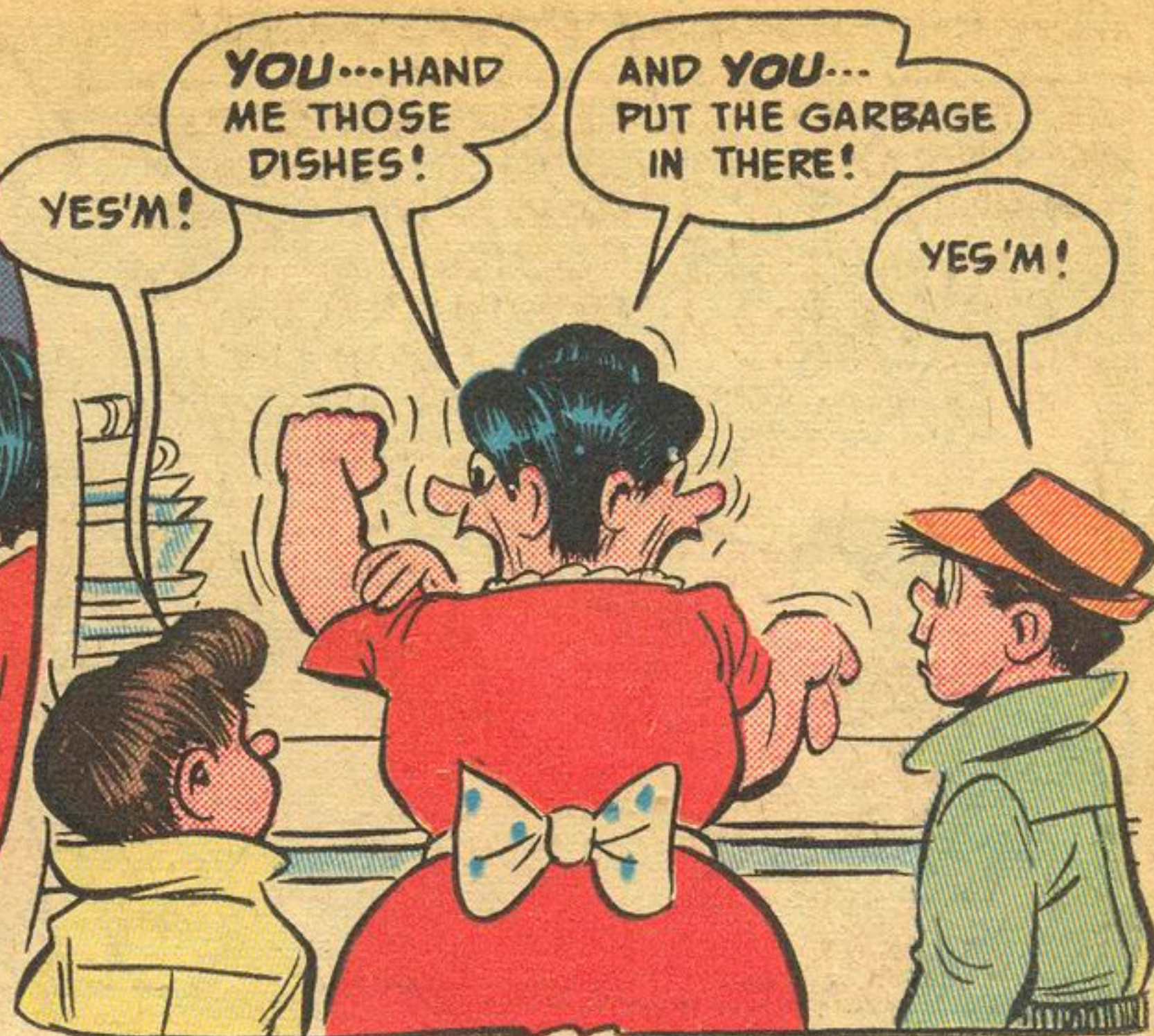
DON'T **BUT**
MADAM
ME---**GET**
BUSY!

YEAH, BOY---YOU HEARD
THE LADY---GO HUNT
UP SOME TOOLS!

PSST...HEY!
I DON'T KNOW THE
FIRST THING ABOUT
THESE THINGS!

NEVER MIND! I GOT AN
AUNT WHO HAS ONE---I
KNOW HOW THEY'RE
SUPPOSED TA WORK!

BLANG!
BLANG!



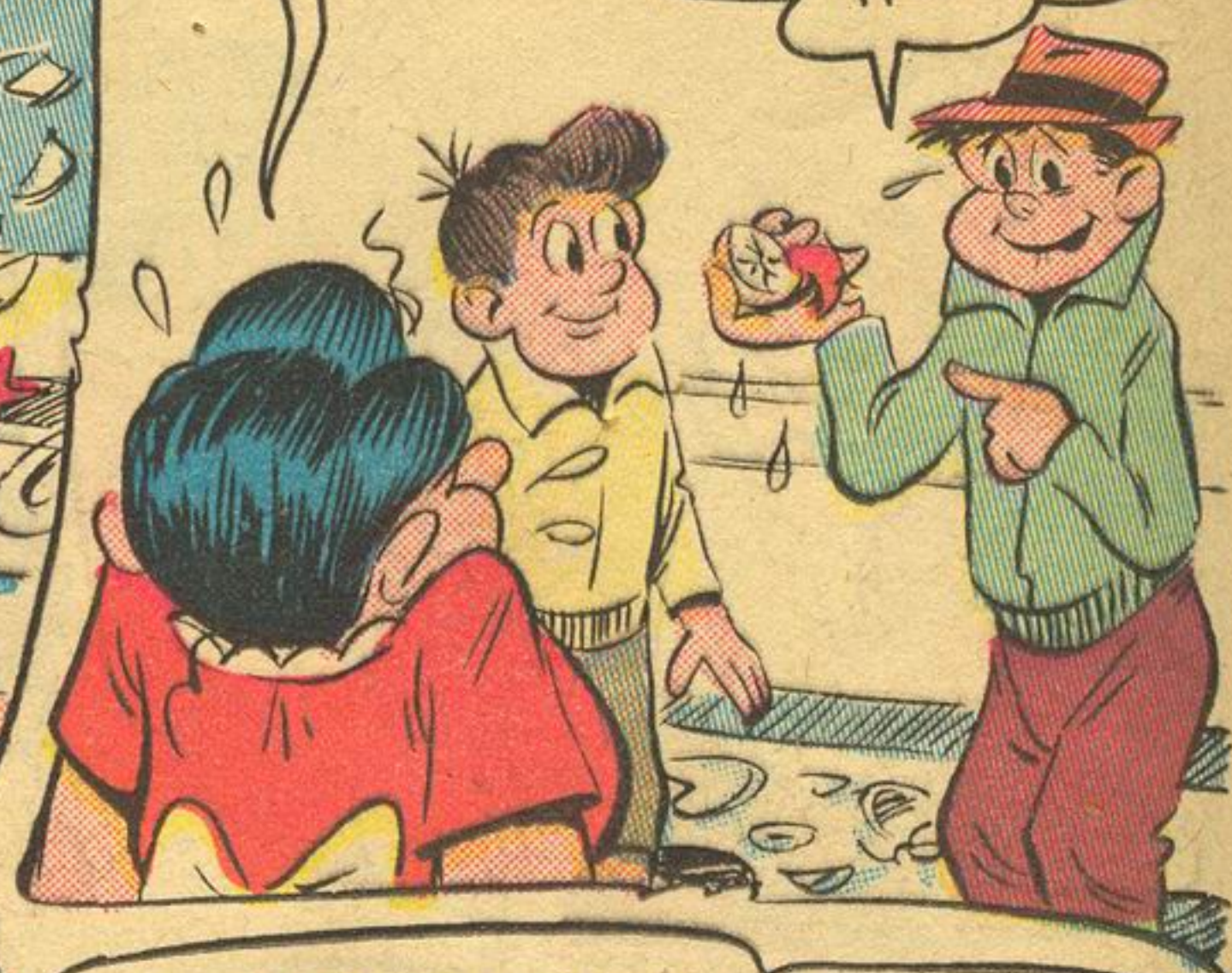


TURN IT OFF,
QUICK!

YES'M!

OH, MY DISHES!
MY BEAUTIFUL
DISHES!

BUT MADAM, LOOK HOW
LOVELY AN' CLEAN THE
GARBAGE IS! AT
LEAST YOU KNOW
IT...

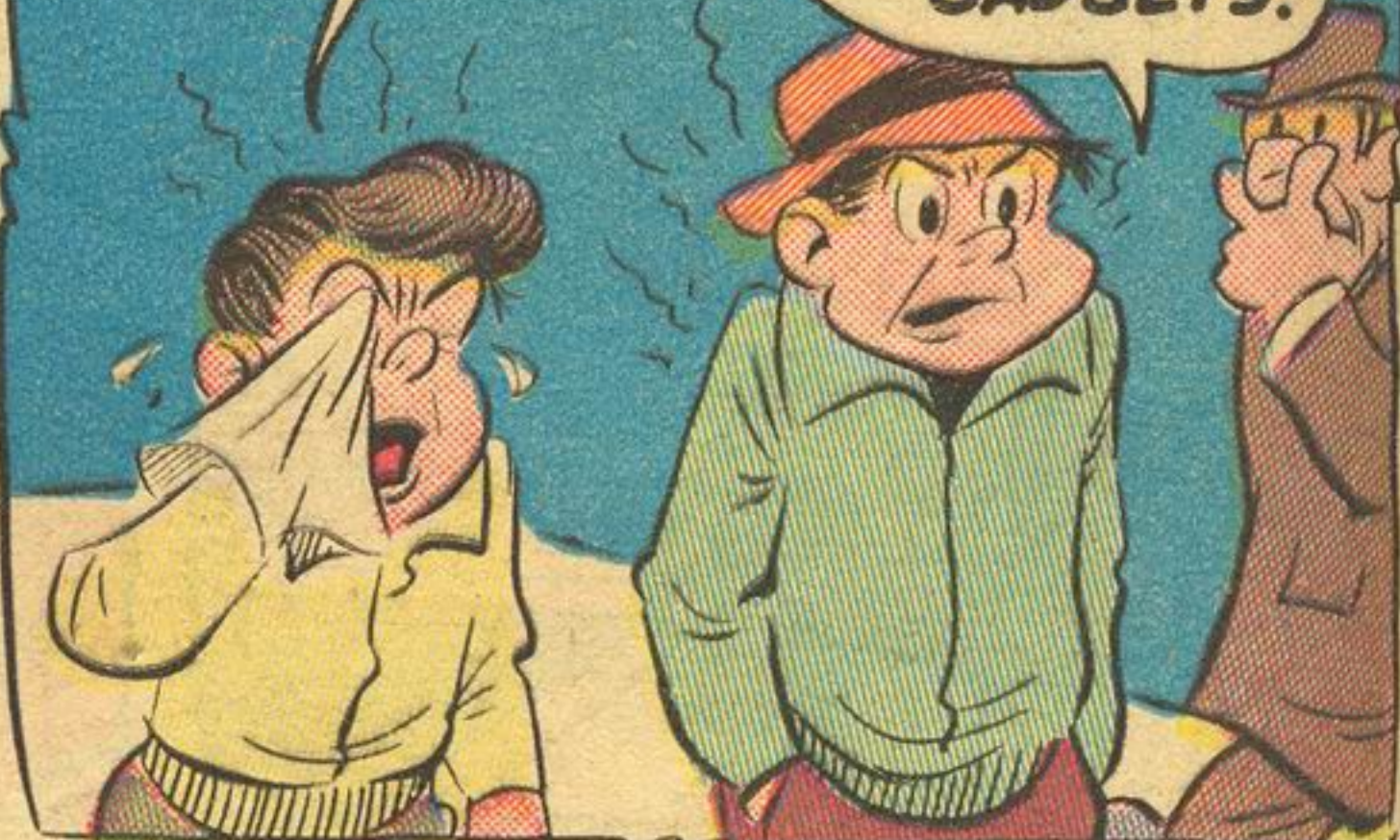


LOVELY
CLEAN
GARBAGE!
YOU...

SQUOOOOOSH!

JUST LET **OPPORTUNITY**
KNOCK AGAIN AN' I'LL
KNOCK **HER** ON HER
EAR!

YEAH...AFTER
ALL, LINCOLN AN'
FORD AN' EDISON
DIDN'T HAFTA CON-
TEND WITH THESE
**MODERN
GADGETS!**



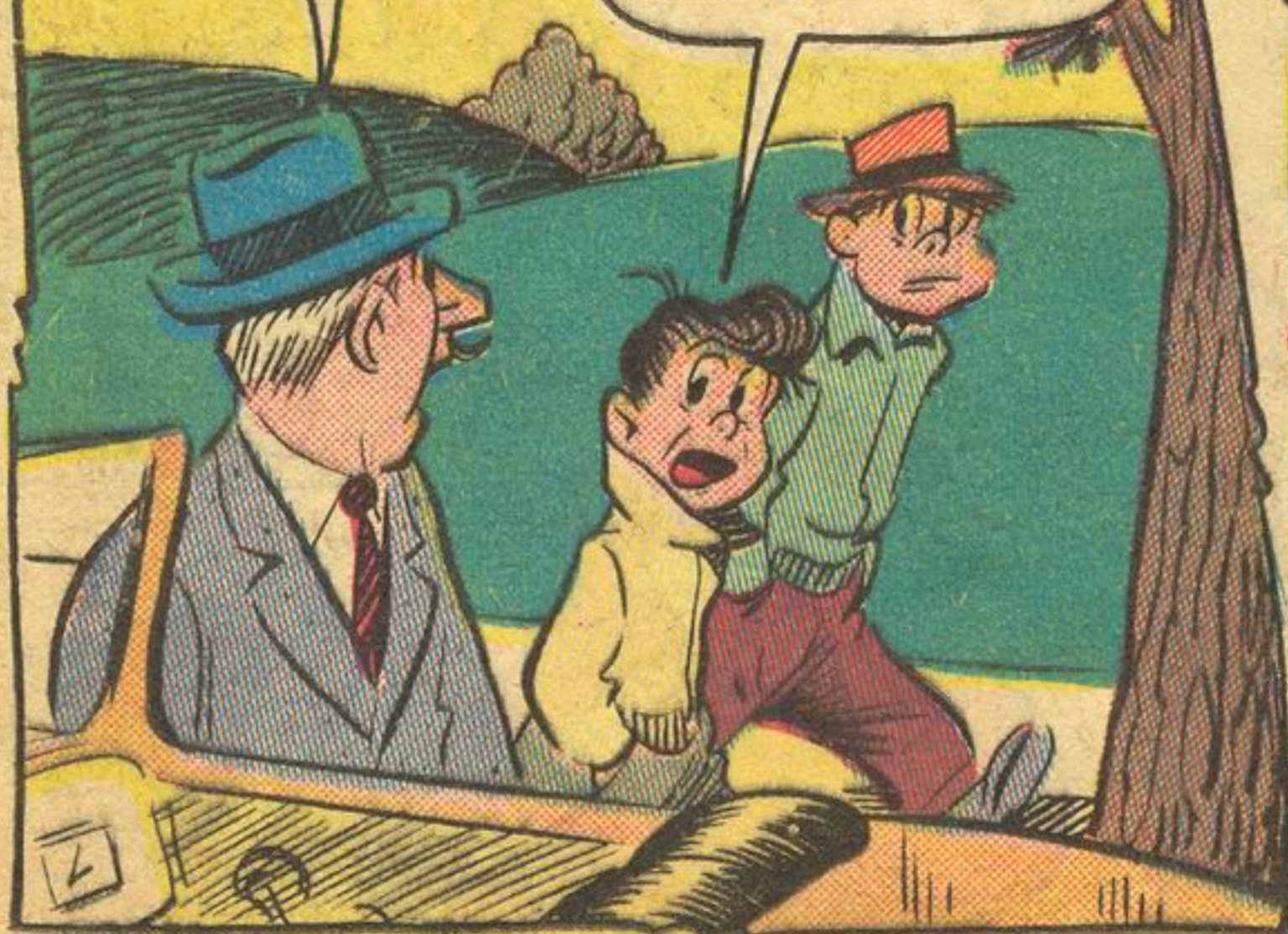
SAY, BOYS! CAN YOU
DO ME A FAVOR? MY
CAR WON'T GO, AND...

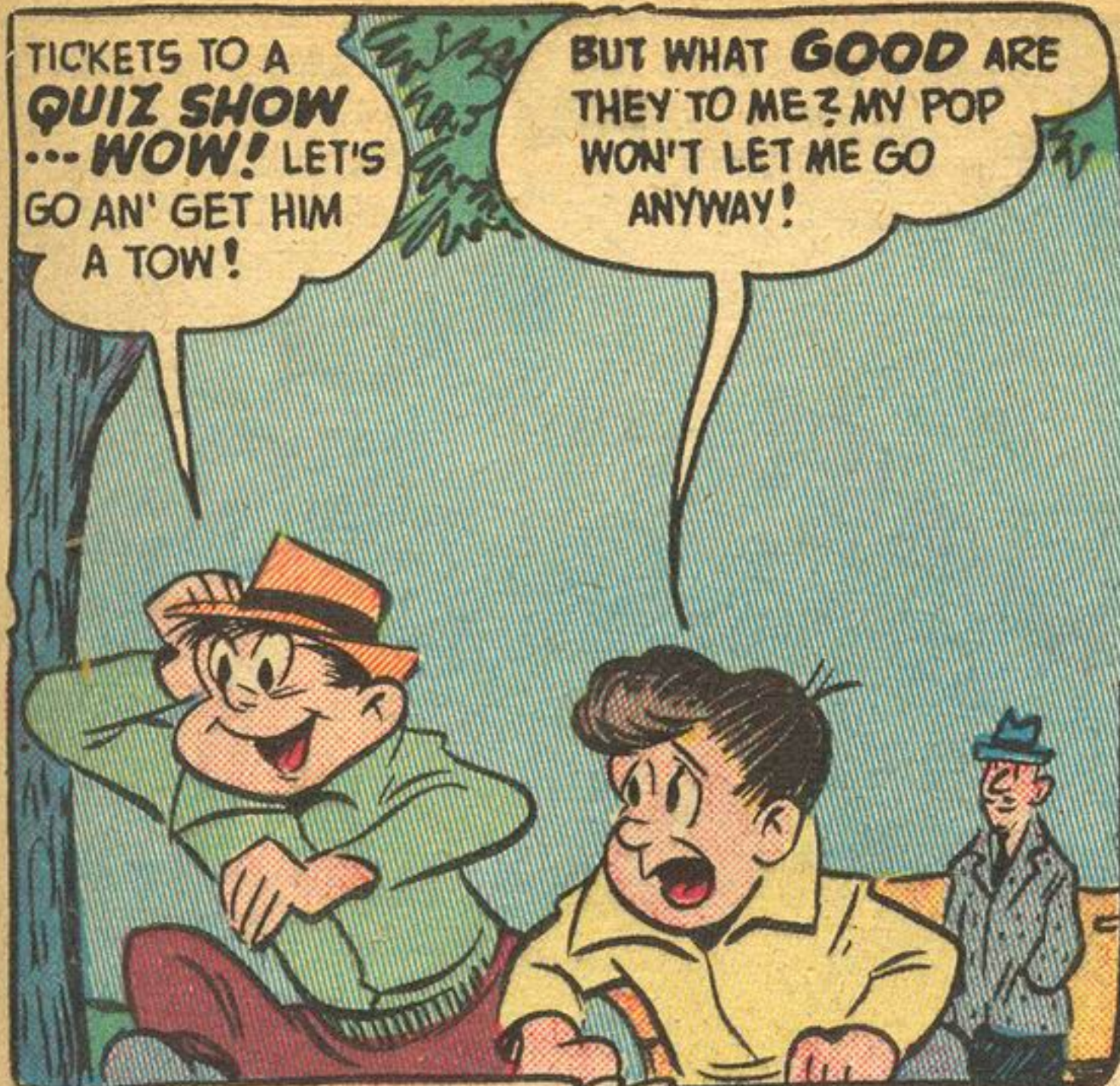
**NOTHIN' DOIN',
MISTER! WE
JUST DISCOVERED
WE'RE NOT
MECHANICS!**

OH, I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO **FIX** IT! BUT I THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU'D STOP AT A GARAGE AND HAVE THEM
SEND A TOW TRUCK FOR ME! I'VE GOT A COUPLE
OF TICKETS TO A **RADIO QUIZ SHOW** FOR
YOU IF YOU'LL HELP ME!

NOW YER
TALKIN', SIR!
SURE WE
WILL!

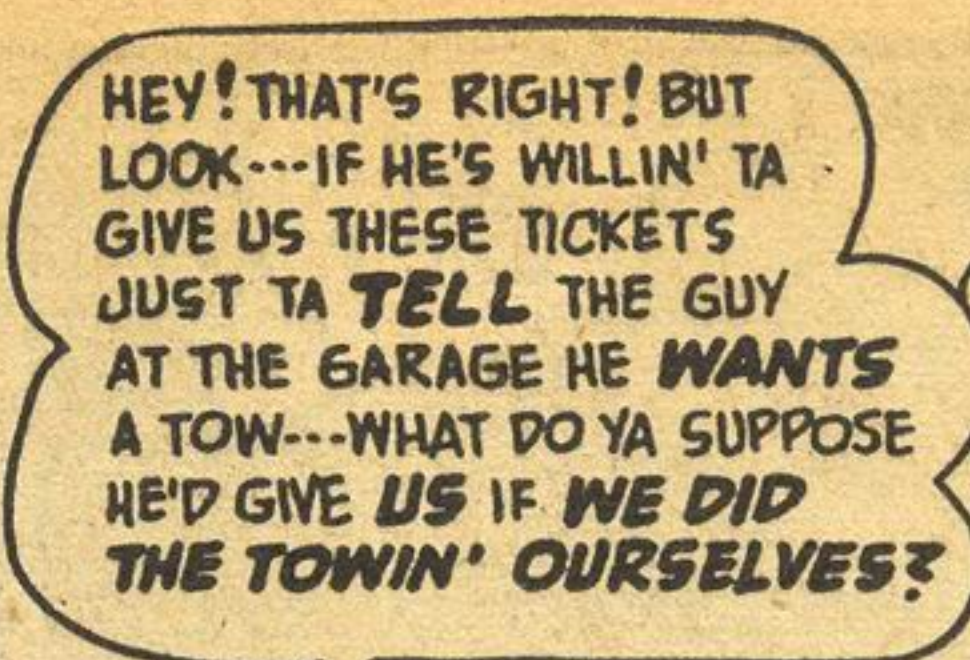
BUT
JIT...





TICKETS TO A
QUIZ SHOW
...**WOW!** LET'S
GO AN' GET HIM
A TOW!

BUT WHAT **GOOD** ARE
THEY TO ME? MY POP
WON'T LET ME GO
ANYWAY!



HEY! THAT'S RIGHT! BUT
LOOK---IF HE'S WILLIN' TA
GIVE US THESE TICKETS
JUST TA **TELL** THE GUY
AT THE GARAGE HE **WANTS**
A TOW---WHAT DO YA SUPPOSE
HE'D GIVE **US** IF **WE DID**
THE TOWIN' OURSELVES?



WITH OUR
JALOPY? **HEY!** YA
GOT SOME-
THIN' THERE,
KID!



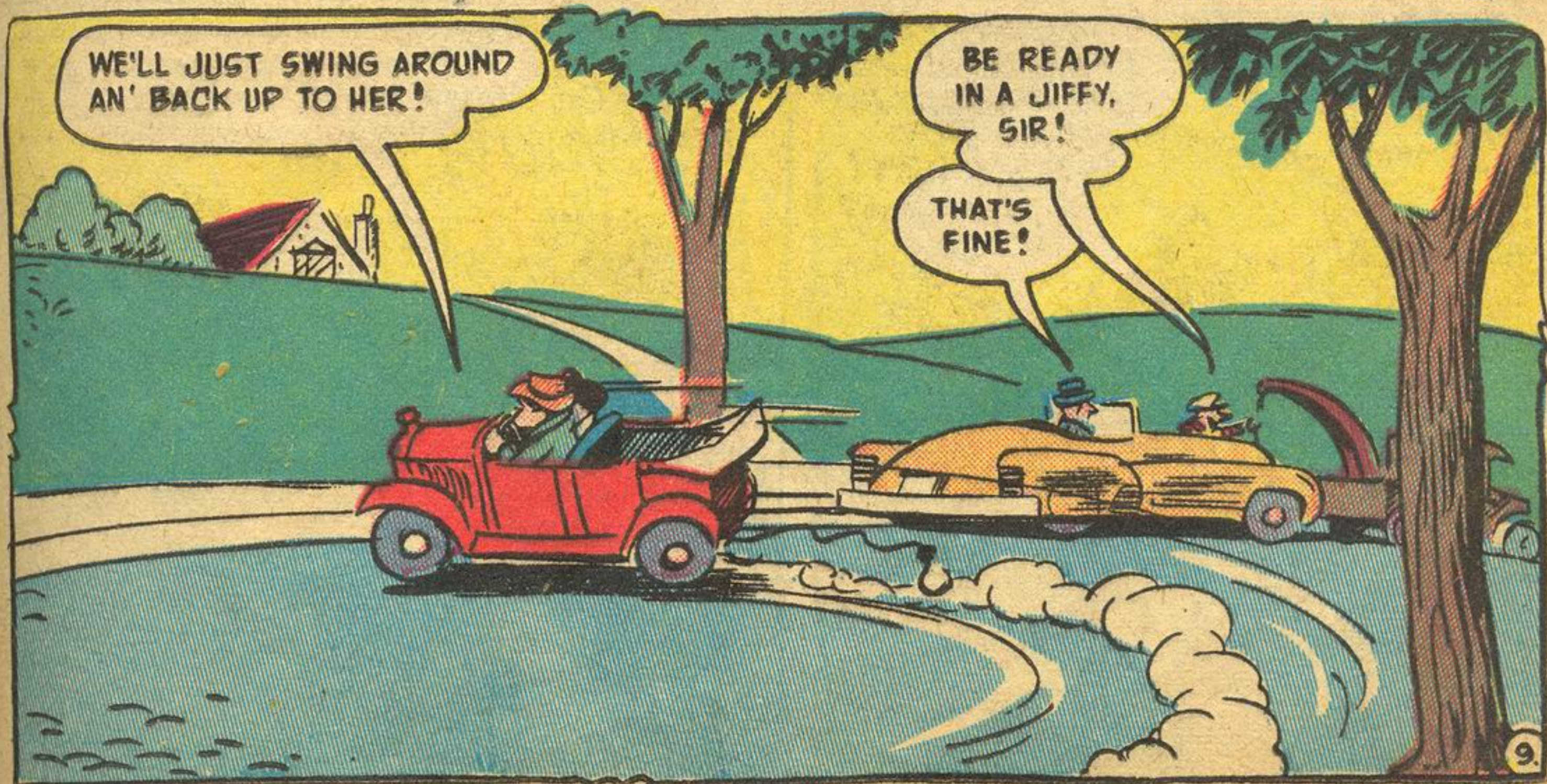
SO WOT ARE WE **WAITIN'**
FOR? **LEAVE US HIE**
AWAY FOR THE HOT
ROD!



IN THE MEANTIME...

HAVIN' **TROUBLE,**
SIR?

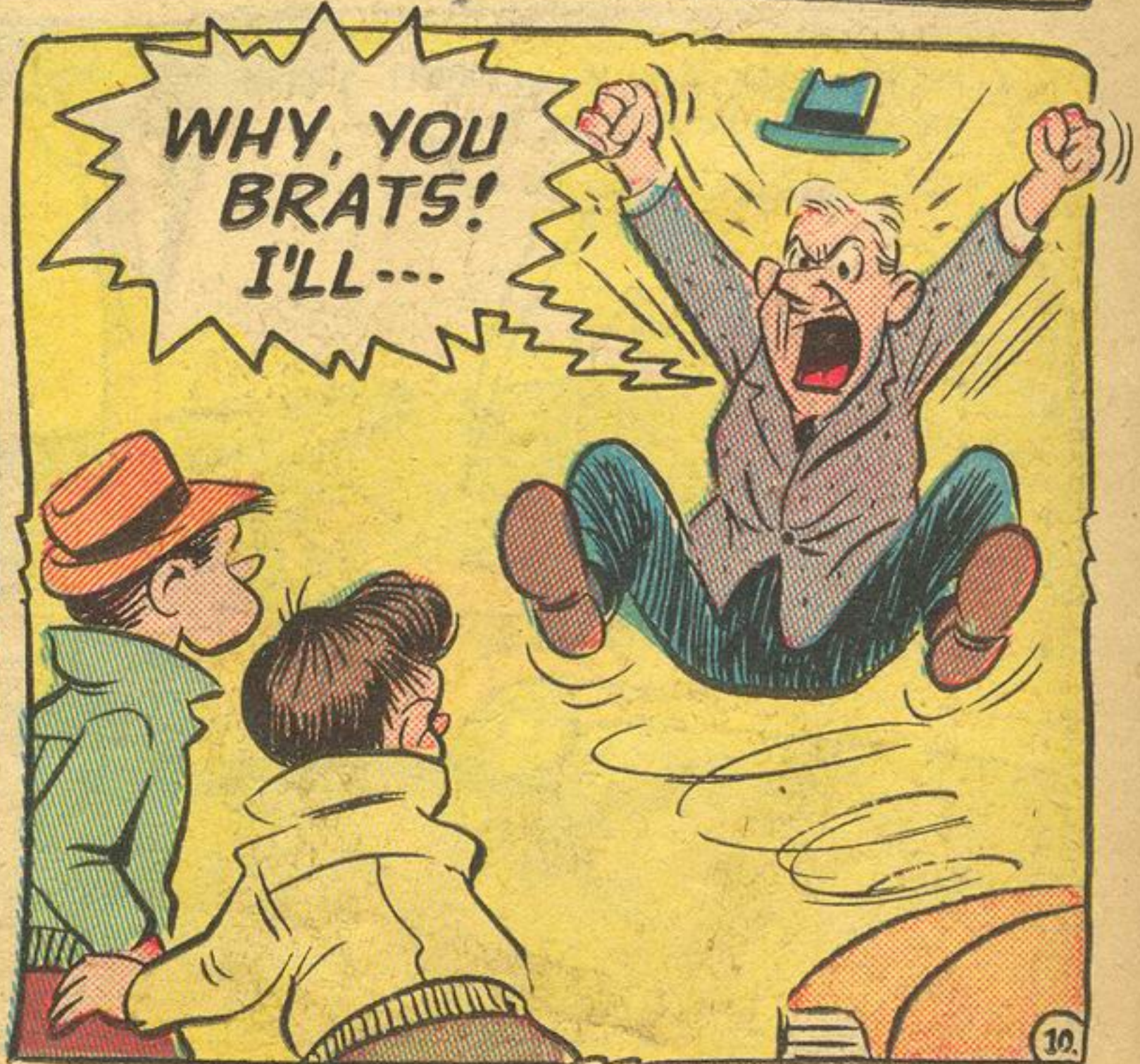
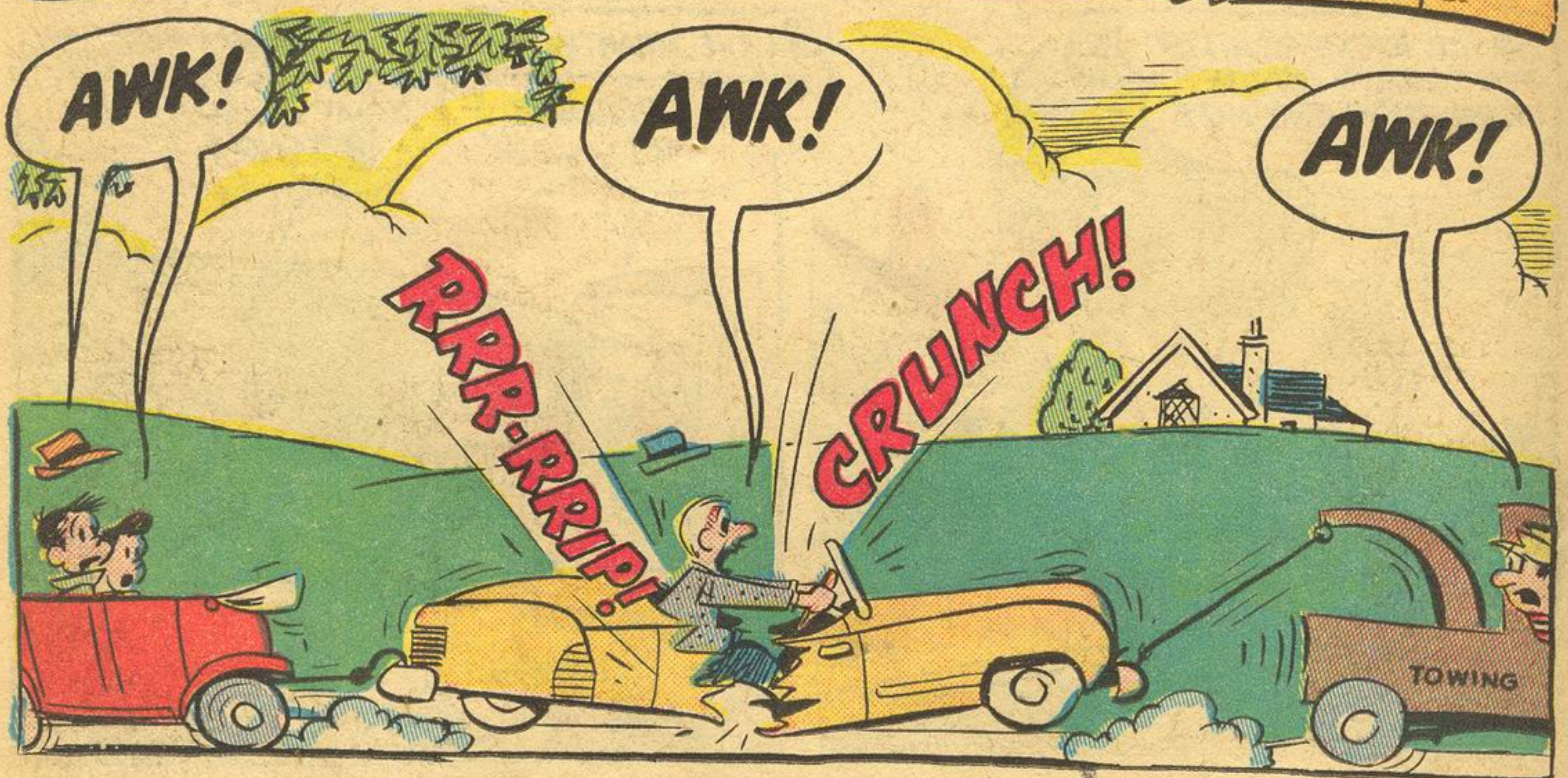
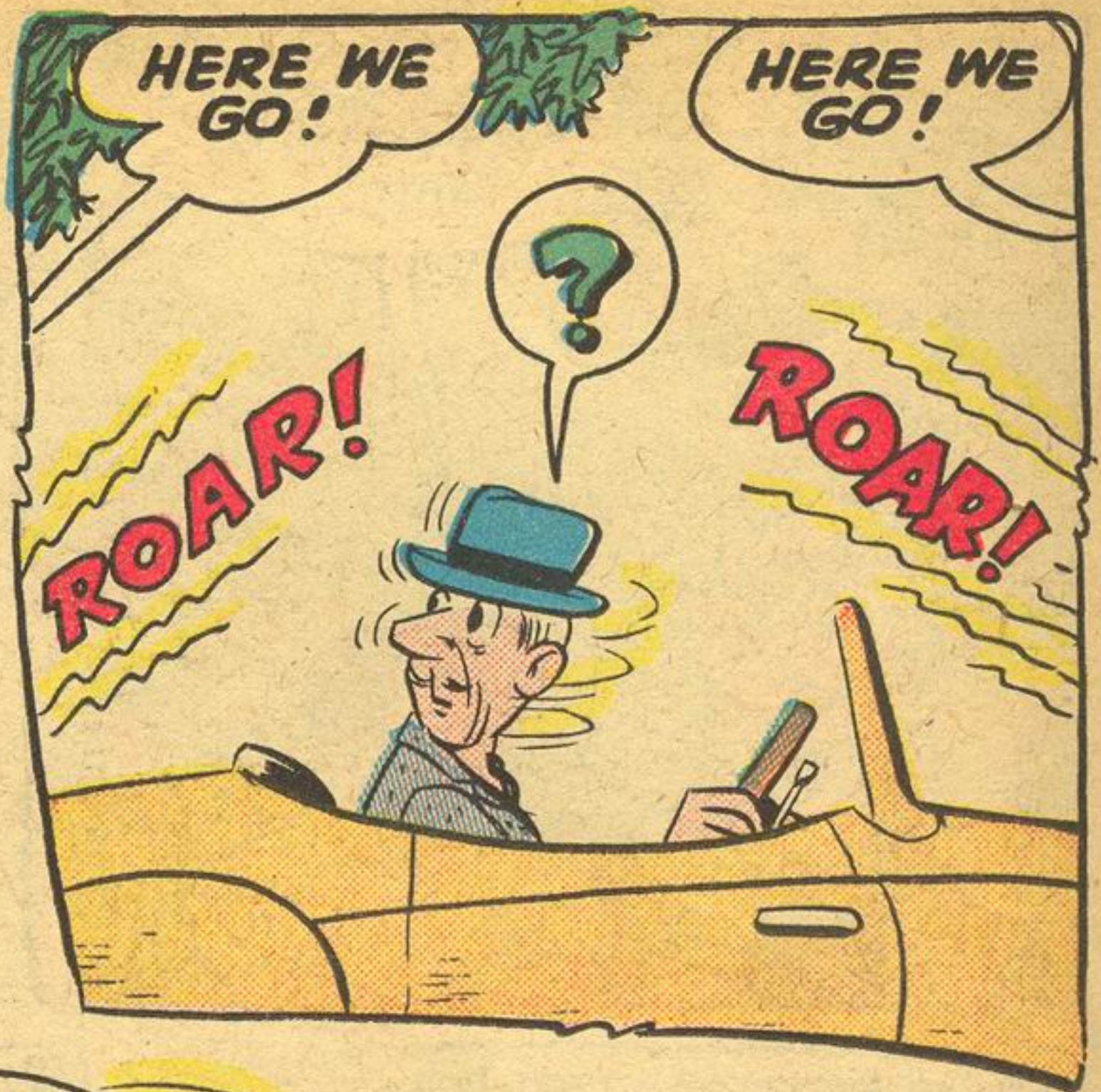
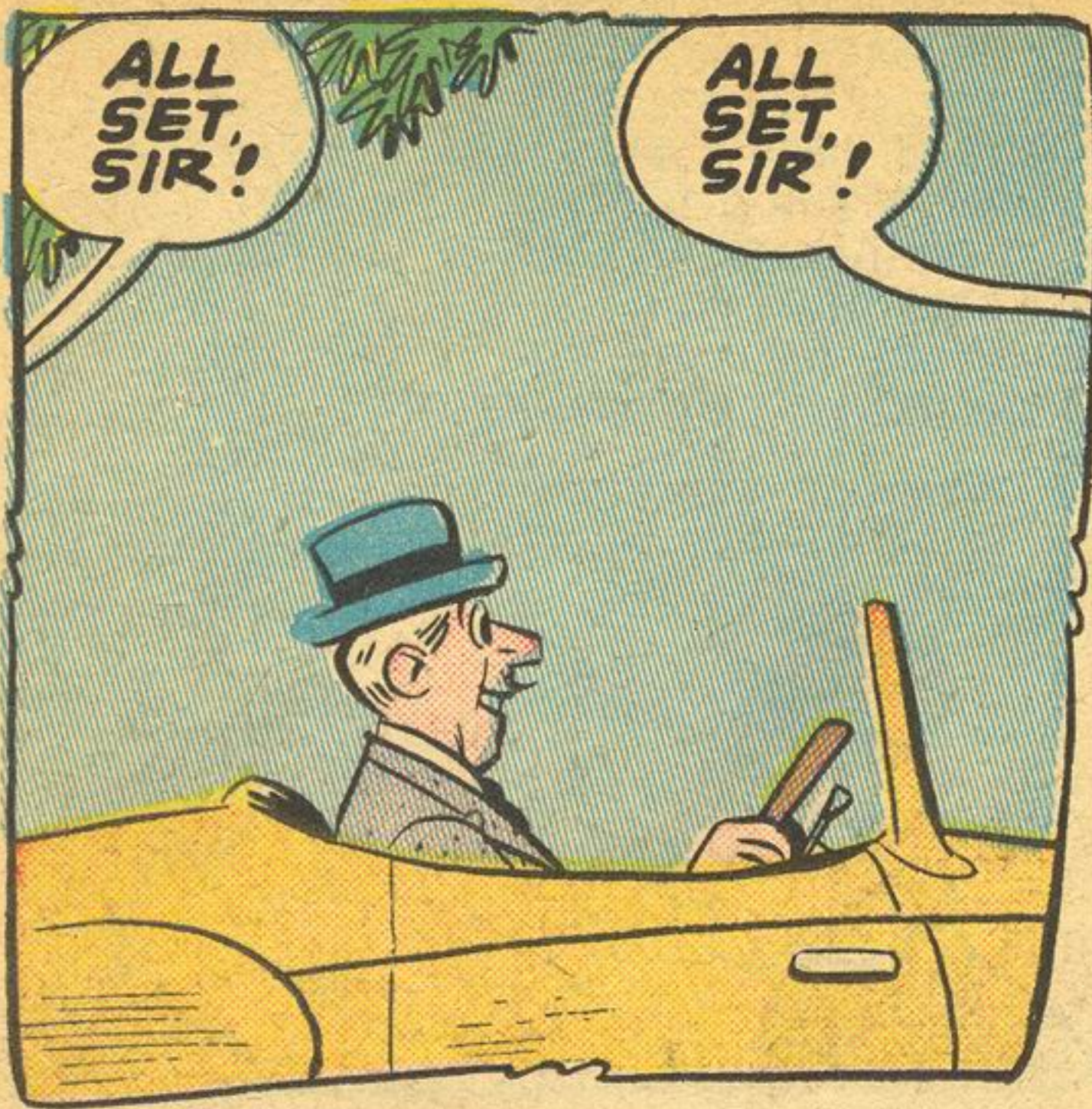
BOY, YOU'RE JUST
WHAT I NEED---
A TOW!

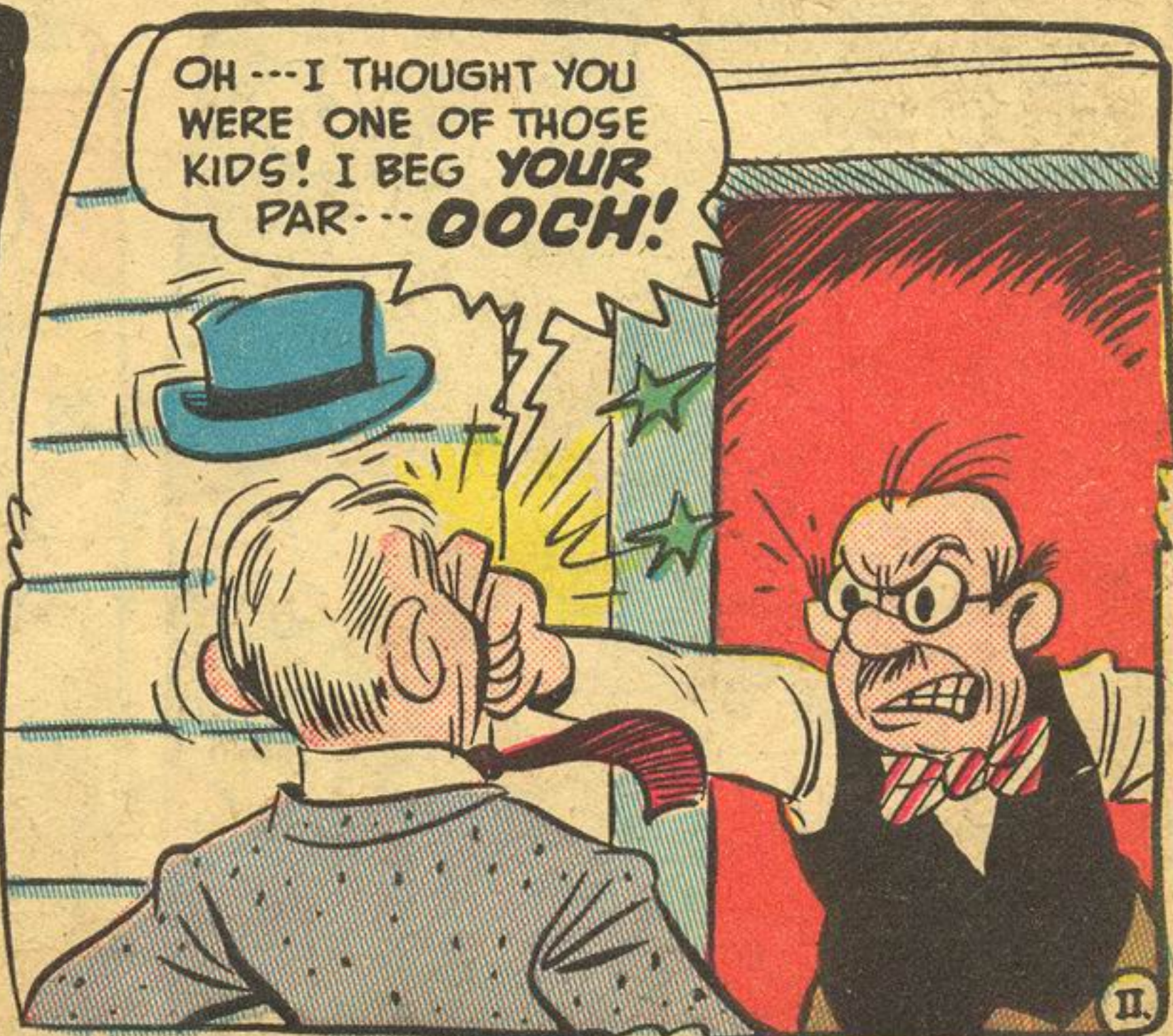
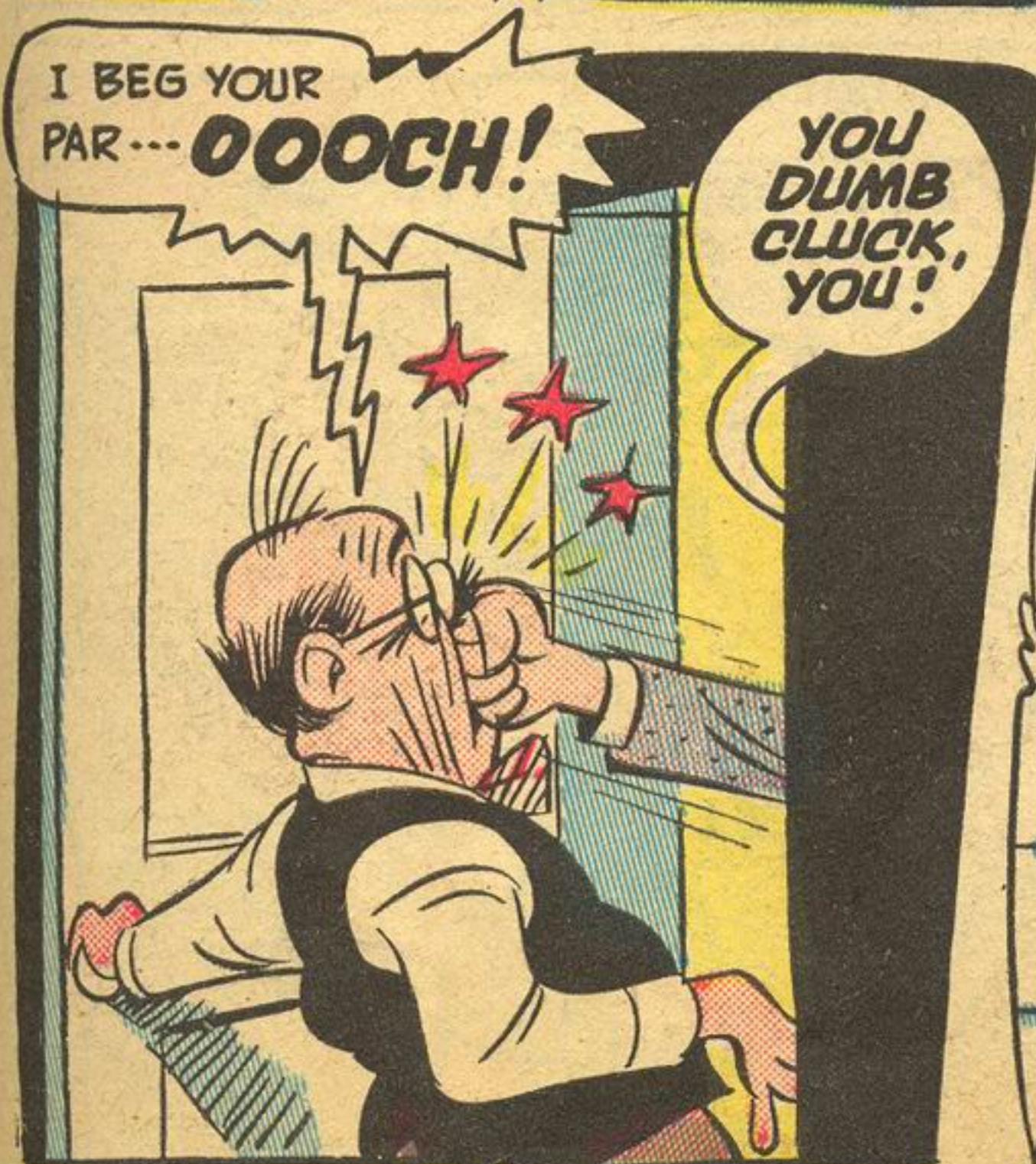
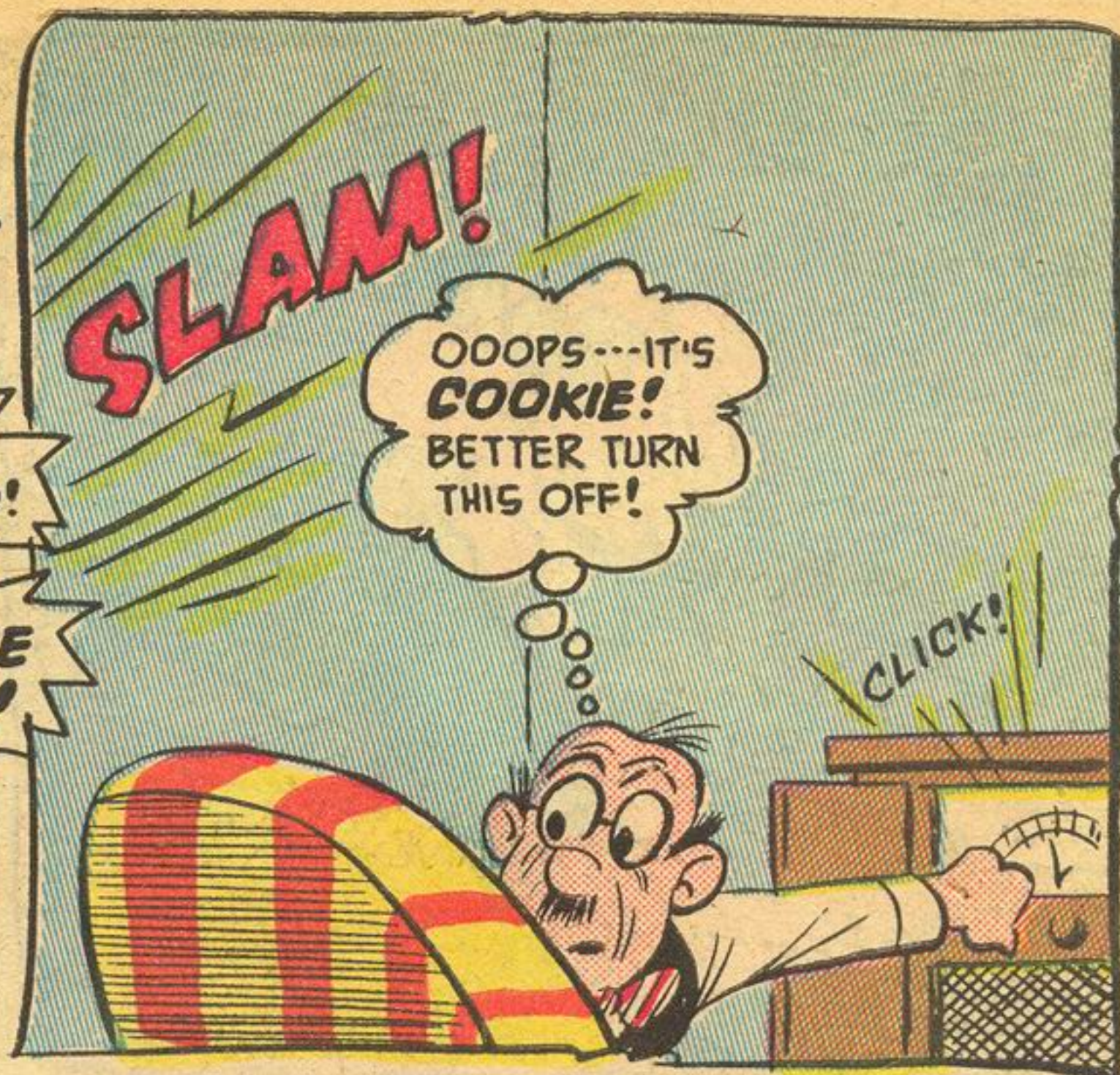


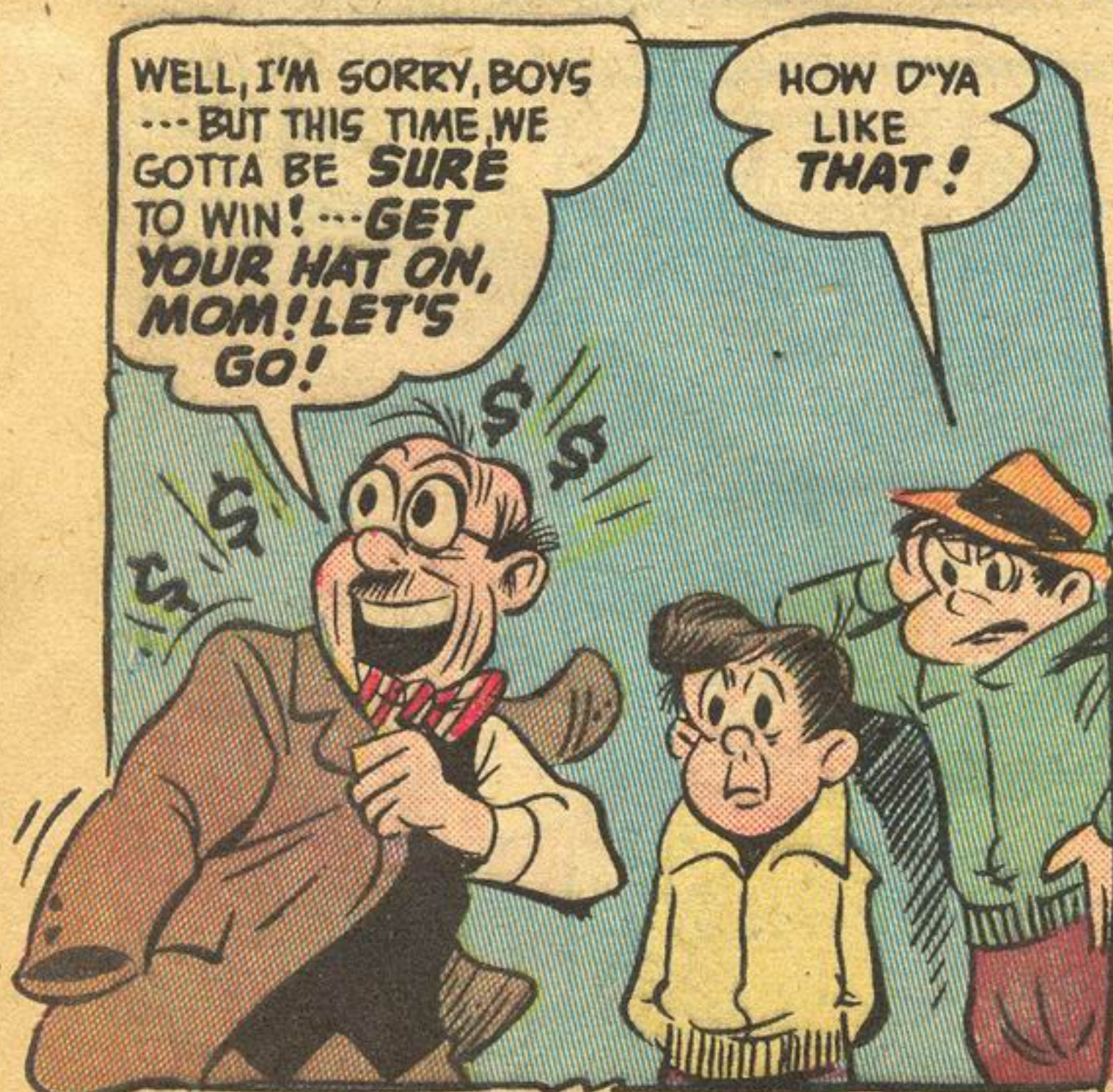
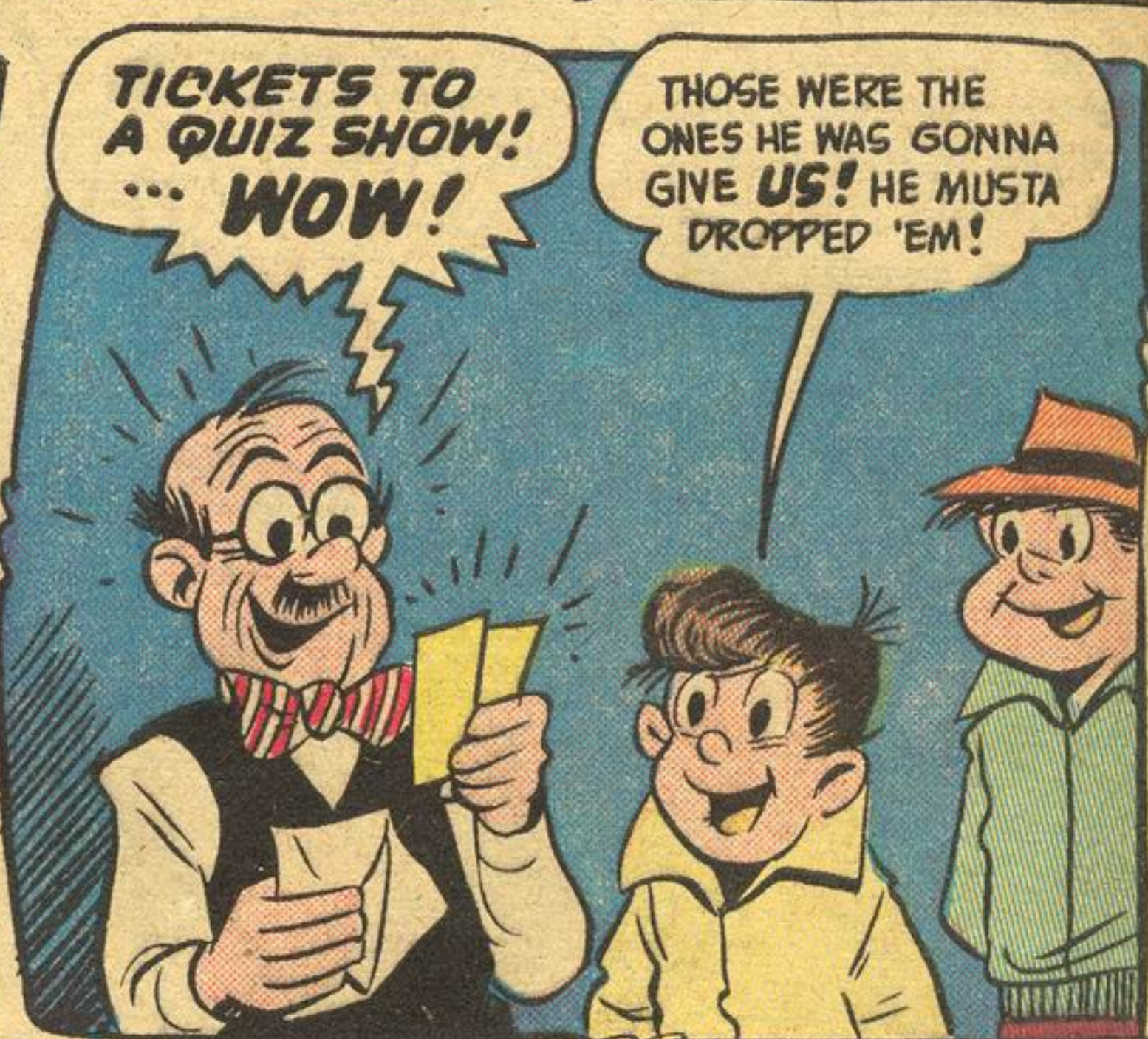
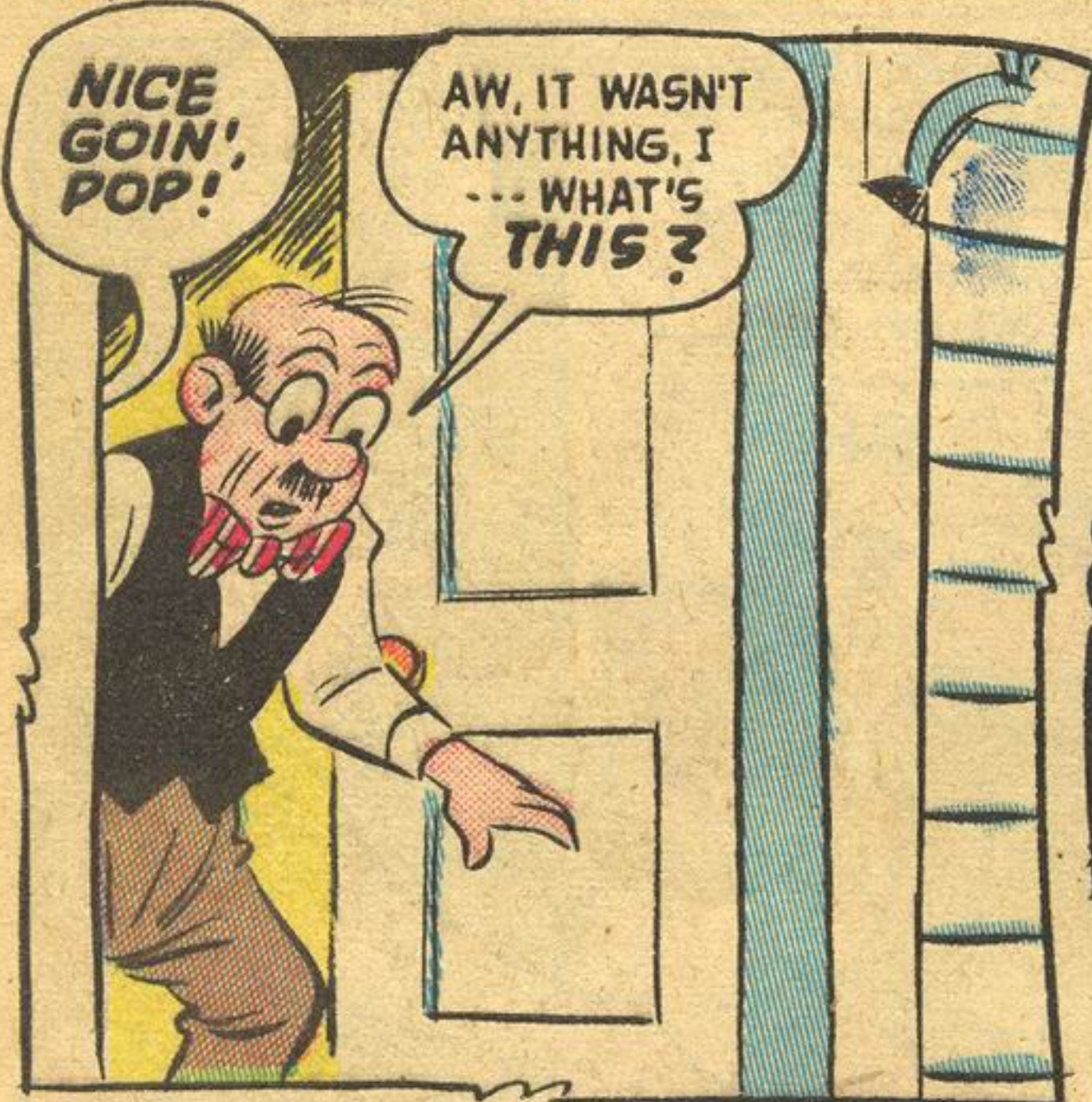
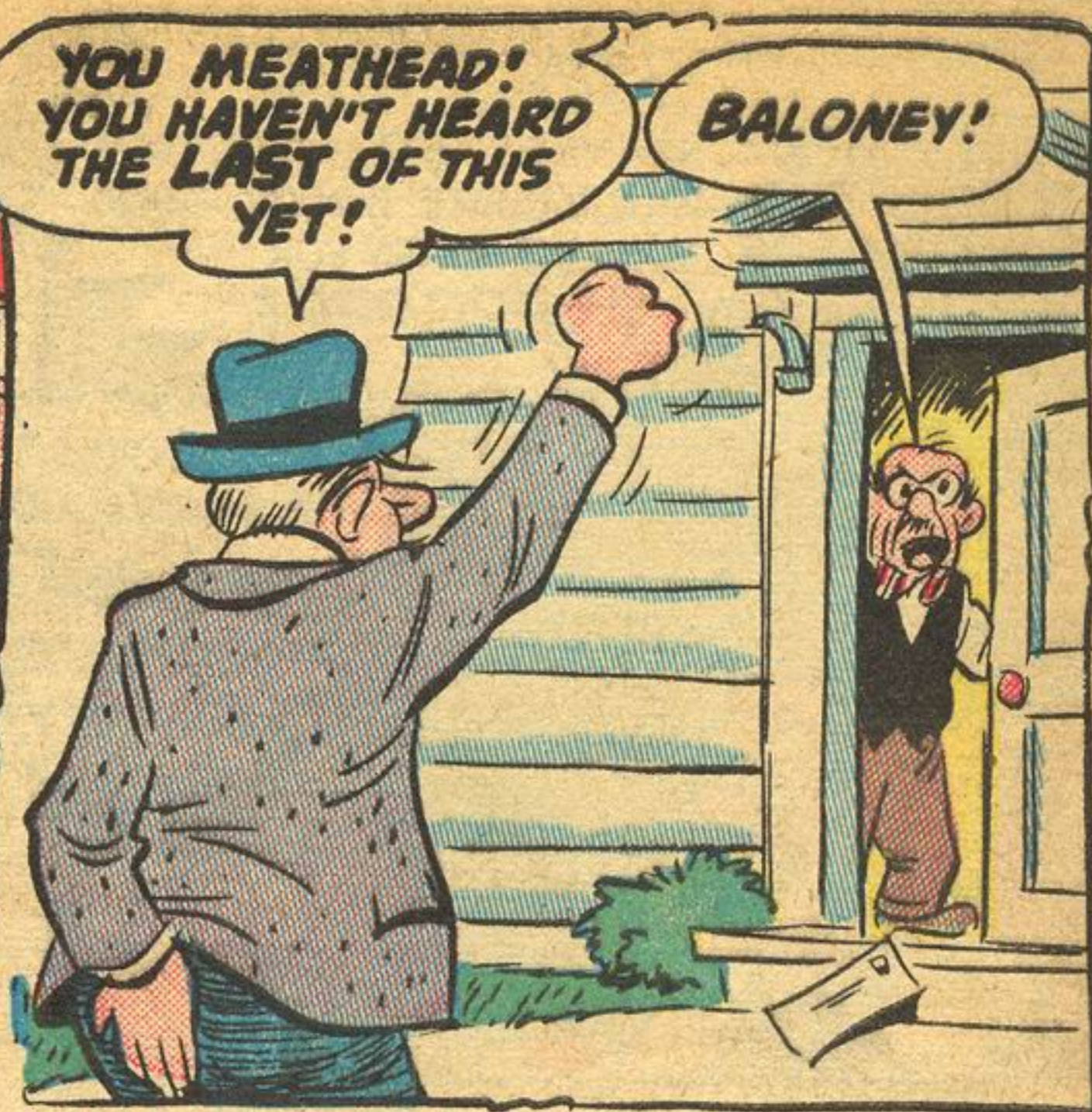
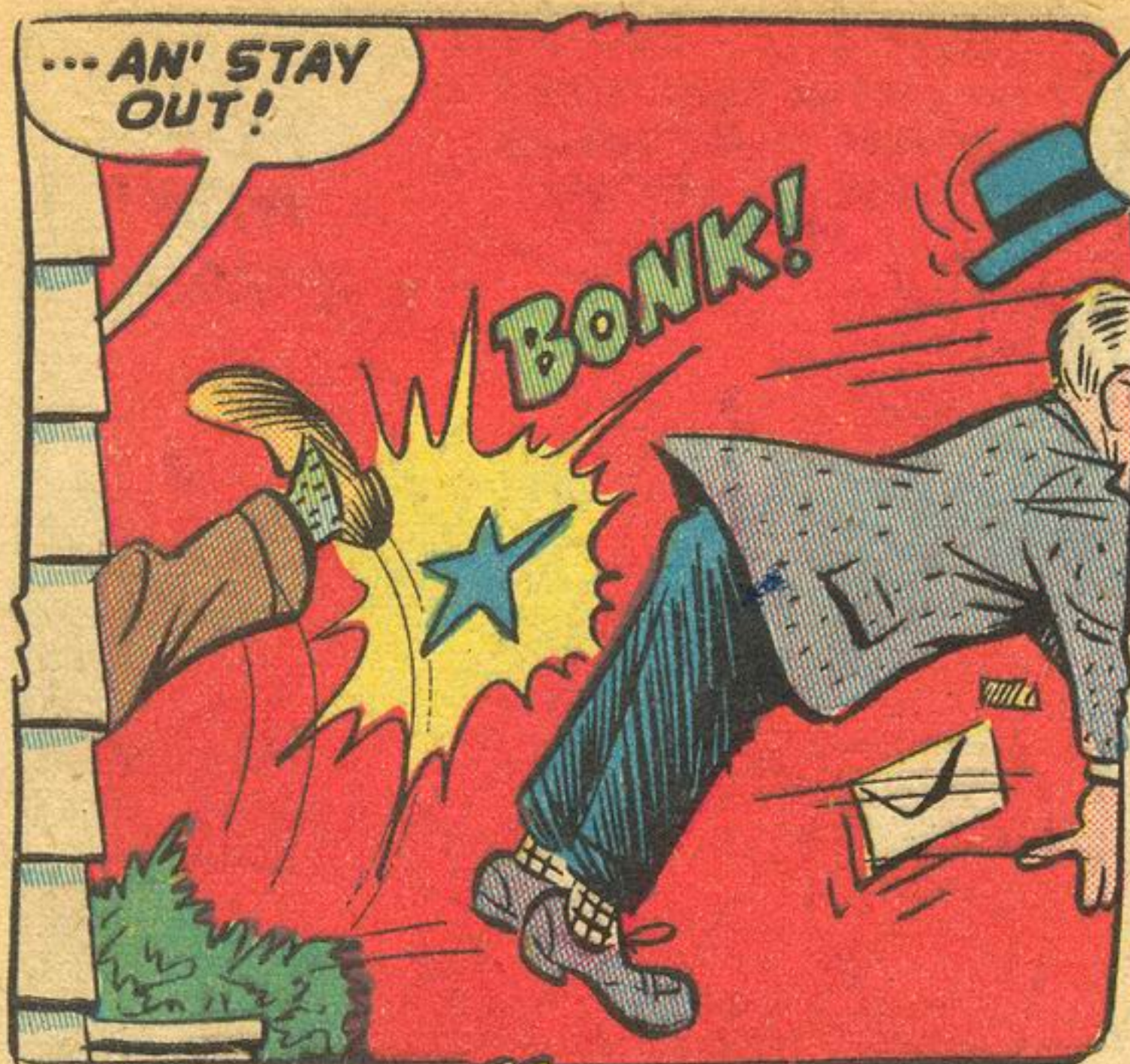
WE'LL JUST SWING AROUND
AN' BACK UP TO HER!

BE READY
IN A JIFFY,
SIR!

THAT'S
FINE!







WHILE AT HOME...

...AND NOW, **YOU BUM**... I MEAN, **MR. O'TOOLE**... ARE YOU READY FOR MY QUESTION? ER... YESSIR!

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL YOURSELF IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER?

A **DOPE**, OF COURSE!

THAT'S IT! YOU ARE... I MEAN, **YOU WIN!** AND FOR **THAT** ANSWER, WE HAVE A **SPECIAL PRIZE!**

HOORAY! POP WON! EE-YOW!

AND IN A LITTLE WHILE...

HI, MR. O'TOOLE! CONGRATS!

WOT DID YOU WIN, POP?

I DON'T KNOW... HE ASKED ME NOT TO OPEN IT THERE! BUT IT'S PROBABLY WORTH **THOUSANDS!** HE SAID IT WAS A **GEM**... AND THAT IT WOULD **MAKE MY EYES SHINE!**

BAM!

GEM!

HE WASN'T KIDDIN'! BOY, ARE THEY SHINERS!

!

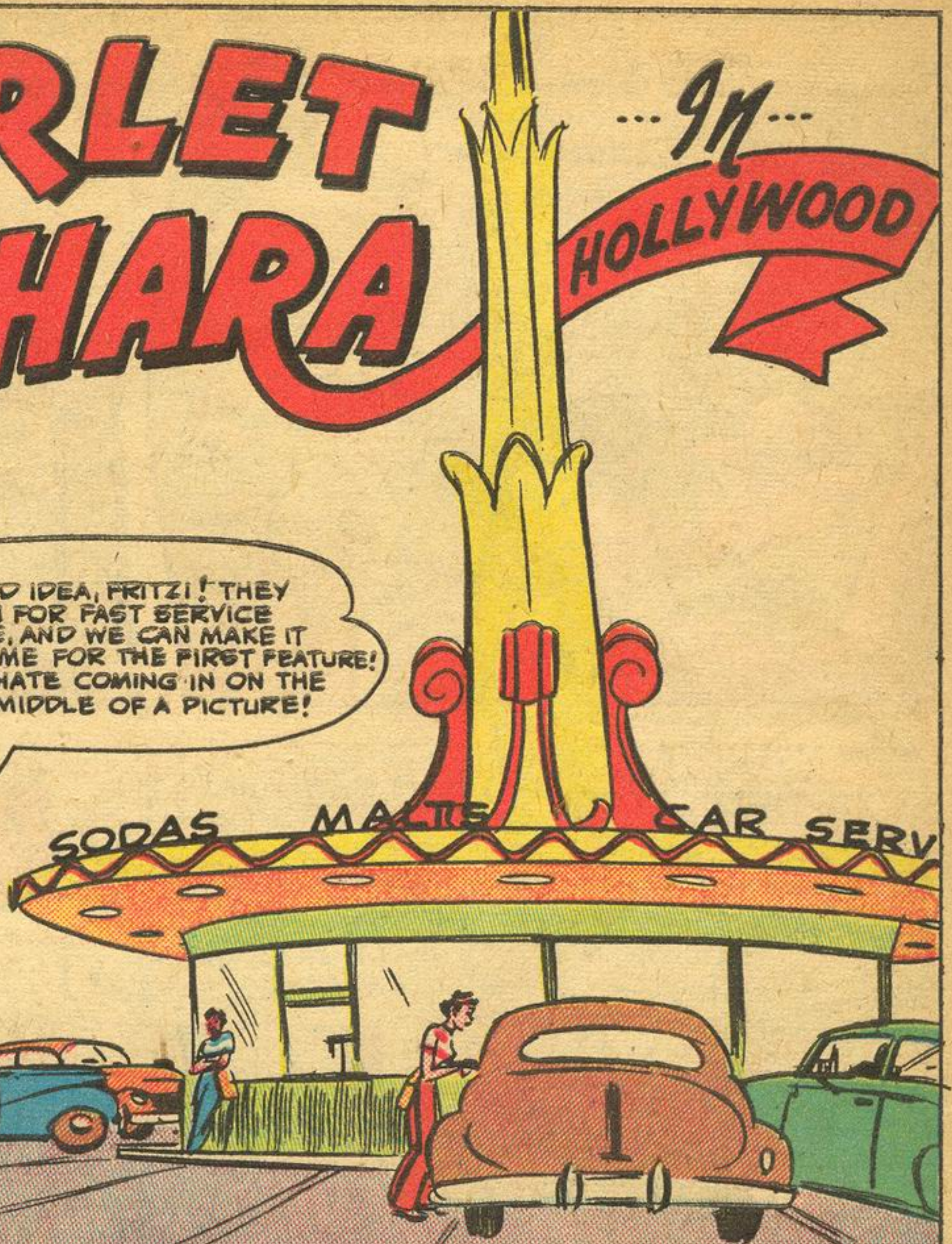
THE END!

STARLET O'HARA

...9M...
HOLLYWOOD

STARLET, LET'S GRAB A BITE AT THE COUNTER IN THIS DRIVE-IN AND THEN TAKE IN THAT NEW VAN JOHNSON PICTURE!

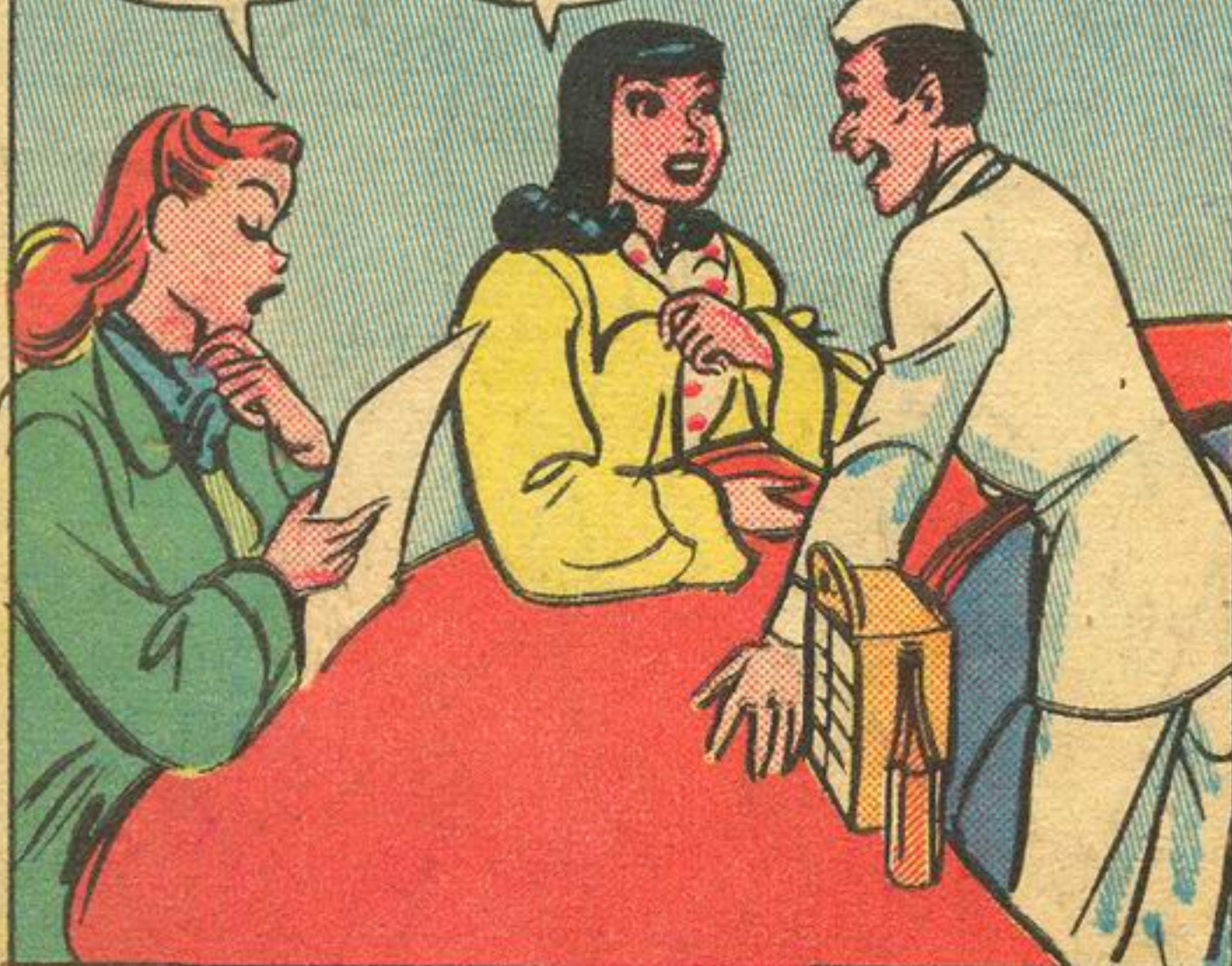
GOOD IDEA, FRITZI! THEY GO IN FOR FAST SERVICE HERE, AND WE CAN MAKE IT IN TIME FOR THE FIRST FEATURE! ...I HATE COMING IN ON THE MIDDLE OF A PICTURE!



WHAT'LL IT BE, GALS?

HAM SANDWICH AND MILK, PLEASE!

SAME HERE!

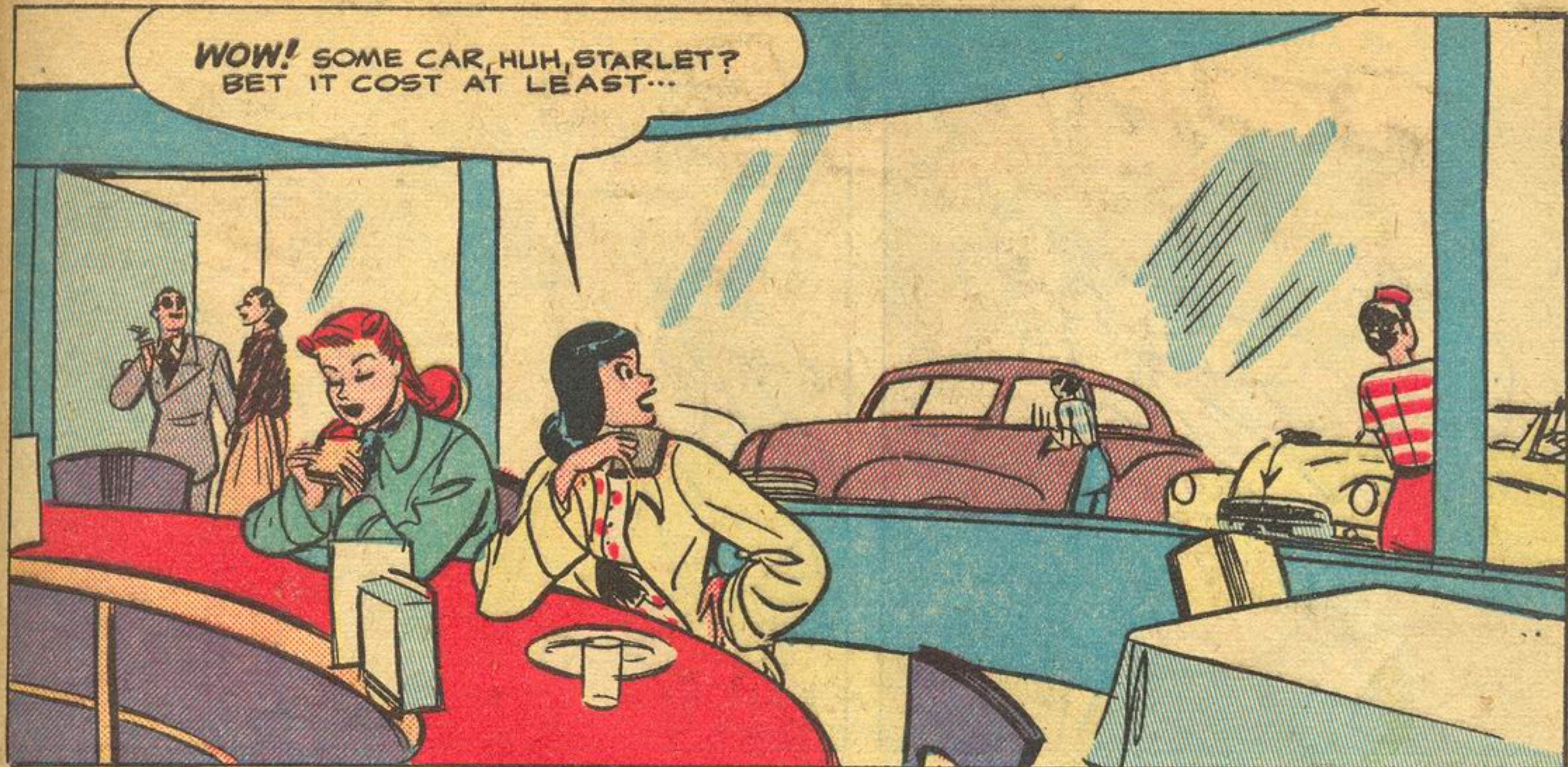


HEY DON! ONE ORDER OF FRIES AND A 'BURGER...AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY! THE FELLA IN THIS BUICK IS IN A HURRY!

OKAY, JEAN!...AND A CAD CONVERTIBLE JUST DROVE IN! GET THEIR ORDER TOO, HUH?



WOW! SOME CAR, HUH, STARLET?
BET IT COST AT LEAST...



OH MY GOSH, STARLET! YOU KNOW WHO
THAT IS IN THAT CADILLAC? FRANK CAPRI,
THE FAMOUS PRODUCER!

HOW DO YOU KNOW?
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
HIM BEFORE!



NOT IN PERSON, BUT A
LONG TIME AGO, I SAW
HIS PICTURE IN A MOVIE
MAGAZINE! IT'S HIM,
ALL RIGHT... I NEVER
FORGET A FACE!

IT MUST'VE BEEN
A LONG TIME AGO,
BECAUSE SINCE HE
BECAME FAMOUS, THEY
SAY HE HATES
PUBLICITY OF ANY
KIND!



SURE HE DOES, AND
YOU KNOW WHY?...
BECAUSE HE DOESN'T
WANT THE PUBLIC
TO RECOGNIZE
HIM!

BUT WHY NOT? MY GOSH,
WHEN I GET MY BREAK
AND BECOME A STAR,
I'LL WANT FOLKS TO
RECOGNIZE ME!

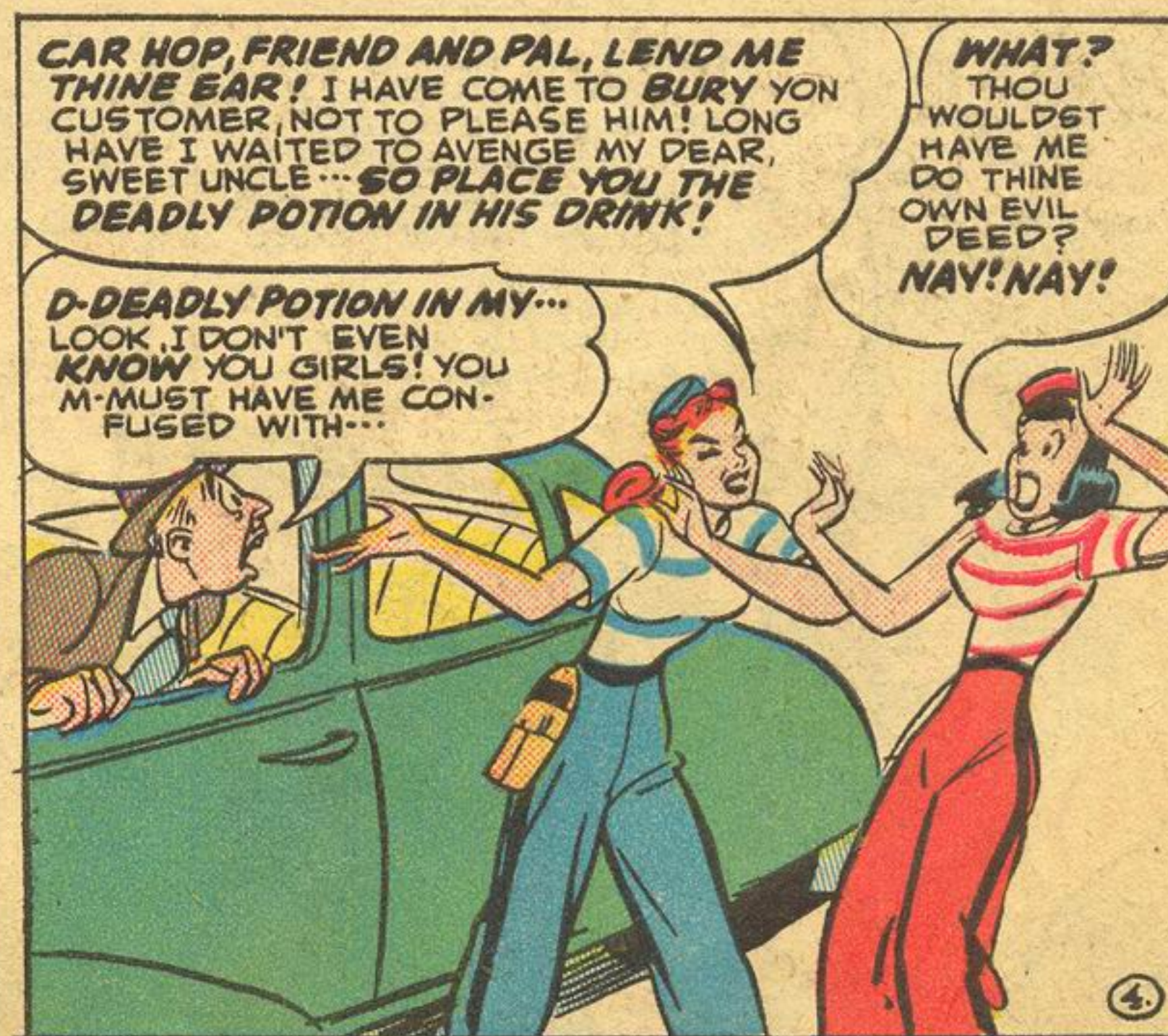


I'LL TELL YOU WHY NOT!
HE'S DISCOVERED MORE STARS
THAN ANYONE IN HOLLYWOOD,
AND THIS IS HOW HE DOES
IT! HE GOES OUT AND
OBSERVES PEOPLE...AND
PICKS OUT THOSE THAT
SHOW SOME TALENT!

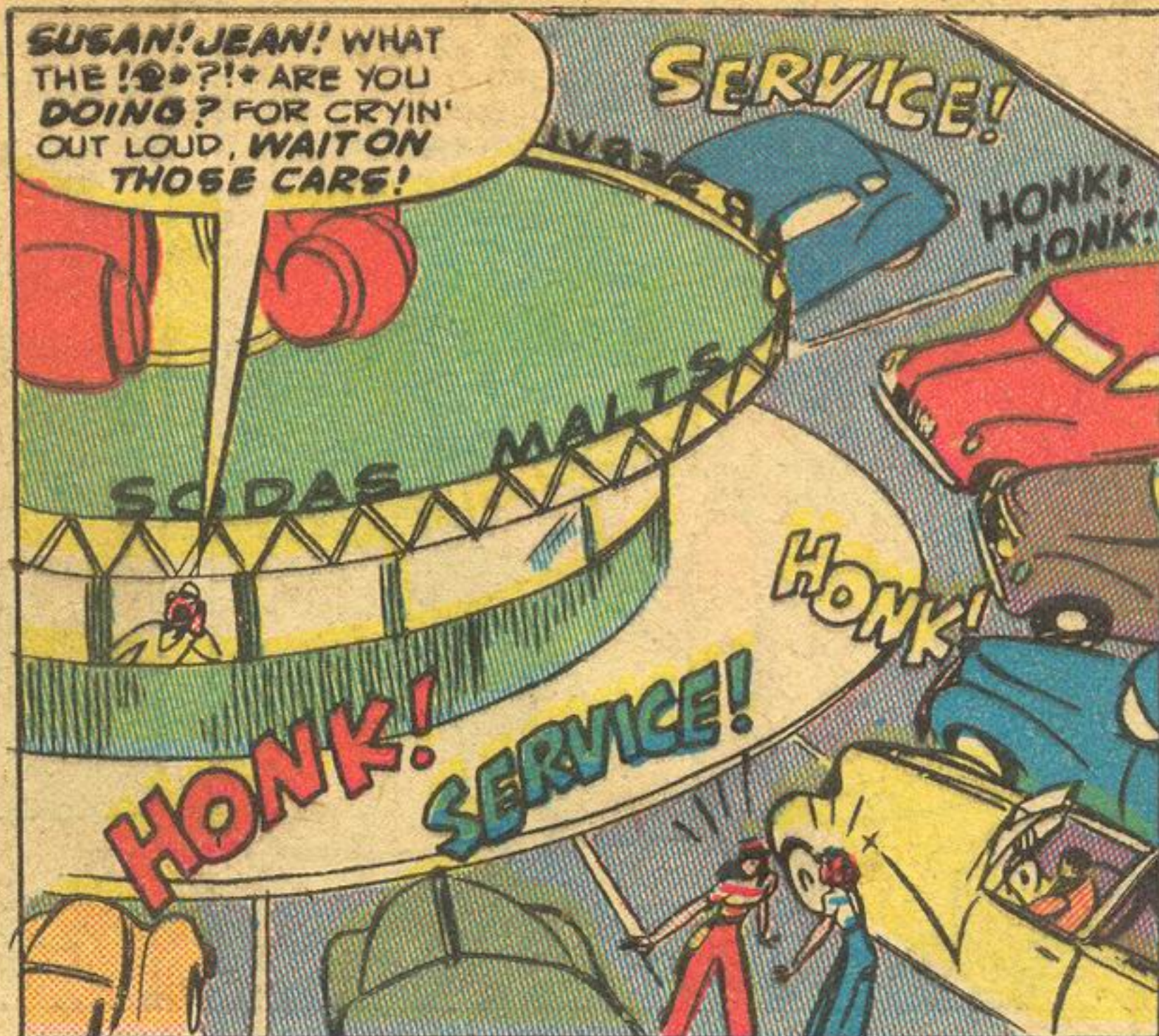
NO KIDDIN'?
GOSH, IF THERE
WERE JUST
SOME WAY WE
COULD LET HIM
SEE HOW
TALENTED WE
ARE, HE MIGHT...



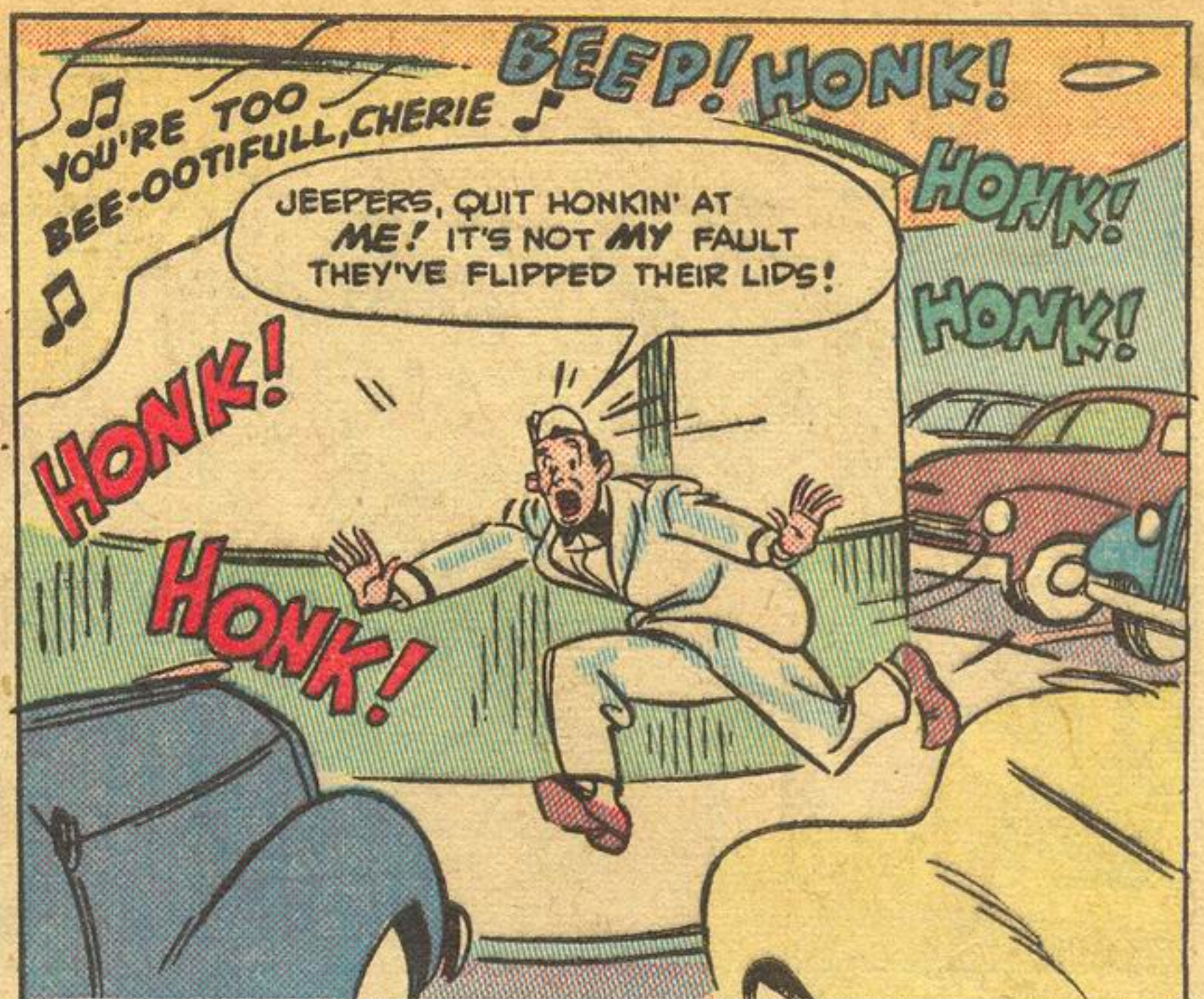


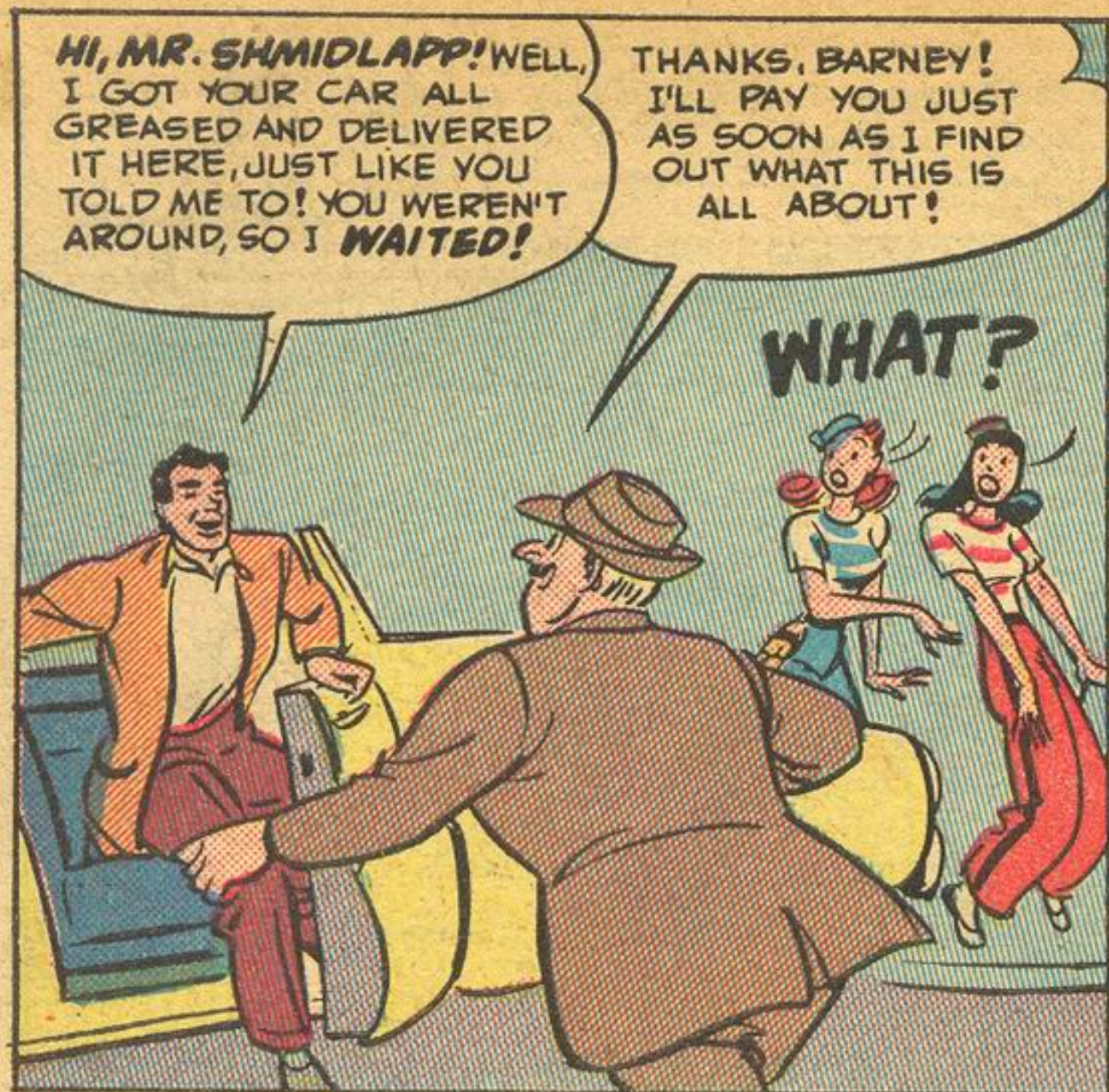








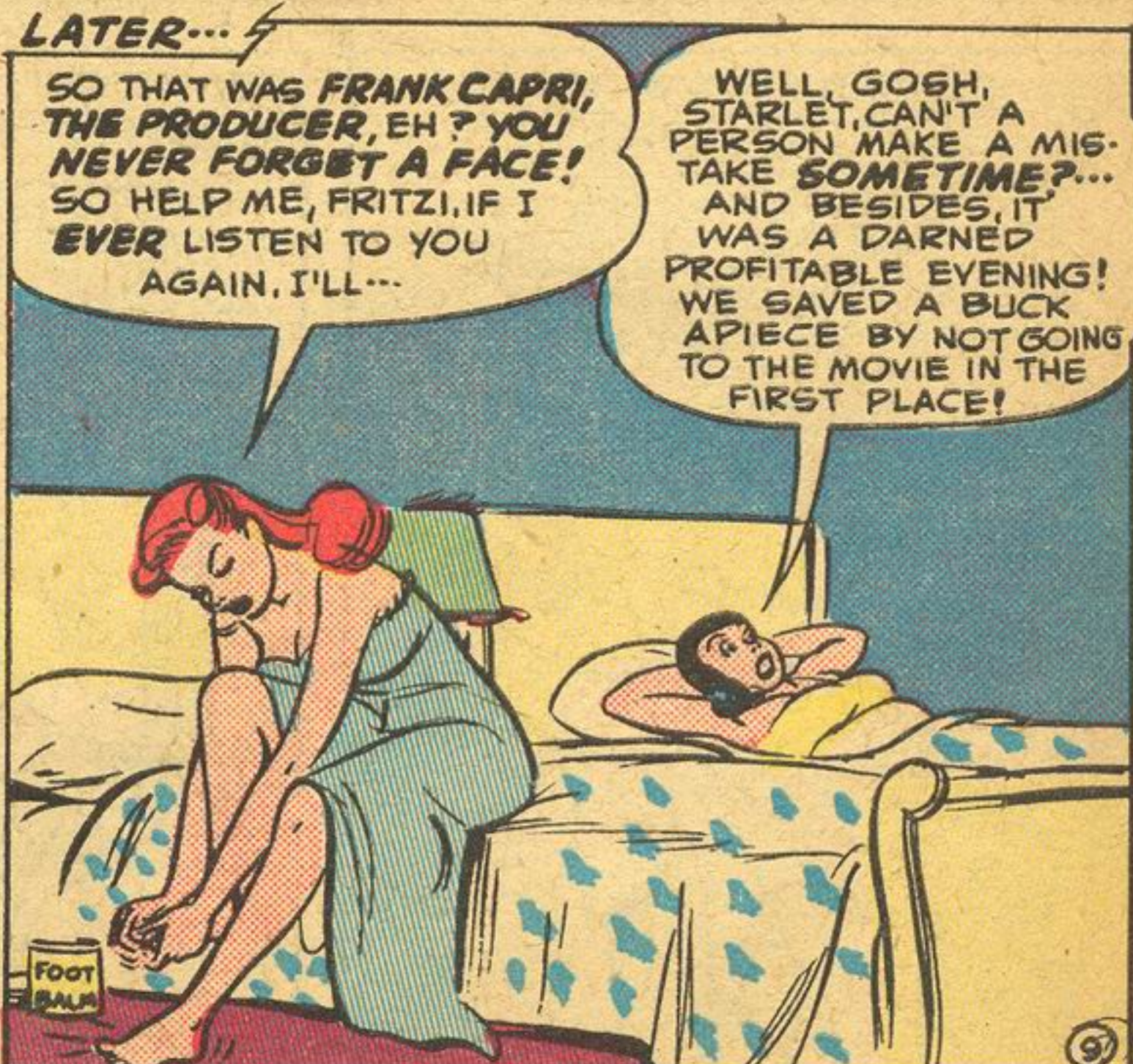
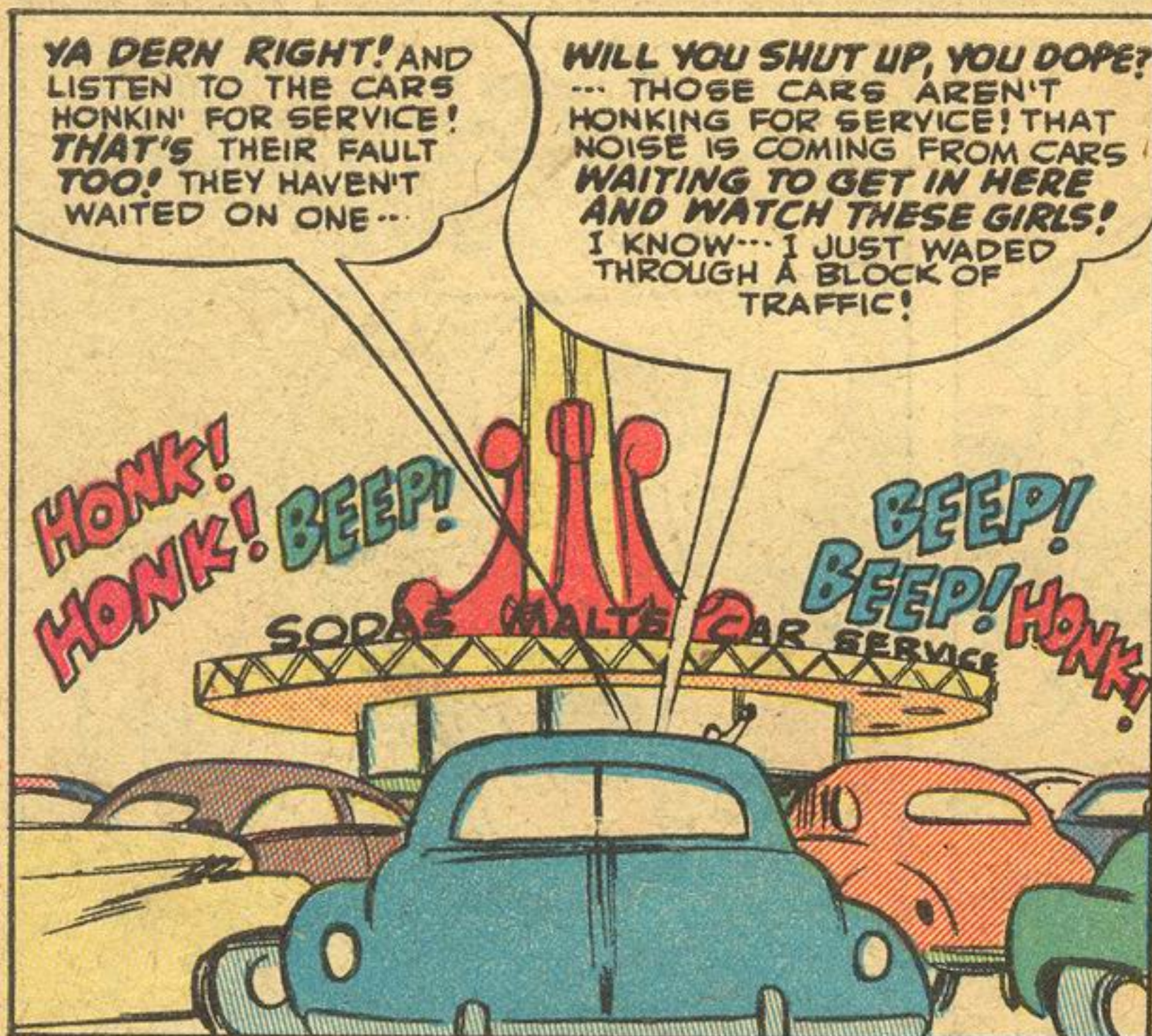




HIS...HIS NAME IS **B-BARNEY!** HE'S NOT CAPRI, THE PRODUCER! HE'S A **SERVICE STATION ATTENDANT!**

THEY'RE THE TROUBLE-MAKERS, GIRL! THEY DID AWAY WITH JEAN AND SUSAN, AN' THEN STARTED **DANCIN', SINGIN' AN' ACTIN'!** THEY'RE THE CAUSE OF IT ALL!

THEY ARE, EH?



LATER...
SO THAT WAS **FRANK CAPRI, THE PRODUCER, EH?** YOU NEVER FORGET A FACE! SO HELP ME, FRITZI, IF I EVER LISTEN TO YOU AGAIN, I'LL...

WELL, GOSH, STARLET, CAN'T A PERSON MAKE A MISTAKE SOMETIME?... AND BESIDES, IT WAS A DARNED PROFITABLE EVENING! WE SAVED A BUCK A PIECE BY NOT GOING TO THE MOVIE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

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☐ Type A ☐ Type B ☐ Type C

☐ On delivery I'll pay postman purchase price plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

☐ \$.....purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

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